

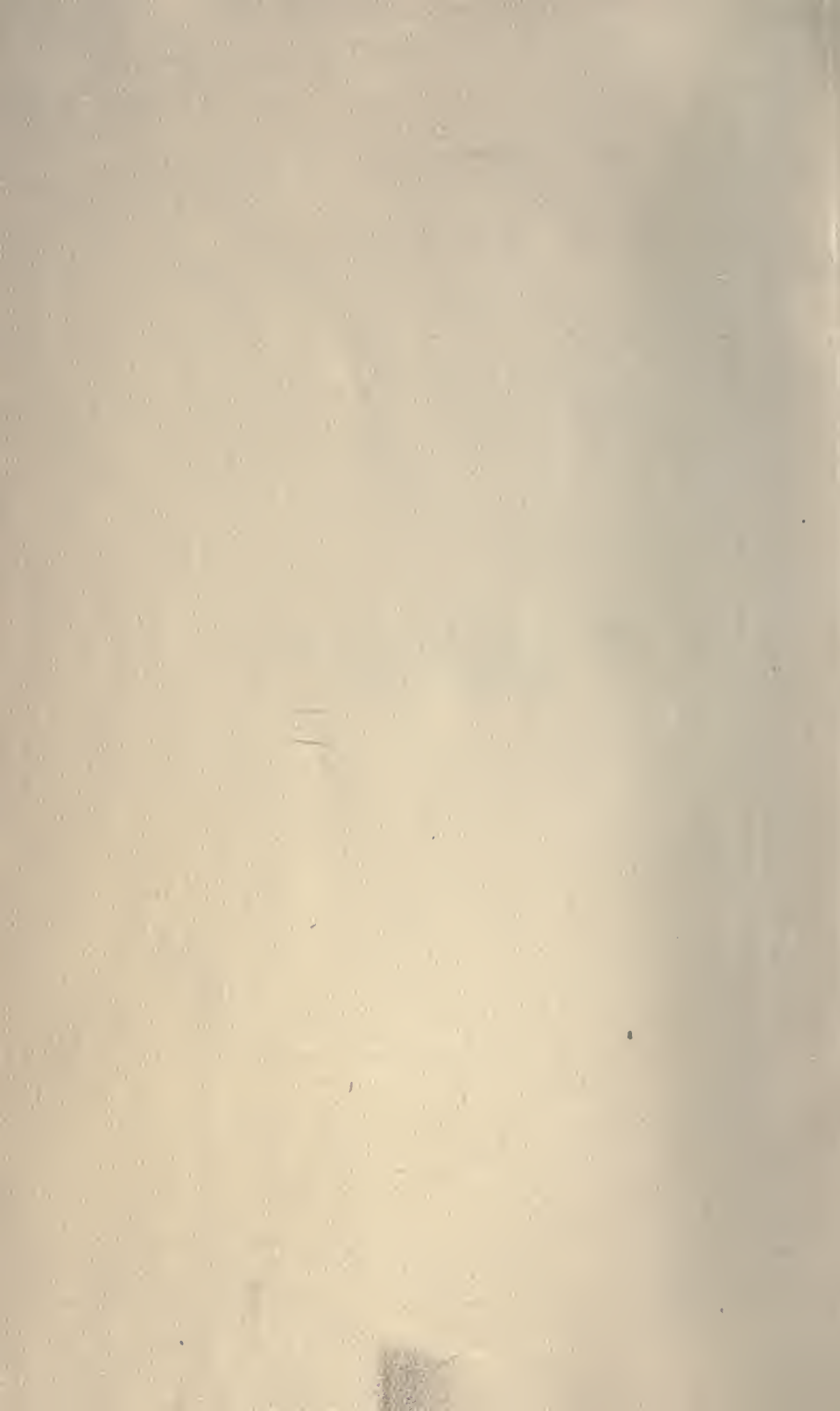
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THE WAR DIARY OF A
SQUARE PEG



THE WAR DIARY OF A SQUARE PEG

BY
MAXIMILIAN A. MÜGGE



WITH A DICTIONARY OF WAR WORDS

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"Romanus sum" inquit "civis"
(LIVY)

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TO AND
FROM

M

G. E. P.

PREFACE

THERE was hardly, I think, any Immortal who really doubted the kindness and courage of Momus.

The Father of the gods had requested Momus, "Speak with full confidence, for it is clear that your frankness will be intended for our common good." And Momus had replied, "Well then, listen, gods, to what comes straight from the heart, as the saying goes."

With the exception of one, the criticisms contained in this Diary are applicable to *all* the nations recently at war and to most of the neutral nations.

If the view-point of a Δημοσιότης appears to have been rather frequently pushed into the foreground, I must plead guilty. It is due to my belief that one or two States adopted the wiser policy of trust during the War.

Nations, like individuals, have their virtues and their failings, but human love is often actually intensified through these shortcomings. England is the land that gave us Sir John Eliot, the man who said, "None have gone about to break Parliaments, but in the end Parliaments have broken them."

Behind all my fault-finding is to be found the same spirit of service and loyalty that swayed Galfridus Mügge, a Member of Parliament for Guildford in 1415, and Daniel Mügge, the King's Commissioner in 1538; and this deep-rooted affection will save me from the fate of Momus.

Ninety years ago, Theodor Mügge, the well-known author, who fought and suffered for his advocacy of Lord John Russell's Reform Bill, said in his book dealing with it: "However many weak

points, however many faults there may be in the laws of England, there is, on the other hand, no doubt whatever that nowhere else on this earth is the Individual legally so well protected against all violence as he is in Great Britain."

I said in my book on Nietzsche, (1908), "The granite will, self-reliance, physical strength and mental power are the secrets of England's success—England offers many possibilities for approaching the ideals of noble courage and individual culture." And now—after this terrible War?

"England, with all thy faults, I love thee still!"

M. A. M.

The Authors' Club,
1st February, 1920.

PROLEGOMENA

A LETTER ADDRESSED TO THE PRESIDENT OF THE PANGENETIC SOCIETY
IN THE YEAR 3000 A.D. AT THE CENTRAL UNIVERSITY OF THE CIVITAS
TERRESTRIS, TIMBUCTU, AFRICA. SECTION No. 1.

Sir,

If a Mycenian slave had addressed himself to Erasmus of Rotterdam he could not have felt more diffident and embarrassed than I do. Please forgive my audacity! Believe me, this epistle is not that of a brazen Sir Oracle, but that of a humble and puzzled fellow-scholar of Clitomachus.

I offer you some excuses.

Leaving the Preparation of War-Truth to the governmental Laboratories recently built in our various European capitals, and holding with Pilate that Certainty is a chimera, I have abandoned Truth altogether. But I love "truths," and the Carneadean theory of the Πιθανόν.

This book has nothing to do with Truth. It deals with *truths*. I believe they are the more effective weapons wherewith to fight Beelzebub.

It is a Diary based on letters written and notes taken during the War (1914-1919 A.D.) both here and in France. It is a faithful account of what happened; a Zolaësque record of what men did, said and felt.

A patient "Alexandrian," I have gathered together during the years I have been in H. M. F. numberless "truths," those tiny accretions, those almost infinitesimally small increments, beloved by the scientific mind. They will, I hope, help to break up the conspiracy against "truths" on the part of conventional and

Truth-ridden historians. I think a human document of this kind will be useful to historians of the future and amongst my contemporaries to the lovers of Man.

This book with its "Slanguage," its collection of phallic expletives and other verbal high explosives will provide a key to the mentality of the early twentieth century. Some day, when mankind has become wise, people will be interested in getting some first-hand facts towards the solution of the problem, "Was there any civilization in the human ant-heaps of 1914-1918?"

To you, Sir, this Diary may prove to be not quite uninteresting as a contemporary record of a few years during the penultimate period of that Parochial Bounce which labelled itself "Western Civilization." And until the Diary reaches you, Sir, the Square Peg flatters himself that some of his observations, some of his many "truths" will be a welcome addition to the tool-box of other workers engaged in cutting steps towards the Summit that is still unscaled.

Only one Dynasty separates me from Swift, who lived during the VIIth Dynasty. But very little has happened since his wonderful effort to improve planetary conditions. The Yahoos are still in an overwhelming majority. They still wage wars, instead of scientifically investigating the *Two Great Problems, without the solution of which all other reforms are mere tinkering, viz.:*
A. The Supply and Distribution of the Earth's Raw Materials.
B. The Terrestrial Regulation of Human Birth-Supply.

They still kill one another by the million and allow themselves to be humbugged, defrauded and exploited by a few knowing scoundrels. They still are steeped in superstition. Ignorance and Error still keep the ears of most mortals stopped with wax. "How could they hear then, even if you should crack your lungs with bawling?" Hermes will ask.

Sir, our only hope is this: There are at present already a few Cosmopolitans, and certainly a goodly number of Pro-Europeans on the Planet. We are trying to save what little good there is in the present "Civilization." We want to hand on the torch.

Perhaps only another War or two will be needed and the

imperialistic capitalists, butchers and hucksters will go the same way as the mediaeval proselytizing fanatics. True, what we call "European Civilization" may disappear in the process. But, you remember, after the Fall of the Eastern Roman Empire a few scholars who escaped from Constantinople were sufficient to light the fires of the Renaissance.

And the stubborn courage of a few torch-bearers will survive the coming Cataclysm until at last, some future day, mankind becomes wise, until any point of the Planet may be reached within twenty-four hours.

As to myself, Sir, I am Pro-European. I belong to the school of thinkers that would like to see Europe united and—great.

It is for the sake of this ideal that *I admire the spirit of sacrifice which has prompted millions of men to die for an idea*; it is for this reason that I regret my lot was cast among those to whom no deathless heroism, no superhuman feats of valour were possible.

After one makes all possible allowance for economic pressure, direct compulsion, fear and interested self-persuasion as factors that made men fight, there *was* undeniably to be found amongst many of the Early Warriors *true devotion* and *unselfish abandon to an Ideal*. If this devotion could be lifted out of the poisoned atmosphere of commercialism now brooding over Europe, there would be brought about possibilities which might allow the men and women of our race to become the true pioneers of the Civitas Terrestris, the forerunners of a time when men will love one another.

If you should wonder, Sir, about the large number of entries registering cases of *ξενηλασία* I need but refer to the fact that the wiser victims of the Spanish Inquisition knew more about the futility and artificiality of religious doctrines and distinctions that separate human beings than the Jesuit Peter Cazraeus.

Already three years ago Francis Gribble spoke of "The Nationality Muddle" and asked "Is it too much to hope that, when this war is over, an attempt will be made to standardize the naturalization laws of civilized countries, so that every man

may know for certain what country he belongs to?" This Diary will, I hope, help to straighten out the muddle. There will be possible neither international justice nor international goodwill unless and until a satisfactory solution has been worked out.

Hundreds of thousands of individuals emigrate every year from their home countries into foreign countries. As G. B. Shaw said: "We are ourselves, both as exporters of capital and born travellers, explorers and adventurers, the chief penetrators (both peaceful and warlike) of the world. If the old formula, 'He's a stranger; heave half a brick at him,' be adopted as international law by the League of Nations, more British heads will be broken than German ones."

Rules governing entry, travel and sojourn in a country should be laid down by the League of Nations, such rules to be based upon international principles and only slightly modified to meet present-day national idiosyncrasies, until finally, in spite of the problems confronting California, Australia and South Africa, Kant's ideal of Universal Hospitality and "Freizügigkeit" be adopted all over the earth. Naturalization for mere "business reasons" should be impossible. True sentiment should be the chief motive.

Naturalization laws should be stardardized for all nations. Such sad nonsense as "double" and "absent" nationality ought to disappear. The ridiculous pretensions of some States that no natural-born subject of theirs can ever lose his nationality, and of others that he can renew it through a mere visit within a number of years should not be suffered any longer. *The naturalization laws should be made uniform. Then and only then can the League of Nations enforce them.* Only then has an innocent naturalized citizen any hopes of obtaining justice, in case the country of his adoption should wrong him by exposing him to unscrupulous gangs of ink-slingers, and by allowing him to be persecuted, abused, villified and often socially and economically ruined.

This Diary may contribute towards a better protection of those who chose a new country for their abode as one chooses one's Love,

who pledged their allegiance, kept faith, and *yet* were hounded from pillar to post.

But I am convinced, only absolute Isonomy in such matters will enable us to hope for the death of the spirit of dissension. Then, ultimately the spirit of hatred will disappear in our terrestrial melting pot.

I know the danger of generalizations. Though I have directed much of my criticism against certain sections of the newspaper press, I am quite aware of the fact that there are some very honourable journals and journalists still serving humanistic ideals as the Guardians of Plato should. I quite realise that the cut-throats and hysterical screamers in the pay of the Moneybags do not represent the sane elements in our national life. *There were men who kept up the fine English tradition of fairness even during the war.* Each one of them remained an ἐπιεικής, a man who gives others more than their due, who is "equitable" rather than just.

Aristippus was once asked what spectacle in the world he regarded as a marvellous one. He replied, "That of a just and temperate man, who, though living in the midst of the vicious, is not diverted from his course." I have met British men and women whose sterling qualities would have impressed Aristippus. If whilst fighting the vicious, I neglect somewhat the "just and temperate," I plead the limitations of available space.

Finally, Sir, I beg to point out that I am quite aware of the infinite complexity of human government.

If I attack the little "tin-gods" in our armies, I do not want thereby to abuse the professional soldier. His is an honourable profession, without which efficient government at present does not seem to be feasible on this Planet.

I myself am a fighter. *My foes are the lying politicians and the—hucksters.* I am seeking out weak points in my opponents' armour. "Militarism" is one of them. But to the individual soldier I want to mention that I have read Kipling's "Only a Subaltern." I claim generally the same eminent author's words where I have to deal with—dirt, "The drawback of collecting

dirt in one corner is that it gives a false notion of the filth of the room. Folk who understand and have knowledge of their own, will be able to strike fair averages. The opinions of people who do not understand are somewhat less valuable. . . .”

If my remarks and my records will assist, Sir, in furthering the science of government, so that in spite of its complexity, it may adopt nobler and simpler methods than those in vogue now—*iustitia praecipit consulere generi hominum*; if I can induce some other Pro-Europeans to work as pioneers for the *Civitas Terrestris*, the Federation of the World, my effort has not been quite in vain, and I may, perhaps assume that my audacity will be forgiven and that the humble and puzzled fellow-scholar of *Clitomachus* may be absolved.

THE AUTHOR OF

“THE PARLIAMENT OF MAN.”

THE DIARY OF A SQUARE PEG

1914

London, August 5th, 1914.

The fools! The unutterable fools!

They are going to war! . . .

I am not a pro-German. If anything is more loathsome to me than the smug impudence of the trader, it is the brutal arrogance of the average Oberleutnant and the hopeless stupidity of a jingo-politician.

Butchers and Hucksters . . .! Hucksters and Butchers . . .!

As a pro-European I can but weep. All the hopes and fine aspirations we have cherished for the last two decades are dead, gone for ever!

England and Germany! Cousins! Whose ancestors in common worshipped Nerthus. Cousins! Whose spoken language springs from the same source. It is inconceivable. These two great nations, whose alliance would have guaranteed the peace of Europe, if not of the world!

Russia and France are chiefly to blame, of that I am convinced, and I am glad to notice "The Manchester Guardian" shares my opinion as far as the former Power is concerned. Yet there seems to be but little doubt *Das Auswärtige Amt*, and The Foreign Office are to some extent guilty too. If they had been honest towards one another during the last few years . . .

And finally the Traders! They are the scum of the earth, morally speaking.

On July 28th one of our newspapers excited their passions still more by saying: "In another twenty years German trade will overtake ours and thereafter Germany will automatically become the greatest mercantile nation in the world. This is what all Germans desire."

THE DIARY OF A SQUARE PEG

I daresay the mentality of a Kommerzienrath often is the very opposite to that of an applicant for the Nobel Peace-prize.

Anyhow, the Hucksters were jealous of one another; and their underlings clad in scarlet, gold and plumes, are always ready for a "jolly good war." Garrison life *is* a bane.

They are going to have their War.

The fools! The unutterable fools! . . .

London, August 6th, 1914.

"The Evening News":—

"The Spy Peril. 30,000 Germans still in London. . . ."

London, August 10th, 1914.

"Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace!"

Though in its effect it will be but like the work of one tiny single coral in a layer of a coral-reef, I intend writing a book that will appeal to serious politicians, humane economists and thoughtful writers, journalists and teachers.

All the best men amongst them hope that "The Federation of the World" will arise out of the "World War." I will call my book "The Parliament of Man" after Tennyson's fine phrase.

"Slav, Teuton, Kelt, I count them all
My friends and brother souls,
With all the peoples, great and small,
That wheel between the poles,"

said the author of "Maud," vying with Schiller's "Seid umschlungen Millionen!"

London, August 12th, 1914.

As I had some research business in the British Museum Library this morning, and finding I had an hour or so to spare, I went into the newspaper room. My suspicion was justified.

Progress is an illusion.

Darius and Ashur-Nasir-pal used the same phrases and last week's language of "The Times" made me curious to compare it with its own in 1854. Here is the beautiful result:—

1914. "The Times."

We are going into the war that is *forced upon us* as the defenders of the weak and the champions of the *liberties of Europe* (Wedn., Aug. 5th).

Germany is resolved to crush France and to *trample* upon the rights of those who happen to stand in her way. . . . (Mon., Aug. 3rd).

Her fixed purpose to provoke a general war *which has underlain her past policy for many years*. . . . (Wedn., Aug. 5th).

The nation know their duty. With the blessing of *Heaven* they will do it to the uttermost. . . . (Mond., Aug. 3rd).

We can no more tolerate a *German hegemony in Europe* than we can tolerate the hegemony of any other power. (Mond., Aug. 3rd).

We are going into the war that is forced upon us as the *defenders of the weak*. (Wedn., Aug. 5th).

It is the cause of *right and honour*. (Wedn., Aug. 5).

1854. "The Times."

War is declared. No alternative is left us; the *decision has been taken out of our hands*; and, unless we would submit, with our Allies, to crouch under the insolent dictation of a barbaric Power, and see the *liberties of Europe* disappear under the *tramp* of the Cossack, we had no other course but to do what has now been done. (Wedn., Mar. 29th).

. . . *which the Czar had all along determined*. . . . (ibid).

. . . sacrifices all will make cheerfully and ungrudgingly from the conviction that *Heaven* has put them upon us. (Ibid).

. . . *to save Europe from the preponderance of a Power* which has violated the faith of treaties and defies the opinions of the civilized world. (Thurs., Mar. 30th).

We are driven to take up arms not only in *defence of an ally* but by the sympathy of this people with *right against wrong*. (Thurs., Mar. 30th).

London, October 1st, 1914.

A fortnight ago, Romain Rolland wrote in the Journal de Genève, "La fatalité, c'est ce que nous voulons. Et c'est aussi, plus souvent, ce que nous ne voulons pas assez. Qu'en ce moment, chacun de nous fasse son *mea culpa*! Cette élite intellectuelle, ces Églises, ces partis ouvriers, n'ont pas voulu la guerre. . . . Soit! . . . Qu'ont-ils fait pour l'empêcher? Que font-ils pour l'atténuer? Ils attisent l'incendie. Chacun y porte son fagot.

"Tous, les uns aux autres, se lancent le nom de 'barbares.'"

"L'Académie des sciences morales de Paris déclare, par la voix de son président Bergson que 'la lutte engagée contre l'Allemagne est la lutte même de la civilisation contre la *barbarie*.'"

"L'histoire allemande, par la bouche de Karl Lamprecht, répond que 'la guerre est engagée entr le germanisme, et la *barbarie*, et que les combats presents sont la suite logique de ceux que l'Allemagne a livrés, au cours des siècles, contre les Huns et contre les Tures.' La science, après l'histoire, descendant dans la lice, proclame, avec E. Perrier, directeur du Muséum, membre de l'Académie des Sciences, que les Prussiens n'appartiennent pas à

la race aryenne, qu'ils descendent en droite ligne des hommes de l'âge de pierre appelés Allophytes, et que 'le crâne moderne dont la base, reflet de la vigueur des appétits, rappelle le mieux le crâne de l'homme fossile de la Chapelle-aux-Saints, est celui du prince de Bismarck.' . . .

"Entre nos peuples d'Occident, il n'y avait aucune raison de guerre. En dépit de ce que répète une presse envenimée par une minorité qui a son intérêt à entretenir ces haines, frères de France, frères d'Angleterre, frères d'Allemagne, nous ne nous haïssons pas.

"Le pire ennemi n'est pas au dehors des frontières, il est dans chaque nation; et aucune nation n'a le courage de le combattre. C'est ce monstre à cent têtes, qui se nomme l'impérialisme."

"Contre lui, reprenons, hommes libres de tous les pays, dès que la guerre sera finie, la devise de Voltaire, 'Écrasons l'infâme!'

This article "Au-Dessus de la Mêlée" will still be remembered long after the belauded and bemedalled warriors under their expansive marble monuments have been eaten by their friends the worms. Finer words than these the author of Jean Christophe has never written.

London, October 14th, 1914.

Messrs. T. C. and E. C. Jack have asked me to write a short monograph on the German historian Treitschke for their series, "The People's Books."

There must be whipping-boys. I presume Grey and Asquith are painted in Germany in very lurid lines on a phosphorescent background, and I suppose a lot of vitriolic nonsense is being written over there about the "treacherous English" and "decadent, materialistic shop-keepers."

Here we have an enterprising bookseller in Piccadilly with his big window-placard, "The Euro-Nietzschean War." Then there is Bernhardt, a much overrated author. Now it is Treitschke's turn.

He too is held responsible for the intellectual ingredients seething in the cauldron of the Unjust Cause.

I shall write my little book on Treitschke in the spirit of "The Ship that found Herself." The future Society of Nations will be like Kipling's Dimbula. Only that this planetary ship of ours, we might name it Harmony, has not found herself yet. She is in the midst of a violent gale and the voice of reason—our friend Steam from the Dimbula—is still unheeded. There are still discontented plates and beams and stringers—some of our nations—who want to shift or are swollen with the *ridiculous conceit* that they constitute the *one indispensable* part of the ship.

THE DIARY OF A SQUARE PEG

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London, October 31st, 1914.

Many of the naturalized British subjects are at present holding forth about their rights. In a cobbler's window, I saw his naturalization certificate. To keep the mob off. There is, however, another side of the medal. The naturalized subjects have duties too.

Their oath of allegiance to the new flag should be as, if not more, sacred than the marriage vows. It must be for better or worse.

If the large Body Politic is suffering from mob-violence or any other disease at a time like the present, the same sympathetic affection is the State's due as a wife should receive during an illness.

Only once I think can a man honestly change his national allegiance. The first change means simply giving up the allegiance to a country into which the mere geographical accident of birth has placed a man; the new country, however, is a man's deliberate choice, his will and action. Any further change of the flag will bring about mistrust; a philanderer may be a very pleasant person, but what girl trusts him?

The naturalized man's devotion to the country of his adoption should be deep and true. In fact, his sentiments should be crystal clear compared with the rather confused jumble of "patriotic" feelings some of the natives often harbour. A religion into which a man is born may be dear to him, but he could not help being born a dissenter or a catholic; a religion a grown-up and matured individual voluntarily chooses and lovingly embraces is in my opinion a greater treasure.

For better or worse!

If I am nagging, it is only because I believe that one's love will be proved by the results of one's policy. And a man should love his Honour as much as his Love.

Until, in some distant future, universal "Freizügigkeit" and terrestrial citizenship become realities, naturization will be a necessity in many cases. Affection for and a deep and loyal devotion to the new country should be the only motive causing a man to give up the nationality of his birth. Naturalization for "business reason" should be made practically impossible. Any man who holds a double nationality with intent to further his "business interests," or who when he has amassed his "filthy lucre" reverts to his old country should lose half his fortune or more.

But—in return, the new citizen should be trusted unreservedly and implicitly.

London, November 15th, 1914.

In a special War Supplement of "The New Statesman" Bernard Shaw says under the heading "Common Sense about the War":—

"I shall retain my Irish capacity for criticising England with

something of the detachment of a foreigner, and perhaps with a certain slightly malicious taste for taking the conceit out of her. Having thus frankly confessed my bias, which you can allow for as a rifleman allows for the wind, I give my views for what they are worth.

"I see both nations duped, but alas! not quite unwillingly duped, by their Junkers and Militarists into wreaking on one another the wrath they should have spent in destroying Junkerism and Militarism in their own. We carried Luther's doctrine of Justification by Faith to the insane point of believing that as long as a man says what we have agreed to accept as the right thing it does not matter in the least what he actually does. The Foreign Office has thrown away all pretence of being any less absolute than the Kaiser himself. It was in 1906 that we began to lend Russia money, and Russia began to advertise in "The Times." Since then she has been welcome to flog and hang her H. G. Wellses and Lloyd Georges by the dozen, without a word of remonstrance from our plutocratic Press, provided the interest is paid punctually. As against Russian civilization German and Austrian civilization is our civilization: there is no getting over that. It is hardly too much to say that the ghastly murder of Jaurès and this appalling war is the revenge of the sweated journalist on a *society so silly that though it will not allow a man to stuff its teeth without ascertained qualifications for the task, it allows anyone, no matter how poor, how ignorant, how-untrained, how imbecile, to stuff its brains without even taking the trouble to ask his name.*"

London, November 24th, 1914.

What I appreciate in the ancient Greeks is their simplicity, their lucidity and their intellectual honesty. They saw "life steadily and saw it whole," for their minds were not clogged with preconceptions and sentiment. Truth was valued for her own sake. They looked at Reality unflinchingly, and rarely they canted.

I can quite understand those amiable dreamers that founded Christianity. They thought human nature ought to be, could be, improved in its essentials. Nearly two thousand years have failed to prove their proposition. The maxims of the Sermon on the Mount are like the stars, beautiful and unattainable. The worst legacy of that noble and futile reform movement called Christianity is the supremacy of the Lie.

Nowadays we dare not acknowledge the truth; we will not admit the failure of that attempt to build up a new world order on Love. We shrink from the motto written on the walls of the temple of Apollo at Delphi, "Know thyself." The Greek sculptor gave us the human body nude; we hide human nature under the drapery of the Lie. *We "cant" all the time.*

The more welcome is an occasional symptom of a possible return from the Dreamlands of Christianity to a land where they do not recognise what Nietzsche called "the wickedest forms of false coinage which have been invented for the purpose of depreciating nature and natural values." The "Evening News" to-night tells us with a delightful frankness, "the fact remains that the British Air Service has been the first to lay the eggs."

If the journalists on the other side of the Rhine indulge in what I presume is just possible and probable, long heart-rending accounts about "women and children" that shows but the weakness of the "Hun" full of preconceptions and sickly sentiment. We talk of "eggs"; we lay them first, and damn the consequences. Much more manly and more Grecian.

London, December 2nd, 1914.

"The Evening News":—

"It becomes all the more necessary that a strict watch be placed upon the movements of naturalized Germans. They are here for the purpose of studying and surveying the country, so that they could act as local guides to any invading German army."

London, December 11th, 1914.

I do not quite agree with Romain Rolland.

In the "Journal de Genève," a week ago, he said, "Intellectuels d'Allemagne, intellectuels de France, labourez et semez les champs de votre esprit; mais respectez celui des autres. Avant d'organiser le monde, vous avez beaucoup à faire d'organiser votre monde intérieur!"

True! Each team of gardeners has tremendous work to do in its home garden; but there is no earthly chance of ever enjoying its beauty or its fruit as long as the international financiers and other scoundrels can let loose storm and rain and spoil the garden.

The days of Chinese isolation are gone for ever. We cannot efficiently and really "organize" our own garden when many other gardens are but crying wildernesses and can send their weeds over the walls into ours. But the worst offenders are the lovers of chaos, the international financiers. They do not want any organization, but their own selfish vampyrism. Let the gardeners combine, Rolland, and slay the monsters first.

London, December 31st, 1914.

If this stage-play were not so unutterably sad and cruel for the supers, one might really congratulate the committee of the Olympians who arranged the comedy for the Παῖς Παίσιων.

On the German side there were those mad dreamers, the Pan-German agitators, with their idealistic machinery of Teutonic mythology, and their vast literature of a passionate race ideal, the Navy-League and a few crazy history professors; on our side we have our Nelson tradition.

On June 18th, 1897, the German Emperor declared at Cologne, "that trident must be in our fist"; and the year after at Stettin he declared, "our future lies upon the water." There is sinner number one. Here is one on our side stoking the fires of hate, writing in November, 1899: "This year Schadenfreude takes an anti-British bias. It is the perpetual prayer of Germany that some 'hurt' may befall some powerful nation."

Two months later the same English journalist said, referring to Mr. Chamberlain's declaration for an Anglo-German alliance, "We do not believe it to be either the desire or the interest of Great Britain or the United States to enter into any kind of alliance with Germany."

Whereas poor, benighted old Mr. Chamberlain had held forth on November 30th, 1899, at Leicester, "It is not with German *newspapers* that we desire to have an understanding or alliance; it is with the German people; and I may point out to you that at bottom the character, the main character, of the Teutonic race differs very slightly indeed from the character of the Anglo-Saxon, and the same sentiments which bring us into close sympathy with the United States of America may also be evoked to bring us into closer sympathy and alliance with the Empire of Germany. What do we find? We find our system of justice, we find our literature, we find the very base and foundation on which our language is established, the same in the two countries, and if the union between England and America is a powerful factor in the cause of peace, a new triple alliance between the Teutonic race and the two great branches of the Anglo-Saxon race will be a still more potent influence in the future of the world."

No, Mr. Chamberlain! You did not know that the Stage-Manager had detailed off several Imps to keep the fires of hate going between the two Christian cousins—which provides the real fun for the Olympians in the auditorium. The years went by and all the parochial fools and gutter-snipes continued to make noses at one another.

One of our first-class journals started its X.Y.Z. series, and continued its other friendly articles against a country choked with its surplus population. "The German Danger in the Far East" (Oct., 1900), "The Menaces of the German Navy" (May, 1904), "England's False Friend" (Oct., 1909), "Sea Law made in Germany" (Jan., 1911), "Welt Politik" (Sept., 1913), were some of the titles.

The "Berliner Tageblatt" called the creation of an English North Sea Fleet a false policy, and an open sign of hostile inten-

tions against Germany, and whereas one of our English writers held that "the British policy of the future must work for the isolation of Germany, as the most dangerous and the most aggressive enemy of the status quo in Europe (Feb., 1913), General von Bernhardi said, "Territory must be obtained by conquest, which thus becomes a law of necessity."

Now, is there a man alive who can imagine that cosmopolitan and humanitarian ideas can ever prevail when such national leaders lead? Who will kill those dreadful imps even though the jaded gods should yawn? *Can* they be killed?

1915

London, March 1st, 1915.

My book on the German historian Treitschke has now been published by Messrs. T. C. and E. C. Jack.

The Parliament of Man will keep me busy for a long time yet.

London, Monday, May 10th, 1915.

German submarines have sunk the great liner *Lusitania*. Over a thousand men, women and children were drowned. It is a most awful affair.

The War-lords make no distinction between the civilian population and the fighting forces.

Not that I believe in the journalistic cant "*innocent peaceful population*"—for everybody is more or less responsible for the war. Before it broke out most of us were indifferent, and the inaction and diffidence of the masses gave the gambling hucksters and butchers a chance. Now we are all helping to carry on the War, which need not necessarily be by making munitions. But all the same, it is a pity, this relapse into unmitigated savagery all round! We are back in the days of which Tacitus speaks, "When war comes the guilty and the innocent fall alike!" Man has gone back to the days of Heshbon and to the dreadful usage in the psalms, "Happy shall he be that taketh and dasheth thy little ones against the stones" (Ps. 137, 9). What is the good of Christianity? ✓

It is only natural that there is a clamour for reprisals. The indignation against the "enemy alien" I can understand to some extent. Even Grotius held, "Those who are truly the subjects of the enemy, one may attack them wherever they are, if we regard their persons. Therefore, we may slay such persons on our soil, on the hostile soil, on ground which is no one's, and on the sea." Not that I agree with Grotius, but there it is.

What I view with regret and sorrow is the Press agitation against

the naturalized British subjects of German descent. Palmerston's fine *Civis Romanus Sum*-speech might never have been delivered. England's fair name will be sullied if . . . !

"The Globe" reports that in London the Stock Exchange and the Baltic, and in Liverpool the Cotton Exchange, are barring the doors against such naturalized British subjects.

And "The Evening News" in a leading article says:

"There are Germans who, having become naturalized British subjects, are still bitter enemies of this country, who have used their change of nationality merely as a cloak."

London, May 11th, 1915.

The "Evening News" says in a leading article, "WAITING FOR REINFORCEMENTS."

"The invasion of Britain has begun.

"A body of the enemy about 16,000 in number is already in London awaiting the arrival of reinforcements.

"These invaders did not land upon our shores from German transports, nor did they come by way of the air. They were already here when the War began and in spite of the fact that they are enemies, they have been permitted very much the same privileges as the Britons who surround them.

"We are informed, via New York, that when Zeppelins visit London the German residents there will assist in spreading fires north, south, east and west. There is nothing to surprise us in such a threat; rather should we be astonished, in the light of what Germany has done, if no attempt were made to carry it out.

"We have never counselled mob violence against Germans in Britain. We have said, and we still say, with all the earnestness of which we are capable, that mob violence can only disgrace us and can serve no useful end, but *we do most heartily welcome such action as on the Stock Exchange, the Baltic and other business centres.*"

The same paper informs us that "Sir A. Markham will ask the Prime Minister on Thursday whether he will deport forthwith to Germany persons of German parentage, *whether naturalised or not*, internng those liable to military service till the end of the war."

And "The Globe" says:

"Public opinion is branding those unhappy beings of the hateful race now in England with the mark of Cain."

London, Wednesday, May 12th, 1915.

"The Evening News":—

"We would urge that all naturalised Germans, whatever their

position, should be made to prove their good faith or should be interned with the rest."

And the same paper reports:—

"At the present moment there are Anti-German riots all over the country. In Kentish Town and in the East End the disturbances, which continued till after midnight, were resumed very early in the day. Germans were hunted out of Smithfield Market and their vans overturned.

"The disorders at Poplar spread at an alarming rate, and hundreds of men and women took part in a disgraceful orgy of shop smashing and looting.

"The shop of Mr. Blum, a baker in Grundy Street, was raided. *Mrs. Blum has seven children, and as she was trying to get them away to a place of safety she was struck to the ground, with a young child in her arms.* Both the woman and the child had to be treated at a surgery.

"Neighbouring tradesmen sheltered the other children, and their father, who was bruised by blows and missiles aimed at him as he ran for sanctuary.

"Other shops raided were those of Mr. Kessler, Mr. Mager and Mr. Blatt, bakers, in North Street, and Mr. Agg Meyers, butcher, in High Street.

"In some instances not only were the shops looted, but the crowd carried away the furniture, including in one case a piano.

"The mob did not discriminate between naturalised and non-naturalised Germans, and some of those whose premises were shattered have carried on business in the district without molestation for ten or twenty years.

"The boycott of German butchers has extended to Smithfield, Upwards of 80 per cent. of the firms in the market are now exhibiting the notice, 'No business transacted with Germans,' and the Meat Carriers' Association has agreed that no work shall be done except for butchers who are British born or who belong to countries allied with us."

London, May 13th, 1915.

"The Evening News," in a leading article, "The Case of the Naturalized Germans," says:—

"Germans have shown that they have no respect for any pledge, however solemn, and that the best cloak for a spy is British citizenship."

London, July 30th, 1915.

I hear a friend of mine has been dismissed from his position as Senior Classical Master at Leaslum Grammar School.

Despite his seven years' faithful service, excellent official reports, and undoubted loyalty, the patriotic governors of that ancient seat of learning asked him to resign. Their Secretary's name is Toyfl, which he alleges is Scottish.

Like myself, my friend is a British subject of Hanoverian origin; ancestors of his had settled in this country hundreds of years ago, indeed long before George I.

Fortunately my friend is not married, and he is at heart a cosmopolitan. So I am not so sorry for him as I should be if there were a wife and children.

He tells me that his headmaster was most sympathetic and kind, but that his colleagues showed a stony indifference.

I am not blaming them. Nor are the governors, whose chairman, the Rev. Blatant, is a priest of the Lord who preached "First be reconciled to thy brother," deserving of censure. All these gentlemen have been rendering priceless assistance to their country. They say, "Let us refuse to listen to such piffle as the Republic of Learning.—Let us sacrifice for the welfare of the State all such antiquated ideas as that of a naturalization certificate being more than a scrap of paper. We are not hysterical, canting creatures; 'he's a stranger, heave a brick at him!' That's our motto. That he can't retaliate is his fault. While other men are dying in the trenches, we want to show the ennobling influence of the War on us. And thus in our goodness and wisdom we defend the home trenches at—the point of least resistance."

But that is because retired shopkeepers are suffering from adipose tissue.

London, September 7th, 1915.

My offer of service to a local Unit of the V.A.D. has been turned down. As usual the name did it. And it is quite useless apparently to refer to one's British citizenship. A Δημοσποίητος is a political outlaw, and I certainly have fallen between two stools.

October 29th, 1915.

I wrote to Lord Derby at the W.O. that I am perfectly willing and most desirous to do all I can for the safety of our country fighting for its existence.

I pointed out that I should deem it a duty and an honour to be permitted to do something that contributes directly and immediately to the need of the country. I assured him that I should be very grateful indeed if he would give me an opportunity of repaying the great debt I feel I owe to England, the home of civic liberty.

Lord Derby has not answered. There has been no response.

His Lordship or some underling has consigned my letter to the wastepaper basket.

A naturalised British subject who does not happen to be a Privy Councillor or related to royalty becomes a person *capite minutus* the moment the country of his birth goes to war with the country of his adoption. It is a great pity. It makes that "Scrap of Paper!" cry sound untrue.

London, December 20th, 1915.

I have visited the Serbian Ambassador who had invited me to his house. A clever and affable man.

My new book, "Serbian Folk Songs, Fairy Tales and Proverbs," is gradually completing. The object of this book is to enlist sympathy with gallant little Serbia. Our brave ally held up the "walk over" of her powerful northern neighbour, and thrice she threw back vast armies.

I am most fortunate. The eminent professors of the leading Serbian University are kindly helping me and the Serbian Government has granted a subsidy to the publisher.

The more I read of them, the more I like the Serbian Folk Songs. It is a pity I have to rush the book for political reasons. The Serbian Government want it to make propaganda. How lovely it would be to have the time and the leisure to translate anew the greater part of the Narodne Pjesme.

1916

London, February 19th, 1916.

After many disappointments, at last my attempts to join the Army and "do my bit" are crowned with success. Hitherto I was turned down everywhere from the V.A.D. to the Recruiting Officer at the Mansion House, who all "regretted" and "were exceedingly sorry."

The W.O. has at last in reply to my request issued instructions to admit me into the Army.

London, March 9th, 1916.

They summoned me to the W.O., and made me undergo an oral examination in several modern languages. I understand I passed it.

A club friend of mine who knows one or two of the Whitehall deities, however, tells me not to be disappointed if I hear no more. "You will be duly shelved!" he warns me, and he says that the gutter-press would howl itself into hysterics if I were given a job in the Intelligence Department or even only the Interpreters' Corps.

My friend knows that only a few years ago Whitehall referred to me as "a scholar of eminence." Of course, if I were not a commoner, but, let us say, a . . . prince, perhaps . . .! But there you are. And even then, one never knows!

London, March 20th, 1916.

Though my weak heart will probably give me a lot of trouble, I am going to join the Army as a Private. There is no chance of a commission for a Δημοσπότης. I do not mind. I shall be able to see things and write a book which, like Patrick McGill's excellent "Children of the Dead End," will be an—interesting record.

Cissaton, March 28th, 1916.

At tea-time on our arrival about four-thirty I received my first impressions of barrack customs.

A steaming hay-coloured liquid was served out to us in huge metal pails, which were apparently a hybrid species fathered by the London milk churn and mothered by the ordinary water pail. We enjoyed the first army meal. Where Polyphemian pails replaced the dainty teapots of home it was of course only natural and in harmony with the scheme of things that instead of fragile and transparent thimble cups huge Brobdingnagian enamelled basins served the purpose of quenching the thirst of the new warriors. Gigantic slices of bread and cold meat completed the terrific repast.

There are no chairs in Hut 32, which is my abode. We sit on forms. But you must be careful when sitting down not to wriggle, else they go down like a chapeau-claque. A jolly fire is burning in our squatty old stove; on a line above it are towels, socks and swabs that flap about like bunting hung out to celebrate the arrival of the shy, bold conquering heroes. With an eye to mathematical symmetry some artist has placed several brooms and a mighty mop underneath the table, arranged in a rough triangle. The walls of the "hut" are panelled high up with brown wood. There are four windows.

Our beds have iron folding frames and squarish mattresses which they call "biscuits."

Early in the evening several of us went for a walk into Cissaton to have a look at the town; on our way back we were caught by a tremendous snow-storm which carried off my cap.

Fortunately an obliging corporal and a half-crown produced another one within a quarter of an hour after our return to camp.

Cissaton, March 29th, 1916.

Got up at six-thirty—the whole lot of us. Made our beds, swept the room. My "mates" are working men of all ages; very decent fellows they seem. Eleven of us slept here last night.

This morning the division of labour was quite a simple affair and our hut was quickly put in order; everybody appeared willing, and was anxious to help.

There was a parade at eight-thirty and we were told off in small parties and "did fatigues" in the camp.

During our meals we have of course no snow-white table-cloths laid on the rough deal table; we dine off the bare boards quite happily. For dinner (which I helped to fetch from the cookhouse) we had boiled beef, potatoes in jackets and pudding.

Our hut had been made the supply centre for a neighbouring hut. Since the two "houses" together possessed but ten knives and

seven forks for a population of over twenty, some of the men had to wait until others had finished. And when a particularly fastidious or squeamish fellow would rather go without his dinner than use another man's knife and fork, the presiding corporal said, "Well, let him b——well go without it."

The "slanguage" of the boys is very forcible and stands in a peculiar contrast to the undoubtedly kind and gentle nature of their heart of hearts.

"Bloody old buggars!" is no worse than merely "isti miseri" and "you was here" leaves their grammatical conscience undisturbed. Home environment and educational shortcomings are the criminals, I suppose.

The men hardly ever use abstract nouns, which is quite a relief, and their vocabulary appears to range from eight hundred to fifteen hundred words. In their stories, reference to the zero of the chronique scandaleuse is invariably made by the opening, "There was a bloke."

Family names and formal introductions are disregarded; everybody in the hut addresses everybody else either as "Jim" or "Bill" or "George." Only one man has been labelled "Toothie"—a method of gentle cynicism, for the poor fellow has no upper teeth at all.

There is "nothing doing," or to use another phrase of the boys to describe our enforced state of idleness, it is "very slow." We are waiting for our papers to arrive from London. Time is of no importance. The War Office and a famous Chinese philosopher have that in common. You remember Paphlagon's words, "May I dine as of late at the cost of the State for doing just nothing at all."

Cissaton, March 30th, 1916.

We are still waiting; our papers have not come through yet.

Everybody else was "clothed in" to-day, and to-morrow, I hear, we, the 3rd Royal Southshire, too, are going to say, "Mutabor."

Then just as the Caliph understood Storkish, I am going to master "Tommish."

The adjective "b——" is a very interesting word. It testifies to the very small vocabulary of the men. Very rarely is it used in a derogatory or in its real sense. It is simply the star performer amongst the dynamic words used; from the adverb "very" to the adjective "fine," "b——" does the work of all the many words Roget gives, and does it in the most astonishing and acrobatic fashion.

"B——" has lost its original meaning long ago, owing to over frequency of its usage and an under-stocked vocabulary. I have

heard a man use the word fourteen times in a minute. By itself this word has become a mere husk, a meaningless particle, which, had it not in the men's minds taken up such a firmly established position as a proclitic dynamic Universal, might very well change its place with any old combination of letters, "bbbb," "rrrr," "xyz," anything you like.

Not quite so frequent as "b—" is "damn"; and neither impresses me very much. More than ten years ago, I remember how in a Lancashire train I amused myself with working out the frequency percentage of these picturesque words. But another word the boys here are using as often, if not more frequently than "b—," jars very considerably. It certainly means an esthetic shock at first.

To my great surprise I am told it is not an army word at all, and has been used as an Assistant Thunderer for years in factory and shop.

Meeching, March 31st, 1916.

At last we are real "sodjers." We have been clothed in the King's uniform.

They began by supplying an overcoat. Being slightly over six feet in height, mine had of course to be the largest size and even the sleeves had to be lengthened. A similar process of elongation had to be undergone by the two tunics and the two trousers which were the next presents the godmother department of the W.O. made us.

After that we were given two kit-bags. Pert, punning and penny-catching assistants in the Q.M. Stores hurled into these bags—one knife, one spoon, one fork,—only they didn't say "One knife," they sang out, "Knife, one"; "Brush, clothes, one"; "Button-stick, one," etc.

The inventory is made up by these articles and one each of the following:—button-stick, cardigan, razor, brass-brush, tooth-brush, hold-all, cap, cap-badge, house-wife, blacking-brush, shining-brush, shaving-brush, two pairs strong boots, two pairs of pants, two sets of gold letterings (the regimental "numerals") to be worn on shoulder flaps, two towels, three bluish grey shirts, three pairs of socks.

They tell me the total kit at present prices represents about £8.

Some of the boys seem to be very proud and happy. Perhaps for the first time in their lives do they possess such an ample wardrobe.

From the Q.M. Stores we went to the camp sign-writers. With pre-Gutenberg wooden sticks, each bearing one single type, they printed in black ink the name of the regiment and the soldier's

number on all those articles of the kit which would take black lettering. The other items, leather and metal, were labelled with similar old-fashioned type-dies and the hammer. After which the noble markers expected a "mark" of our esteem.

A similar kindness ridding us of any superfluous "brass" was shown to us in yet another hut. With the large brown paper sheet that had been handed to us by the loving foresight of the Q.M.S. we packed up our old civilian things and took them to the postal orderlies. They told us they would never arrive unless "the strings were properly wetted."

Thus the wish "Mutabor" was fulfilled. Yes; but without our kind hut-orderly it would have been impossible in the short time at our disposal. What are the mazes of Hampton Court and of Crete compared with the intricacies of properly putting on your putties for the first time, compared with the wonderful science of lacing your boots in the true military manner? A whole pamphlet might be written on the artistic spiralling of putties, their helical cometry. The salvation of one's soul and the health of the sergeant's liver depend on that.

Thanks to Private Piery's help, we were ready at one o'clock; and we six Royal Southshires left with a detachment of about two hundred other men to proceed to our various garrisons.

Via Brighthelmstone we arrived at Meeching in charge of a lance-corporal with three good conduct stripes, and having duly collected his conductor's fee from us, he deposited us outside the sixth Company's office and disappeared. We, however, the new consignments of goods, were duly collected into the office, entered in the Company's books, and then delivered to a full corporal, who gave us tea. And yet one of the boys grouched, "After the Mayor's Show comes the Dust-Cart."

Meeching, April 1st, 1916.

Since new recruits during their first week are not allowed to leave camp, because they cannot salute properly, I "mooched" about in camp and on the cliffs yesterday afternoon until bed-time. The sea sang me to sleep.

There are three gas-brackets with two jets on each in Hut 1; if, however, they were fixed for the purpose of lighting up the interior, the army-plumber for once has fully realized the aim of all army gas-fittings. The sickly yellow tongues flickered, and at intervals of three seconds they almost went out altogether. Reading was out of the question; polishing buttons, cleaning boots and studying "Tommish as she is spoke" filled up the time.

The language last night made the rafters squirm. But I became thoroughly acquainted with the respective merits of "Bluebell,"

"Brasso," "Soldier's Friend," and "Silvo," and I enjoyed the grousers' running commentary during the polishing process and their stories about the pyrotechnical display of set verbiage on the part of sergeant on parade.

We are about thirty men in this hut. Our "beds" consist of a couple of trestles about four to five inches high, three planks (coffin) $\div 2$, one straw-sack and four blankets. The older "sodgers" taught us how to arrange our beds. "If one puts the head end of the middle board under the trestle, making a kind of trough of the bed, one prevents rolling out!" etc., etc. When I looked through the hut shortly before "lights out" I imagined thirty mummies had been deposited in a rough Egyptian Gallery.

This morning, the six of us, gawky raw recruits, had to appear before the Regimental doctor, who, of course, passed us all as "fit." Then we were introduced to the Colonel.

"Don't you forget to say 'Sir' each time you answer," said our sergeant, and true enough His Illustrious Lordship, the Colonel, who had three questions, "How old are you?" "Where do you come from?" "What were you before you joined the army?" roared "Sir!" when I left out this democratic and beautiful word in my reply number two. After which dreadful crime, my vision of Colonel Mouchoir and myself shaking hands affectionately at the end of the interview with a cheery "So long, see you in the Officers' Mess at lunch!" was shattered hopelessly.

After that we were taken to the Square.

Soldiering began in earnest. During our first parade we were let down gently though. We had a lecture. Our sergeant told us about the different Ranks; he pointed out which of the N.C.O.'s were entitled to a "Sir"; he taught us all that is worth knowing as to "crimes," "buttons," etc. We were warned to have our hair cut short behind; never to appear on parade unshaven, and he warned us that the upper lip is not to be shaved. Not in this regiment anyhow. A martial moustachio makes a man you know!

In the evening I listened to a very pleasant amateur concert in the Y.M.C.A. The performers were mostly men of the Southshires and a few ladies from Meeching. We enjoyed ourselves very much and six musketeers thought their Regiment the finest in the British Army.

Next week we shall be inoculated and then . . . !

This regiment goes in for intensive training. Within eight to ten weeks after his arrival here, the recruit leaves for France, a trained soldier.

Meeching, Monday, April 3rd, 1916.

Yesterday morning we were paraded on the road alongside the large drill ground. Company after company arrived. The smart-

ness of the N.C.O.'s and men, the beautiful precision of all the movements by which the long column was built up, the realization of one "Wille und Vorstellung" made a deep impression on me. When finally the C.O. on horseback thundered, "Royal Southshires, 'shun! Quick March!" and when shortly afterwards to the strain of the regimental band we marched through the streets, I felt quite proud to belong to the grand "Iron" Regiment. It was the almost irresistible fascination of the glitter, and what is more, of the undeniable dignity of the mightiest human machine yet devised.

The text of the sermon was, "There is a lad with five loaves and two fishes, . . ."

If my "Folk Songs" had been published last week when the Serbian Crown Prince was in London, I should have been glad—but alas . . . !

Barabbas was a publisher.

I had been promised publication of the book on the 1st April, provided the MS. was in the hands of Barabbas on February 1st. He had it on January 28th. Two months later I had not even seen the first slip proofs. He has at last delivered these slip proofs. They are now in the hands of an eminent Serbian professor.

Meeching, April 6th, 1916.

The discipline in the "Iron" Regiment is very severe. A man in my squad got one hour pack drill for blowing his nose whilst on parade. If you want to blow your nose (which you really should not do at all) you ought to fall back *one step behind* the line and then perform the operation. At least that is the rule in the Third Royal Southshires. Other regiments, I hear, insist on your taking *one step forward*. Well, this wicked boy of ours blowed his nose in the simple civilian style, and, probably loath to attract the attention of the whole square, without stepping behind. Such a trunk call reaches the ears of the mighty captains; the movement of a man in the frozen, rigid sea of humanity on the square is sure to catch the eyes of the major gods. They frown. One hour pack-drill.

When a hundred years hence they have industrial armies based on universal and compulsory service for all between the ages of eighteen and twenty-five in order to get the world's heavy and essential work done, I hope they will have different methods to ensure discipline.

We had our pay to-day. Six shillings to each man. Those who have made an allotment to mother or wife received only three shillings. Considering that sixpence a week is required for boot-blackening and "blanco" there is not much chance for riotous living.

Immediately after pay-parade a corporal came round and

offered a fountain pen for *raffling*, value two shillings and sixpence at the outside. Yet everybody in this hut and the next hut paid his twopence. Result, about six shillings; net profit, three shillings and sixpence.

I understand raffling is a common practice for N.C.O.'s to add to their pocket-money. Cards or dice decide who is the lucky winner. Sometimes the owner of the "extra fine" fountain-pen or of a "most wonderful" watch buys the thing back on pay-day for future raffling, in which case the winner gets a small profit.

The men, of course, do not like refusing such a brilliant opening for assuring the goodwill of the minor Lords of the Square.

The fountain-pen corporal was followed by another N.C.O. peddling in brooches with the regimental arms. After which appeared the laundry-men.

My own drill-sergeant, an ex-bricklayer, takes in my washing; his customers, he says, are those who dislike the Company methods of laundrying. His wife returns the exact number of articles, well washed and well aired.

There is not much of my six shillings left now.

Meeching, April 7th, 1916.

We get up here at five o'clock. After we have enjoyed a basin of "gun-fire" and a squarish piece of rather dry biscuit, we sweep our hut, give a last touch to our things (which are supposed to have been cleaned the night before), ensuring that boots and buttons shine, rifles and equipment are in order.

One's kit is growing every day. I have been given trench tools, water bottle, mess tin, and ammunition pouches. The rifle takes up almost an hour a day if it is to be perfectly clean so as to come up to the standard demanded by the C.S.M.

The first parade takes place before breakfast, and lasts about 45 minutes, usually a march of a couple of miles. From eight to nine o'clock, gymnasium or Swedish drill. A short break and again parades and drills for three hours until half past twelve. On the Square. To be continued from 1.30 to 4 o'clock. After tea a route-march from 7 o'clock to 8 o'clock across the hills. This is intensive training with a vengeance!

We are dead-tired at the end of the day. My heart gives me a lot of trouble; but the war-machine is ruthless. And I am sure my troubles are as nothing compared with the boys' terrible ordeal in the trenches!

Meeching, April 8th, 1916.

The men are quite alright, once you know them. Underneath a veneer of crudeness and covered up by the indescribable filth of

their language, in most cases a good and kindly personality will readily respond to a carefully guarded appeal.

If one sits together with a chap, nobody else being present, and smokes with him for half an hour, leading him on imperceptibly but determinedly, human sympathy is aroused and Rousseau does not seem to be such a fool after all. That dreadful veneer of coarse language is the result of environment and upbringing. Perhaps very often a protective armour.

Housing and education must be improved before there is any hope. Nature has not enough chance without nurture.

"Chum" is the usual mode of address, when asking for the time or for one of those valuable matches. Really "chummy" however, are only the people within the same hut. Parallel to tribal feeling in remote past? Impossibility for individual man to know everyone in a large crowd? Uncertainty as to obligations and pledges being carried out?

Meeching, April 10th, 1916.

It isn't the Square that gives us most worry. One gets tired, but no grey hairs. It's these dreadful things *in* the huts that do it. Equipment, shelves, etc. The blankets are the worst.

Every morning we have to roll up our blankets in a truly weird and wonderful fashion. Fold each blanket into three, lengthwise. Take one folded blanket and fold in the opposite direction so as to show six edges, when complete; fold the next blanket round this one, and a third again round these two. There should now be twelve edges showing. If by chance your blankets should be of different colours (say one red, one green, one blue), the most beautiful colour-effects can thus be produced. Three dazzling concentric spirals will absolutely charm the eye of the inspecting C.O.

Ultimately we shall be quite suitable for window dressers in drapers' shops, no doubt, but at present the most skilful amongst us spend five minutes on their blankets alone at a time when every minute counts, i.e., between "gunfire" and first parade. The others who came here to learn to fight and not to do drapery assistants' work—swear and are punished.

Perhaps I may suggest to the W.O. Practical Joke Department, that steps should be taken to arrange daily airings for the blankets instead of their weird and wonderful foldings for the comfort of microbes? Anyhow by the time the next war breaks out?

Meeching, April 11th, 1916.

One of the men in our hut has fallen ill with measles. That is the third case in Hut 1 within a few weeks. All the precautions taken *after* the patient has been removed into hospital consist in

airing his four blankets outside the hut before the next comer sleeps in them. For once, however, they *are* aired.

Afterwards the new-comer will fold each blanket into three, lengthwise, take one folded blanket and fold in the opposite direction so as to show the edges when complete ; fold the next, etc., etc., etc.

Meeching, April 13th, 1916.

There is in my opinion *too* great a distance between the commissioned and the non-commissioned ranks. Anyhow, from the point of view which I consider to be that held by the spirit of true British Democracy.

A private soldier is not allowed even to approach or address an officer unless an N.C.O. has taken the wriggling worm in front of the superman. If I should walk up to my own officer and talk to him without being "taken before" him, I shall expiate the awful crime with pack-drill, jankers or clink, if I am not even shot at dawn.

This semi-divinity business is un-English. Somewhere and sometime it will exact its penalty here too.

I do not object to discipline. It is a wholesome school for the naturally lazy animal called man. No team-work, no large enterprise is possible without discipline. But I do object to the ridiculous and brutal code of rules that turns the wheels of the military machine.

Meeching, April 15th, 1916.

An enterprising sergeant put me on a Sand Fatigue this morning.

About twenty of us had to dig wet sand on the fore-shore. The tide was not yet quite out and the digging was a horrid slushy affair. A spadeful of sand weighed twice as much as usual. There was a good half-gale blowing.

When our bucket was full we had to carry it up a flight of thirty-two steps on to the breakwater, from where it was carted away. A hundredweight for two grown-up workers is not much if you are accustomed to lifting things or if you handle hundredweights for a short time. But the seemingly endless hours, nine a.m. to four p.m., with a short break for dinner, and the thirty-two steps proved too much for my silly old heart. I enjoyed, however, the opportunity of the psychological study: How did the individual Egyptian slave feel when he climbed up the pyramid day in and day out?

For several years my pumping works have been out of order: V.D.H. the military doctors call it. True, the physician at Whitehall passed me as A 1 as a matter of course, but who will blame the Recruiting Officer if at lunch he tells the body-bungler, "My

dear Fred, you did me out of ten men again this morning. Don't you realise they are volunteers?"

To-day, however, my heart played the Dictator, and said, "Well, either you stop or I do."

Result, at the Medical Hut this morning. Seven days' light duty. Excused all parades. Have to appear before a Medical Board.

Meeching, April 16th, 1916.

Our company is isolated. Measles.

The order was issued late last night. We were to keep in our huts; we were not to enter the Y.M.C.A., the Church Hut or the canteen. Other companies forbidden to enter our area.

This morning's church parade was cancelled. All the blankets had to be taken out on to the cliff to be — aired. It was a game!

The boys tell me it is a painless affair, this measly business. Means a week in hospital and—milk diet. Which of course is dreadful to some. More dreadful seems to me the name, German measles. Our patriotic Press, I hope, will see to it that they are called henceforth "Hun-Heat," or "Hun Spots," or something Hunnish of that sort.

One unforgettable impression I shall carry away from Meeching Fort Camp. Often about ten in the evening, when we are just going to bed, the strains of a military band float across the harbour. We get out of our hut and look. Silence and darkness enwrap the town, but innumerable lights flicker on the harbour where the troopship is moored.

Under the starlit sky they embark. Another draft for France. Into the Unknown. Yet it is a sublime thought that for the first time in their lives many of these selfish bipeds are going out to serve a cause greater than Self. And the band plays under the bejewelled sky, and we speculate proudly, sadly, on the date when our turn will come.

But such is the nature of man—all the public houses in the town close early on a draft night.

Meeching, April 18th, 1916.

My heart is worse.

Written once more to the W.O.

If I am transferred I shall miss the "Iron" Regiment, which, they say, "never lost a single trench during this war," and "the lines of which never broke or bent." Its methods of training are certainly Spartan.

There were seven parades yesterday. One poor chap, a clerk by profession, fainted and was brought into my hut, where I looked after him. He is now in hospital.

And our discipline! The birching of the boys at the altars in Sparta was mere play. One man in my hut got two extra parades for not having put laces into his spare boots. The officer of the day noticed the important omission amongst the man's kit. "Two little boots that saw no laces, two long hours that saw some faces."

A German review, "Die Tat," edited by Eugen Diederichs, in Jena, quoted Klein of Giessen in the 1915 May number:

"Heroism is a rare growth; one cannot build upon that base a people's army. To keep together such an army it is necessary that the private soldier respects his officers, yea, fears them, even more than he fears the enemy."

That is all very well. I object to discipline that is insane. I object to the god-like distance of the officers towards the men.

I acknowledge the danger of too frequent and promiscuous intercourse. But a golden means is possible here as in any other enterprise that pre-supposes co-operation. Though far from perfect, invisible pressure and civilian criminal law are better any day as safeguards than brutal effrontery.

Meeching, April 19th, 1916.

Ten more days of this damnable measly quarantine!

If one could but whisk hither one of those consulting, or is it advisory, army body-tinkers with over a thousand a year to see for himself how thoroughly and scientifically his prophylactic regulations are carried out! Theoretically, we are not to come into contact with anyone outside the 6th Company.

Precisely! The sergeants that drill the measly-quarantined men dine in the sergeants' mess with the other sergeants. In the cook-house our hut-orderlies mix up with others when they are all drawing breakfast, dinner and tea; when washing up crockery that left their measle-stricken huts, they chat for over half-an-hour over the same sinks with the other gentlemen in white overalls.

Long queues of our men are formed outside the canteen. They may enter neither the dry home of cakes nor the wet caves of Gambrinus. So the 6th Company stands outside the Gates of Heaven, waiting. If a chum of another company passes through he is given—from the Army point of view—quite the glad eye and very gentle and sweet words; and behold! in a few minutes he returns from within laden with choes, biscuits and matches and bottles of — tea. Since the messenger gets part of the change, there is, rumour has it, quite a keen competition amongst the more thirsty canteen-wallahs (pub-crawlers in Londonese) for the remunerative job of measle-messengers. And the queue is very long indeed.

Being on light duties I have become hut-orderly of Hut 1.

Arrayed in a lovely "creation" that has been a white overall once upon a time, I "run" the hut. My garb is really pretty.

Generations of hut-orderlies have worn it and its motley-yellow-black needs but a dozen arrows to complete the design.

The blackness is excusable. From five in the morning until half-past five in the afternoon the white robed hero rakes out ashes, blackleads the stove, carries wood and coal, sweeps the floor, and fetches all the meals. "Sooty are the mess-tins, Sir, and very greasy, Sir!"

Mightier than the doctors in Erewhon are the members of a Board. They dispense life and death, light duties and clink. I appeared before the sacrosanct body to-day. They stethoscoped me and asked many and curious questions. Afterwards my captain intercepted me on the way to the cookhouse and informed me that they had written to the "Higher Authorities" and it would be a pity if they did not make a better use of me, etc., etc. All the time he told me his tale I stood before him frantically pressing to my breast a pile of crockery standing in a huge roast-beef mess tin. "Sooty are the mess tins, Sir, and very greasy, Sir!"

Meeching, April 20th, 1916.

Every morning I draw twelve loaves of bread and three pounds of margarine for the twenty-five men in Hut 1.

With persuasion and precision combined, to-day I succeeded in dividing it up in such a way that the absolutely poor boys (those who have to get polish, soap and supper out of three shillings a week) are not to go to bed hungry and supperless. It is true the regulations say, "Thou shalt not store in thy hut!" But who cares?

The food is good but not sufficient to satisfy the enormous appetite of the young folk leading such a prolonged and vigorous out-of-door life.

There is not a man over thirty in my hut so that I, with my thirty-eight years am of course looked upon as a very Old Thing. Pat, an Irish boy, is under seventeen. He is as sprightly and mischievous as a kitten. Parmiter, a nice fresh-looking boy, one of the few who really likes soldiering, is about twenty.

As to professions, we have a carman from Chatham, a barman from Carey Street in Limehouse, another from the St. Pancras district, a quarryman from Yorkshire, a number of Sussex farmhands and labourers, one cycle-mechanic, one publican, one watchmaker, one jeweller-engraver. The last four are the hut-plutocrats. Whereas the others raise "loans" three days after payday varying from twopence to two shillings, these plutocrats never borrow.

I like Jack Donton from Norwich. He used to earn about twenty shillings a week as a farmhand and is a teetotaler. Like

all the other men, rough but jolly. He collects the potato-shirkers of the hut.

Very wise are the cooks; and woe betide the man who would gainsay their counsels and decisions. Potato-peeling is an occupation the cookhouse people do not cherish, so they have decreed that each hut where the men have a hut-mess of their own is to peel the "spuds" they consume. Accordingly after dinner the hut-orderly fetches a stone (two pailsful) of potatoes and the men in the hut form a circle around the spud-heap and each member of the hut-mess is supposed to peel his due share. But on rising from their dinner quite a third of the boys endeavour to vanish canteenwards. That's where Jack Donton comes in! He frowns, talks, shouts and swears at the spud-shirkers to such a degree that *nobody* stays away two days running. Good old Jack!

Most of the boys are kind-hearted beneath their hedgehog-manners. It will take all the discipline and all the bitterness of the next two months to make these boys kill—the Huns. One boy, Chatham, tells me he just begins to experience a feeling of anger and madness when charging the sacks with his bayonet.

There is no historical tradition nor impersonal perspective in the mental make-up of these boys. Cæsar's soldiers did not read the "Trojan Women" and our men have never heard of Anatole France. I have not seen a book once, a newspaper only occasionally being read in our hut. Knowledge of outside world is very scanty.

About a month in the army has sufficed to disillusion everybody. With the exception of Parmiter there is not a boy here who is not fed up and who would not accept his "ticket" to-morrow. The glamour is gone. The shoelace affair rankles and some quote scornfully "Britons never shall be slaves."

The language of some of the N.C.O.'s in the square is abominable. For filth and vulgarity it is unequalled. They bully the boys. One of my neighbours in the ranks actually burst into tears after a storm of abuse had passed over his unfortunate head.

An interesting phenomenon offers our own Sergeant. He belongs to the same social class as most of the Privates, yet the former bricklayer is more autocratic than an iron master, more dictatorial than a schoolmaster and more conceited and cruel than Falstaff and Nero together (assuming the latter has not been bedailymailed by his friends the Christians).

Anyhow, we all in our hut now know, in case of a dispute, a complaint, a "crime,"—an N.C.O. always comes out "on top." If he "cops" you, or wants to "cop" you, there is an end of it! The officer will believe him. Napoo!

Meeching, April 21st, 1916.

The following songs are great favourites with the boys in my hut. I have asked W. H. Chatham to dictate them to me:—

- (1) Sussex. (Only the chorus is sung. I have never heard the stanzas proper.)

Chorus—Good old Sussex by the sea!
 We plough and sow
 And reap and mow
 And useful men are we.
 But when you get to Sussex
 Wherever you may be
 You tell them all
 We stand or fall
 In Sussex by the sea.

- (2) Kitty.

Kitty I am leaving
 And I know your heart is grieving
 For the time for me to come to go.
 When in the trenches lying
 I'll think of you a-sighing
 As the girl I left behind.
 With the fury of the battle
 And the rifle's deadly rattle
 I will keep you in my mind.

Chorus— Farewell, Kitty,
 I must go, dear,
 Cheer up, little girlie, do not cry,
 England says it were my duty
 To conquer or to die.
 Boys in khaki, they are marching,
 Ready I must be;
 But hark, hear the bugles calling,
 Farewell, Kitty Lee.

- (3) Smile, Smile! (Again nothing else is heard but the following chorus.)

Pack up your troubles in your old kit bag
 And smile, smile, smile!
 While you've a lucifer
 To light your fag,
 Smile boys, that's the style.
 What's the use of worrying
 It never was worth while,
 So pack up your troubles in your old kit bag
 And smile, smile, smile!

(4) Fags.

Chorus—

Five little fags,
 In a dainty little packet,
 Five cigarettes that cost one *dee*.
 Five pains underneath his jacket,
 Five wobbles in his little Mary,
 And five little whiffs,
 And five little giffs,
 He was rolling on the tramway-lines,
 Trying to reach the cable,
 Looking greener than the label,
 On little Willy's Wild Woodbines.

(5) The Iron Cross.

My old iron cross,
 What a weight, I do declare;
 Over there in Germany
 They are giving them away,
 You can have a thousand
 If you shout Hurray.
 The Kaiser said, Meat, meat, meat,
 And I gave him you guess,
 I never let him nibble
 At my old ham bone,
 And he gave me the old iron cross.

These songs appear to be choruses only. It is these snatches of music that cheer up the boys, but they do not seem to know complete songs or several stanzas of one.

Meeching, Saturday, April 22nd, 1916.

We were to have had a kit-inspection by the C.O. this morning at about half-past ten. The corporal in charge of our hut insisted on our kits being laid out ready for inspection at *seven*. The Company S.M. and the Company Q.M.S. came and had a kind of a private picture show at *nine*. Company officers arrived with the Captain about *ten* and had a "varnishing minute" quite unto themselves.

Somewhere about quarter to *eleven* there was a great bustle in our section of the camp. But his lordship Colonel Mouchoir was not in the bustle. And a great and a strong wind was up. But his lordship was not in the wind. Then a hush fell on all of us and a mighty Voice thundered "'Shun!" It was the R.S.M.'s Voice. The lord of the 3rd Royal Southshires was in the Voice. Yet, behold he passed by our hut, for had it not been the abode of measles? . . .

What inveterate gamblers soldiers are! Yesterday, Good Friday, there were no parades and the boys played "Brag" from ten a.m. till "lights out." You should see the flushed faces of these children. Some of them have nothing but their three or six shillings weekly pay. Meals are either skimped or gobbled down. The Hut-corporal plays; sergeants come and play. A boy not yet nineteen cleared about £1 14s. 0d. yesterday. "Not a bad day's work!" he remarked as he dropped into bed.

And the Army Authorities framè lovely rules! There is an outpost, of course, to warn the gamblers should anybody above the rank of a sergeant be seen anywhere within a radius of half a mile.

Meeching, April 25th, 1916. (Railway Camp.)

Owing to heart trouble, I have been transferred to No. 8 Company, Home Service only. In charge of a young lance-corporal I was posted to my new unit, and, escorted by him, duly delivered in my new quarters. My guardian was one of the men who joined up with me a month ago; eighteen years of age. Glorious youth; what chances! lance-corporal after a few weeks! He should go far.

There are no drills or parades here in Railway Camp. We are a labour company from which the 3rd Royal Southshires draw the men to "do" their regular "fatigues." Some of us, called "Sanitary Police," look after the lavatories in the various camps; others, the police, stand about the streets and near important gates and passages. Still others are engaged in postal work on the mails during the night and come back to the huts to sleep during the day.

I miss the freshness and vigour of the young fighters of Fort Camp.

Language slightly stronger, since most men here are either old soldiers who served in previous wars or were "broken" in this one; or they are old "crocks" like myself. There is a regulation threatening all kinds of punishment for bad, obscene, and disgusting language. What abaht it?

Meeching, April 26th, 1916.

How to dodge work and yet be happy! is the motto of the 8th Company.

True, they do scrub the huts here to such an extent as to turn a Dutch housewife green with envy, and it is rumoured that after next week not only the floors of each hut but also the rafters and

the roof will have to be "just so." But apart from this "scrubitis," a mania fostered by our C.S.M., who himself leads a county gentleman's life in the camp garden, we are backwater folk with all the usual weeds. On Sundays only some of us are sent up to the Square to take part in the church-parade and thus share in the communal life of the Iron Regiment.

I have become a "marker" at the rifle range, which is about two miles from our camp. Get up at five, dress, wash and make up "cot." Then fetch breakfast, since the others do not have theirs before 7.30, and at seven about twelve of us set out for our day's work. It's quite a lovely walk in the morning, I enjoy it.

At first I was not allowed to handle the targets, of which there are eight; see-saw affairs. Armed with a paste brush and bands of tiny squares of green, gray and brown paper, I had to paste up the bullet-holes in the targets. Stickier than jam! Or I was told to watch the sand bank above us, thus helping the signaller in reading results. For a solid three hours I had to crane my neck to find out which of the five shots in each "detail" missed the target altogether. Soon, however, I shall reach the responsible dignity of an actual signaller and the twistings of my disk will bring joy to the firing parties, or "slanguage" to the N.C.O. in charge.

We march all the way home for our dinner of tough meat and the eternal beans and "taters."

This afternoon we had to dig "worms." Crawling about on the sandy butts we dig out the bullets that landed themselves there, often as deep as eighteen inches. Our method is that of the Neanderthalman or some such old Johnny, we use our fingers. There are no tools. "You can go home when you have collected twenty pounds of lead!" said the sergeant grimly! And we D U G! At first.

We were merrily sandboying about when a "sub" came along with a party from Meeching Hill. They brought huge hurdles made of gorse, about three yards square each, which were to be put on the sandbank behind the targets, and we, the range party, were to help. So we discontinued our worm-hunt and four of us went off to fetch "them b——'urdles."

It was a very hot afternoon and the hurdles were three-quarters of a mile away. Everywhere we met weary parties of four resting with their gorsy burden, for there were a lot of dips and dells in the ground. Hurdle and hurdle party could lie down and the smokers soothed their ruffled tempers without being copped by the N.C.O. or "orficers." We managed two hurdles though, and if there were leadswingers anywhere they were not in our party. We didn't dodge work. We loved it. Of course we did.

Meeching, April 28th, 1916.

Probably, if a trained philologist should ever take the trouble to correct my amateurish opinions, the latest hypothesis of mine as to the origin of the phrase, "We'll gie 'em beans!" will be considered silly and absurd by those learned Mandarins whose assertions even about the most uncertain things are always vehement in their insistence. To give "beans" to somebody is an equivalent to give him "socks," i.e., inflict pain on him, chastise, punish him. Now should it not be possible that the phrase owes its origin to bean-fed soldiers, to men who were overfed with beans, who were "fed-up" with beans? For a whole fortnight now the only vegetables we have had for dinner were beans. . . . Beans yesterday, beans to-day, beans to-morrow. . . .

Tucked away in a corner of our camp is the canteen. Its primitive structure is only surpassed by the conveniences for the men, which are an open row of semi-circles in a board. There the men squat like Penguins and smoke and crack jokes. Of course excusable in the Field but—here?

In the canteen, a tiny Wild-west shanty hardly bigger than a suburban drawing room a fat Civilian fills the foaming bumpers. There are no chairs or tables. Two benches along the walls, and half-a-dozen beer barrels make up the furniture.

The cooks simply live in the canteen during their off-hours. If one judiciously reminds them that the fat Civilian would be pleased to supply them with another pint *and*—another one, these old sodgers use their discretion next morning when issuing breakfast-rations for the range-folk.

If Münchhausen had had the gift of some of these old soldiers who are nightly spinning their yarns in this smelly and smoky gold-digger shanty he would have done much better. These men have seen twelve, sixteen, twenty years of service and their thirst is simply phenomenal. "How not to get strafed though a dodger" is an eternal theme with them.

The stories they tell make the choicest anecdotes of old Boccaccio appear almost fit reading matter for a school for the daughters of gentlemen. Of course their style is not so refined as that of "Three Weeks."

Most of these yarns are unprintable. One of my hut-mates has written down for me three, which I think are the *mildest* he knows. There is, of course, a certain monotony about them. But after two thousand years of Christian culture they make interesting reading.

I should like to append a few for the edification of our educationists. Neither publishers nor printers would, however, venture on exposing themselves to the terrible wrath of Mr. Bumble's family. His wife, *née* Grundy, and his daughter Dora, would have a fit. Mr. Bumble reads his Heliodor and his Achilles Tatius on the sly. Also, if . . . ad superos Astraea recessit, I will not add any

obstacles to her possible return and, moreover, there still exist, even to-day—despite Juvenal and the uplifting example of Leicester Square—

Multa Pudicitiae veteris vestigia forsan
Aut aliqua.

Meeching, April 29th, 1916.

These home-service companies are really and truly nothing but labour colonies to provide forced labour at a wage the trade unions would scorn. To hide this unpleasant fact all the tomfoolery of uniforms and of button cleaning is not sufficient. The N.C.O.'s are foremen and their "fatigues" are labour gangs. Anyhow, stripped of all the seductive verbiage of honour and glory and of the glittering and trappings there is a little difference between slavery and army life. It is true the whip of Uncle Tom's Cabin has disappeared.

But the busting frogs of N.C.O.'s have other weapons. Their tongue is the least harmless. Nobody minds being told, "Put more guts into it, man!" But the "criming" power of the N.C.O. is wicked. . . .

"When the history of this war comes to be written," as our brilliant journalists have it, thus pressing the highly problematic testimony of future generations into service as laudatory witnesses to the efficiency and patriotism of Lord Gryllus, "when," as the cliché says, "the history of this war comes to be written," the scribes will point out that the European War marks the first step towards Industrial Armies.

If the nations could feed, clothe and house millions of soldiers to enable the respective governments to kill as many fellow-Christians as possible, surely the gigantic brains that direct the life of the common pack might devise a similar mechanism to get done the heavy, ugly and absolutely necessary work. Then at last we might eliminate from our vital services the private capitalists and hucksters, these law-protected modern highwaymen.

All children should be educated in schools where the concrete facts and verifiable teachings of societal knowledge form the basis for a morality of healthy altruism.

All the young men and women between the ages of eighteen and twenty-five should serve in a citizen army of industry. Theirs would be a genuine spirit of duty, especially as long as everybody knew that Lord Gryllus's sons would find no tribunals to exempt them from serving the first months in the Sewage Battalion. If men and women were not faced with the certainty of "years and years," covered by the term "for the duration of the war," but knew that after some years of honourable service they would be free again; if they were sure that humane, even tactful treatment

and honest chances for promotion were the distinguishing features of the service; if the schools had imbued them with a sense of dignity due to their consciousness of the value of their work; there would be but a few dodgers and shirkers.

Why should not the Crossing Sweepers' Battalion and the Heavy Portage Brigade have as loyal and gentlemanly men as Kipling's Subaltern or Newbolt's Admirals? All a question of spirit and training, sir! You treat a man as a gentleman and not as dirt, and in nine cases out of ten he will live up to it! Your nine successful cases will help you in bullying the tenth, the rotter, into working decency.

Meeching, May 1st, 1916.

More favoured than any other argument to shake the evidence of a communist, of an admirer of the organised State with nationalized industries, will be the classical instance of Army Labour during the present War.

"Look at the awful waste of man power in the Army?" will be the clamorous objection of the individualist. He forgets, of course, conveniently, that, through no fault of their own, the vast majority of men were without any civic and cultural knowledge, and, as a result, constituted that ever-increasing dead-weight of apathetic humanity with which every Sham-democracy is burdened. These men have no interest in their work.

Last Saturday morning we had machine-gun practice. Three men could easily have done the marking. We were sixteen men, two N.C.O.'s and one officer. Nineteen all told.

To make the men more efficient, to impress them with the importance of cleanliness and discipline, the officers and N.C.O.'s have peculiar notions. Instead of talking to the men in a sensible way, they bully and punish them. A man may have swept his cot ever so carefully in the morning—and it's no joke to get through the thousand and one things in the short time at his disposal ere he starts on his "fatigues"—a few pieces of fluff, swept away from beds whose occupants started an hour later, some fluff that has crept through the chinks in the floor may have gathered underneath his bed boards and he is sworn at, talked to like a dog, and has to appear at the Company Office. C.B.

Every Tuesday and Friday the hut has to be scrubbed, each man his own cot—"district." The hut-orderly (who is a permanent fixture here) does the middle of the hut. The scrubbing is done before six, so as not to interfere with our fatigues. There is one scrubbing brush and one pail for thirty men.

Last week we had to scrub our kit-bags and window-blinds too. (The latter are sackcloth affairs to keep off the Airy "Hun.")

I suggested to my mates that the next order would be to scrub

the back of our blacking brushes. Moreover the roof of the hut might be divided into thirty sections and each man should scrub one.

Meeching, May 2nd, 1916.

"The last b—— hope of England!" said Keyward, the target-maker, when he came back to my corner at the range.

It was yesterday afternoon. Thanks to the wonderful management, suddenly and without notice, a firing party arrived. There were three officers in charge. They knew nothing whatever. No. 1 and No. 2 targets were all the same to them, a signal that denoted a "washout" they read for a "bull's eye."

Then Keyward and our sergeant talked to them gently and nicely and the situation was saved. The men in the firing party looked up as heretofore to their officers as their "superiors."

"But," said Keyward, referring to the Captain, "that bloke gets twenty-five shillings a day, and I don't get as many pennies and have to teach him! The last b—— hope of England!"

Keyward is an old campaigner; been through the Boer War and several minor affairs. A greengrocer by trade, he is a very shrewd man, the typical "owd sodjer," not too highly principled but jolly and kindhearted. Bosses our hut. Russel, his mate, another "owd sodjer," has a severe leg wound. Fills the hut with the sweet strains of his banjo, rather—too often.

Meeching, May 3rd, 1916.

A very large number of our men have their arms and chests tattooed. There are wriggly serpents, fat and sinuous ballet-girls with nothing on; sweetheart's names, anchors, arrow-pierced hearts and clasped hands. Some of the artists that create the beautiful Cinema posters on our London hoardings could find new ideas here.

In the canteen some of the Tommies will order their pint at threepence each and then ask a friend standing close by to "imbibe" with them, which grandiloquent verb conveys an invitation to have a drink from—the *same* glass, shared by two or three others. It is obviously and *honestly meant* as a compliment.

On Saturday next a "travelling medical board" is coming. I understand there are three "Johnnies" on this one. The boys have told me no end of stories about T.M.B.'s and their methods.

They act mainly as the servants of the politicians. When their political bosses leave them alone for a while, the medicoes in the Army have, despite their military rank, occasionally, temporary relapses into the realm of conscience, which in their civilian life they labelled "professional honour." When the political bosses want men, the doctors prostitute their intellect and their honour.

If but one-tenth of the stories the boys tell me are true, many medical men have disgraced the noble calling of the Healers for ever.

Keyward and others who have been out in France are amongst the first to sing the *praise of the unflagging devotion and the superhuman efforts of the greater number of doctors and surgeons at the Front*, but as to the vile despicable limpets at home, even my old "sodgers" fail to label them despite the unusually pithy and picturesque vocabulary in vogue here.

Meeching, May 7th, 1916.

His nose was just a red pincushion and very pimpled.

Steely, slit, malicious Chinese eyes á la Mr. Wu and a sneering snobbish voice were amongst his other attractions. That Thing was the "heart specialist," one of the three members of the medical board. His drink-sodden face came near me and he pretended to stethoscope me. But the political bosses had given instructions. He whispered something to the presiding Colonel and I was dismissed.

At lightning speed over one hundred men of our company were filed through the room. I timed from ten seconds to a minute per man. Some of the boys with lynx-eyes had read their verdict, A 1. Judging by their reports the majority of us will go back to the Expeditionary Companies.. I am glad.

Will be a change from our humdrum existence. We shall know in a few days' time.

Thus the Travelling Medical Board cancels the verdict of all the local Meeching colleagues and brother-officers. As I said to the young teacher-friend in my company, "The men on the Local Board are according to the T.M.B. either fools or frauds. You just ask one of these men in private life later on to condemn openly the verdict of one of their colleagues!" . . .

In pouring rain to church this morning. Sermon: "I am the Door." Application: ¹Christ is our salvation, ²gives us liberty, ³and sustenance.

Under ² the Captain-preacher told us that our liberty is curtailed by military discipline in order to gain liberty for Europe. We were fighting for liberty!

Each nation to be allowed to follow its natural development and own plans (silly ass! in this world of interdependence such a thing is impossible). Stronger nations not to dictate to weaker ones. (Fool!) Liberty of small nations our aim. He defined liberty as distinguished from licence; illustration; express train's speed only possible if on rails. The laws and morals of community our rails! . . .

O shades of Voltaire! The insinuating, soothing brooks of hashish waters were not stopped by your "Ecrasons"—dam; they still flow into the pools of Siloam and the pilgrims come and go.

Meeching, May 8th, 1916.

This afternoon I was detailed off to accompany a sergeant to escort a prisoner from here to Pells prison. Went in full war-paint. Belt, bayonet fixed. The prisoner smoked the sergeant's cigarettes; his last for forty-six days to come. Told us yarns that would have made the poppies blush.

I did not go to the Range in the morning. Breakfasted with the "camp people." Fat yellow-streaked ham, bread and butter and tea. Afterwards we dry-scrubbed the hut. The two post-office orderlies, Sanders and Jeater, who were on duty all night, came back after breakfast and went to bed. Orderly Sergeant collected the "availables" and we picked up matches on the paths in the camp.

Listened to the grouching of the men who had to appear at Company-office. There the Captain i/c of Company, in State, surrounded by all his "higher" N.C.O.'s, i.e., Sergeants and the S.M., dispenses military justice to "criminals."

One man, Rogers by name, been away Saturday afternoon to Sunday night without leave, said this morning when Sergeant-Major came into the hut: "Wife laid up." Whereupon the mighty Major: "Always the wife! You —— well never go near them. Why the devil did you —— off without asking? Always the wife to hide your sins!" Rogers got three days C.B. and two days pay stopped.

Thirty-six hours absent. Yes. Keyward was absent too, at the same time. You know Brightelmstone is not very far, you can walk it. Keyward, however, was not punished. He is an old sodger and knows the ropes and is the Sergeant's friend. Of course he was not punished. There was no charge, which is but justice. For is not the Army the fortress of freedom, the haven of happiness, the essence of efficiency? . . .

Our huts here in Railway Camp are more airy and generally more attractive than those on Fort Hill. Incandescent lamps.

There is one other great and much more important difference. In No. 6 Company we had to tie the string which holds our mattress with pillows inside rolled up together in the day time, *perpendicularly*, whereas here it's done *horizontally*. I was almost "crimed" over that latitudinarian rule.

Gulliver tells us, a "bloody war has been carried on for six and thirty moons and the reason was that the Blefuscudians and Lilliputians differed about the way in which an egg ought to be cut. Horizontally or perpendicularly?"

Meeching, May 9th, 1916.

The "Daily News," reporting a libel action, states that summing up, Mr. Justice Scrutton said it had been the pride and boast of the British Constitution that its judges and juries alike were above prejudice and did justice to everybody.

Recalling a remark by Sir John Simon, asking if it were a libel to call a man a German after he had become naturalized in this country, His Lordship said that he was sorry to hear an ex-Home Secretary and an ex-Law Officer speak of naturalized certificates in the way he did. Much had been said about Germans treating treaties as "scraps of paper," but he did not like the idea of treating English statutes in that way. By Act of Parliament aliens were entitled to the privileges and rights conferred on them by naturalization, and he hoped that Sir John Simon did not mean that, in spite of naturalization a man German-born should be treated as a German.

Meeching, May 12th, 1916.

To-day, about 10.30, a telephone message came from the firing party to us in the trench that the Commanding Officer wanted to see me. Firing had to be stopped so that I could cross danger zone. Behind the firing party a messenger was waiting for me and accompanied me to the Orderly Room. Of course, I thought I was to see the Colonel of the Royal Southshires about my two hundredth application to the War Office, in which I asked for a transfer—to the Interpreters' Corps or the Intelligence Department on account of my health.

Waited a minute. And the Great and Mighty Adjutant who owns and runs the Regiment came out and ordered me to follow him. So at the proper distance (I know my place and "station in life," quite aware that to walk along with an ADJUTANT isn't for the likes of us) I goose-stepped after him. Out of Fort Camp to the Sheffield Hotel, close by, the H.Q. of the Garrison Commander. He is Colonel Oretta.

He asked me for the usual particulars, age, date of enlistment, profession in civil life, and I told him that the old fool on the Travelling Medical Board who put me back to A1 again never examined my heart. I put it differently, diplomatically.

"The awful rush and large numbers of men to be dealt with made it quite impossible even for such a distinguished specialist as no doubt the Gentleman of the Stethoscope was, to do justice to his reputation and to cases the diagnosis of which, owing to individual characteristics, was difficult when the patient at rest, etc., etc."

The old Garrison Commander smiled and then turned to the Adjutant: "Which officer of the Regiment was present?" "Mr.

Brown." "Did he draw attention of the Board to difficult and doubtful cases?" "No, I think not." "Did the member of the Local Board present do so?" "No!" "Well, I think in future you yourself might perhaps manage to be present and prevent perfunctory examinations. If a senior officer like yourself is there . . ." "Yes, sir." . . . Then it apparently dawned upon the Ruler of Meeching that he was indirectly reproving, to some extent, the great and mighty ADJUTANT in the presence of a mere Private (worm). I was told my application to the W.O. would be forwarded, he would do his best, and that was all for the present.

I felt like a fool. I had one consolation though, there were greater fools on the Travelling Medical Board. Unless they were—rogues. Which of course is quite out of the question.

A man in the hut next to ours came from hospital after having spent seven weeks in it. The Travelling Medical Board found him fit for the Front, A.I. Active service! This morning the Local Medical Authorities recommended the "Active Service Man" for—his ticket. Within a month he will be out of the Army. Utterly unfit!

Meeching, May 15th, 1916.

Had an invitation to tea from the Garrison Commander, Colonel Oretta, yesterday, and for supper to-day. Only he and his wife present. . . .

When I paid him at his request a formal visit two days ago the policeman on guard would not let me enter by the private front entrance and told me that orderlies had to go by the back door.

As I left the house again after about an hour-and-a-half's chat with the Colonel and the two young officers who were with him, my friend the policeman came up to me. "I am sorry, Sir, I did not know you were a guest and a friend of the Commandant. But I saw you with him on the lawn!" Then I made a tactical blunder. To console the poor and crestfallen Eye of the Law, I gave him sixpence to drink my health.

Since then I am no longer safe in the streets of Meeching. All the policemen beam on me with the most affectionate and heart-moving smile. They are all my very dear friends. And wherever two or three of them are standing together at the street-corners they will stop me and talk to me. They have such a touching way.

And the "Bass" at the Bridge Hotel certainly *is* tempting

Adurdown, May 17th, 1916.

Heard privately from Colonel Oretta on Monday night that I was to be transferred to a "non-combatant corps," whatever that may mean.

Regimental orders last night. M.A.M. to proceed to 16th Royal Musketeers stationed at Adurdown by the 2.30 train.

Colonel O. did not know anything beyond the fact that he had heard it was a kind of dumping ground for conscientious objectors and occasionally for naturalized Englishmen. Cheered me up. Said, that in war-time one never gets what one wants!

He secured absolute freedom for me during the last two days. Though sleeping and breakfasting in camp, I spent all my time in the Garrison Commander's house. Did a lot of writing. Mrs. O. is a most charming woman. Both been fifteen years in India. As I left they invited me to come over as often as possible to spend a week-end with them. I shall miss them.

After a weary two-mile tramp through the scorching afternoon sun, I arrived in my new camp at the northernmost point, a gigantic tent town near Adurdown. I carried two kit bags. The Heat!

The serfs of Cerberus looked very grim. The first question at the gate was, "Are you a C.O.?" I explained that I hadn't a ghost of an idea what they meant, and as they noticed my Southshire badge they smiled and told me. The chief speaker was a huge elephant of a "red cap," and he said, "C.O. means a 'conscientious objector'—one of 'em f—— b—— what won't fight. I'll . . .!" and indignation choked his voice. When I asked him to meet me afterwards and have a pint, he vowed life-long friendship.

The R.S.M. knew my name was German. "Don't tell the boys!" he said! There are some C.O.'s attached to us. But I don't think you are to go with them. I only have a memo. as to your arrival and I am waiting for your papers. Go and stay in hut twenty-six, D Coy., with the Musketeers!" he concluded courteously.

Adurdown, May 19th, 1916.

Slept with the boys of D Coy., a fighting unit. Went on parade yesterday morning and had a morning's drill. At noon the R.S.M. said I was to go to Hut 1 and join the N.C.C. (non-combatant corps). He was sympathetic and advised me to write to the W.O. again. Which I did.

There are about three hundred N.C.C.'s here. Whether they are all conscientious objectors or not I do not know, but in my hut all the men belong to that class.

On an average they are pretty well educated and some are refined and gentle in their manners. At first the change of atmosphere is almost bewildering; no more ripe and b—— swear words to be heard, but discussions on Biblical and sociological questions take the place of the sexual burlesques and purple verbiage so beloved by the other boys. A few of the C.O.'s have that unearthly strained look one notices in some Salvation Army lasses.

The C.O.'s do fatigues, at least most of them. For there are several categories of C.O.'s. Some obey orders, others do not. The latter, the Absolutists group, are mostly in the guard room. In fact, the guard room is not big enough to hold them all and a whole hut has been turned into a temporary detention room.

I cannot help admiring these pioneers of a *far distant* future, when the principle of humanitarianism will no longer be contrary to the natural disposition of man; but as my newly-made friends in D Coy. say, it is hard lines on me to be lumped together with C.O.'s. I cannot, owing to my intellectual attitude, share their glory; so only their troubles and the odium in which they are held at present will be my part. Perhaps my 201st letter to the W.O. will be effective.

Adurdown, May 21st, 1916.

We have neither belts, nor cap-badges, nor shoulder-numerals. A poor lot of military outcasts.

Yesterday with a hut-mate to Spearby. Delightful walk over the Downs and through the lanes; hawthorns and chestnuts in bloom. Stood where once upon a time "Heart's Delight" bungalow had housed us, ten years, ten long years ago! And now the waves were lapping the new foreshore. Far away the crimson disc of the sun delved into a sea of molten gold. Sic transit. . . .

On our way back we entered a hotel in Adurdown to get some refreshment. Three sergeants with their wives walked deliberately out! N.C.C.'s! The lepers!

If A.D. 3116 citizens of a *civitas terrestris* will refer to a golden book of Early Pioneers as we refer to the Early Christians, the N.C.C.'s must console themselves with the prospect of such dubious long distance honours. At present they are having a "hell of a time." The men in the fighting unit have their meals apart from us in their huts. The men in the fighting units have the usual bed-boards, trestles, three blankets, pillow and palliasse, we have no bed-boards, no palliasses, and only two blankets. In "D" Company we had each one bowl of tea, here two men share the same bowl.

I drew the attention of Harrison, the Company orderly, to the fact that in Hut four are stored up stacks and stacks of palliasses. He shrugged his shoulders, "My dear boy, I cannot get at them. They belong to the officers' training corps!" Good old Army!

Personally I do not mind the leper life—for a time. The D Company men I know and old Fred, the mountain-policeman, have taken me under their protection and they are formidable preachers to any new comer who might think that "George" is *not* an "Owd sodjer." Incidentally they insist upon my wearing the Musketeer badge.

Adurdown, May 22nd, 1916.

There is an early Christian touch about some of the N.C.C.'s. Most of them are really gentlemen, in the sense of Cardinal Newman's definition. I have never seen so many prayer books; before going to sleep some men read page after page in their Bibles. Somehow or other I like the quiet and determined faces but feel the most violent dislike towards some of the show-people who kneel on their beds in the sight of all to pray.

In the Dry Canteen where all the N.C.C.'s are dining together I listened to some very interesting discussions. Said one C.O. to me, "If you are in the hands of the insane, you simply do what you would do in an asylum, if you were the only sane man there!"

The majority of the N.C.C.'s are Christians (though very few of the Church of England), but there is a good sprinkling of free-thinkers and socialists. They come from all over England. Amongst my acquaintances are two men from Letchwood and from Ilford.

On Saturday we were put on a gardening fatigue. Owing to the diversity of opinion, two sections had formed themselves. One group obeys orders—which of course I joined—and placed themselves under a private of the Musketeers who was a professional gardener. The others, the "voluntary" workers, kind of goodwillites but antimilitarists, managed their plot alone. So you could see there some swinging pick-axe and wielding the shovel, others asleep or reading.

Our hut is "run" by the men themselves. Occasionally every other day an elderly N.C.O. of the Musketeers looks into Hut 1 to see whether the "bear-garden" is still in its place.

Adurdown, May 23rd, 1916.

On the northern slopes of our Happy Valley the men are drilling, several squads of "order-obeying" N.C.C.'s amongst them.

Here on the Southern slopes not less than twenty-eight men are airing their blankets and their—opinions. If we sometimes in fun called the 8th Coy. of the Royal Southshires Charlie Chaplin's Army, what are we to call this?

It is a most beautiful morning. But for the commands ringing through the air from the "Square" on the Northern slope, the weird and martial calls of a few practicing buglers and the distant rattle of a rifle range, one might imagine this were a holiday camp.

The N.C.O.'s and the "owd sodjers" are very much impressed, so a corporal of twenty years' service tells me, with the oratorical powers and the attainments of the educated conscientious objectors. Especially the forty-three prisoners in the guard room, the "whole hoggers" he looks at with awe and wonder.

The C.O.'s are mostly non-smokers and teetotallers.

With obvious pride that recognition sometimes comes their way, Francis showed me a clergyman's letter from Letchworth. "You are laying the foundation of a freer and nobler social and political order. You are the living Stones to be set in the New Temple of Humanity. The days of the early Christians are being lived over again."

Personally I think we others who are not N.C.C.'s have cause to be proud of the fact that the N.C.C.'s are here. England, in spite of some ugly blemishes, is still the land of liberty. Continental nations I think would shoot the conscientious objectors, anyhow a few, to prevent large numbers, mushroom-like, springing up. Good old England!

Adurdown, May 24th, 1916.

Have offered myself for duty as a prison-orderly. My work consists in fetching meals from the cookhouse for the C.O.'s in "clink." I have been given Hut No. 8 with twenty-eight prisoners.

A picturesque assembly they are. Some are fine and forceful men with keen intellectual features. Others who love the label of clothes might have stepped out of a ball-room at Montmartre; here is a fellow with long flowing hair, there, one clad in a flaming red jacket.

In my own Hut 1 a new comer this morning had a violent attack of hymnitis. Sang aloud by himself hymn after hymn. Face, kill-joy type; hair brushed back; glasses. Quite young. I noticed even his fellow-Christians were angered by this unedifying performance. Was it for our benefit? Or from the fulness of his heart? Joie de vivre? Hysteria? . . . I asked a conscientious objector of Hut 1 kindly to state his reason for opposing, and not being influenced by, the Crowd. Brown is a tailor in "civvy-life" and twenty-four years of age. He was kind enough to write down for me the following statement:

"By writing, I wish to state that, seeing that practically the whole gigantic world is at present at war, it is no small declaration for a man to state that he is a conscientious objector to warfare.

"Now there are of course different kinds of objectors—Religious, Political, and Social; my objections are of the Religious kind.

"I am first of all a Christian, and a Christian is necessarily one who is a keen believer in Christ, His life and teachings. It is from the teachings of Christ and His example (which is the Earthly life) that I obtain the Morals and Principles of life. The idea of every Christian should be to follow and carry out the same life as that of the Saviour, and if that be analysed, there is not one instance where war has been advocated or carried out by Him.

"The whole essence of religion is that 'God is love,' and Christ

says, 'If ye believe me, keep my commandments.' The sixth being 'Thou shalt do no murder.'

"Many statements have been made that war is a necessity and that men cannot avoid it. But so far as I can see almost anything in life can be avoided. The only things that are not altered by human laws, are those that were made by God and which come under the heading of Nature, one instance is the sun.

"I am speaking of war as a Christian. I do realize that it is the worst pest and evil that affects mankind, but at the same time I realize that those that are penitent for their action in bringing about the same can obtain redemption. So far as life is concerned I believe that life is the blessed gift of God the Father and that we are all made after His own image, and that every man will some day have to answer for the way in which he conducted his own life.

"We are all here for mutual benefit and to help each other.

"It is quite possible to be a law-abiding citizen and a good religionist also; but in my instance I am glad to be a Christian first and proud in the patriotic sense to be an Englishman secondly.

"So far as the question of war is concerned, I do not bear any malice or ill feeling to those that think it their bounden duty to fight to the last man as soldiers, and in the same way I am not at all hostile to those that are in any way enemies, because I believe that God alone will punish as He thinks fit and according to the crime. I realize the strength of such a statement, for it is almost contrary to every man-made law. At the same time it is most prominently stated in the Bible, 'Judge not lest thou shalt be judged.' It is quite possible that had one the necessary time, etc., one could write, speak or argue on the conscientious objector for ever and then some would doubt, some would believe.

"Life is the never-ending philosophy but there is one thing about it that is certain, that it begins and ends, and the ending so far has been the greatest puzzle, no one has yet discovered the 'philosopher's stone.' The fact is that all our lives are governed by a supreme being, that is, I believe, the belief of every earthly being, and I from my belief say that the being is God.

"Seeing that life is short it behoves us all to make it happy and to live as good a life as possible. To those that believe in God I say most emphatically, be steadfast to God's commands and be a conscientious objector and by so doing be one small nail in the coffin of that mighty evil called war." . . .

Adurdown, May 27th, 1916.

Whilst my friends worry the Practical Joke Department at the W.O., trying to convince its supermen of the incongruity and deadly humour in their placing amongst the conscientious objectors a man

to whom Heraclitus and Goethe seem to be nearer the truth, I—am worrying about my publisher.

I heard this morning from a member of the publishing house of Burns and Oates that a book like my Serbian Folk-Songs can be printed in a fortnight's time; and three weeks would certainly be amply sufficient, taking into consideration all the difficulties of the present. My publisher has had the MS. since January. He also has drawn the subsidy fee from the Serbian Government, but he has not published the book yet. . . .

They collected our best boots this morning to be studded. We are going to France. The 3rd Eastern Company of the N.C.C.'s is going to—France. . . .

Another conscientious objector has been kind enough to write down for me a statement of his case and his views. Though a rather lengthy document, and like the preceding one, not too clear, I append it here verbatim, as I did with the previous one, for I am convinced that as much interest will be attached later on to the opinions of the "common or garden" C.O. as to the few dozen leaders among them. These are gifted with powers of expression and will, I am sure, after the war, write books themselves or otherwise publish their views. My N.C.C.'s represent the "mass," they are small craftsmen and tradesmen, and most people are inclined to assume the "masses" to be dumb driven cattle, whipped into action by militarists or wheedled into it by intellectuals. Mr X., who is a greengrocer, says:—

"I am a conscientious objector to all forms of violence, whether it be the striking of one man by another man or the organized violence of one nation against another.

"I am a conscript under the Military Service Act. I appealed to the Tribunals for exemption. My claim to the possession of a conscientious conviction against war was not challenged. No questions were asked of me by the military representatives. I was given exemption from combatant service only and at the Appeal Tribunal the Chairman suggested that the Board of Agriculture should make an arrangement with the military for me to be employed on agricultural work.

"I found a situation and a home in the County of Essex. I voluntarily undertook agricultural work, putting in 54 hours for a full week, at the rate of 6d. per hour. The work consisted of digging, hoeing, spreading manure, clearing away cabbage-stumps, rolling the seed-beds, etc.

"I wrote to the representative of the Board of Agriculture telling him I had undertaken this work. I received no reply. I wrote to the Local Tribunal asking if I could apply for a revision of my certificate. I received a form of application in reply. I asked my employer for a letter confirming my statements. I received that letter when the police were about to take me into custody, and my

application for revision was therefore sent in after I had been arrested as a deserter under the Act, and I do not know what may be the result of it.

"I was tried at the Police Court of Grays in Essex. It was not a trial but a farce. Only one member of the public was present, and the inevitable happened. I was handed over to the military escort. I was forcibly examined by the military doctors, but it was ridiculous to call it an examination. I was forcibly dressed in khaki, but so far that is the end of the process of force.

"I have accepted no pay, signed no document except a receipt for two blankets. I have not saluted any officers, nor obeyed any military orders. I am therefore awaiting trial by court-martial, charged with wilful disobedience to the commands of my superior officers. What may happen as the result of all this I cannot of course say. I mention these events because I attach great importance to actions. They speak many times louder than words.

"I would rather be a soldier that is if the Cause for which I was fighting was one in which I genuinely believed, but it has for a long time been one of the principles upon which I have endeavoured to base my actions that the curse of force is contrary to the fundamental laws of our being.

"To understand the position in which I stand it is necessary to know something of my past history.

"I am an idealist.

"I am not satisfied with the present level of human development. I have sought to know what higher attainments man is capable of and to discover the principles that are essential to that development. In my search I have discovered many things which are to me remarkable. Many theories, arguments and controversies have ranged round the problem of the immortality of the human soul and round the question of man's relationship to the Higher Power.

"To me the problem is one of which, although our knowledge of it must necessarily be fragmentary, the keys are comparatively easily discovered.

"The eternal is after all right under our very noses. Truth, Justness and Human Fellowship, these things are eternal. These things are the visible expression of the Higher Power. They are beyond the realm of accidents; the forces of integration and disintegration in their ceaseless play and interplay do not affect them. They have had no beginning; the most powerful imagination cannot discern their origin neither can it conceive their end. If mortals would advance they must obey their demands, for they are the fundamentals of existence. Nothing that violates them can endure.

"God is LOVE and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in TRUTH. Outside this law there is no salvation, no redemption, no permanence, NO LIFE; nothing but change, disintegration, and corruption, or in other words, DEATH.

"All the commandments of the law are broadly summed up in active love. Love means service, it means self-denial, it is not negative, it is positive.

"It demands obedience, it is uncompromising, it cannot enter into partnership with hate.

"If I love not my fellow-beings I cannot love God, neither can I enter into the Kingdom or function on the spiritual plane. If I love my fellow-man I shall not murder, nor steal, nor covet his possessions.

"I must not engage in WAR. I cannot establish love by force. I cannot fight for the cause of Love, I can only obey. Truth can never be obliterated. Justness must be observed as the foundation of Love and this, the last and greatest—Love, Charity, or broadly, Fellowship—endureth for ever. The attempt to establish love by force is equal to an endeavour to cure inebriety by alcohol. Nothing but love can establish love. I must love all, including my enemies.

"Moreover, I must witness to that which I believe. If I would inherit the Ideal Commonwealth I must seek to observe its laws. In doing so I may be called upon to sacrifice my life, but in that event I shall only be following in the footsteps of the Great Exemplar.

"But after all what is life or the things that make life worth living, when balanced against the stupendous possibilities that lie beyond it? 'God is Love,' and neither hath the heart of man conceived the things that God hath prepared for them that love Him."

In the Train to Charnsferry, May 30th, 1916.

After a mad and frantic rush we are off to France. I am writing in the train to Charnsferry.

Of course, nothing was prepared. Kits were incomplete. Confusion everywhere. There were at least two dozen Parades and Roll-calls during the last two days, and always either something or somebody was missing. At last, however, all of us, about sixty that make up this draft, were ready.

We take no kit-bags. One uniform only, the one we wear. A ground-sheet; three shirts; two pants; *no* brushes, except one for shaving; knife, fork, spoon; one mess-tin; one pair of boots; three pairs of socks; soap, towel; first-aid appliances; one great-coat. The novices had great difficulty in packing all those things into their haversack and in getting their great-coats properly rolled up.

To-day it is broiling hot, and I found the tramp of two miles to Adurdown station with the straps of the heavy haversack cutting into one's shoulder rather trying. I am the oldest man in the draft with my 38 years; all the other boys are between 20-26.

My old sodger-friends amongst the R.F. advised me not to go

out with the C.O.'s, and said "Dear! There *must* be a mistake! Why not refuse obeying orders and get it cleared up?" That's what the darlings *meant*; their actual language was—more forcible. . . . Yet I do think I acted wisely in following the ancient rule of the soldier, "Obey first and complain after!"

Good-bye, Hampshire! Good-bye, fair England! You know I go with a willing heart, for I like to do something for you, to serve you according to my abilities; and perhaps out there in France I may meet some of the Men who made you great. They will appreciate my willingness and utilise my powers better than the manx-monkeys that fool on office stools.

Good-bye to the pink-white Briar Rose!

Fort-de-Grâce, "Somewhere in France"

(Port of Debarkation), May 31st, 1916.

Arrived safely. . . .

What a contrast is *this* crossing of the Channel to the glorious journeys I had on it in the past! Then each time the happy prospect of meeting a very dear friend of mine in Paris or in Fort de Grâce, the joy of dazzling sunshine, laughter and wine; this time—the prospects of Charon's ghosts.

Thousands of men were on board, and squeezed together more tightly than sardines. Night and sordidness. . . . I dozed on deck until after midnight, and then, as I was fortunate enough to discover a square yard of empty floor-space, for a couple of hours below deck; my life-belt came in handy as a pillow. My legs were across the legs of two fellows, in return for which I accommodated on my chest and abdomen two heavy canal-barges with somebody's No. 11 feet inside. . . .

After a dreary wait in harbour throughout the morning, we disembarked early in the afternoon and made for our rest-camp on the hills.

In the town I was struck with the number of street-vendors under fourteen years of age and the many women in black. The first grim signs! . . .

Colonel Oretta, the Garrison Commander of Meeching, had sent me an English translation of "Philosophy and War," by Emile Boutroux. I read the book yesterday. Some of his remarks are good.

"The collective efforts of specialists are well fitted to supply materials, but will they be adequate to the production of ideas? The theory implied in the German method is that the idea is born by spontaneous generation from the materials themselves, once these latter have been conveniently collected and arranged." "As Claude Bernard said, the idea is above all else a hypothesis—i.e., a view of things which transcends the signification of crude data."

But I do not agree with the ridiculous generalization that "German philosophy eliminates feeling, or, at all events, it reduces it to a subordinate rôle." Has Boutroux met no British or French exponents of doctrines that insist on the supremacy of will and intellect? Men with a tendency either to intellectualism, to radical voluntarism, or to a union of these two doctrines?

It is such a pity that all these writers like Boutroux, Eucken, and others have joined the mob of sneering hypocrites in the market-place, those second-rate minds that live on lies and clichés. The finer spirits should not have stooped down and disgraced the fine humanist tradition of the Republic of Scholars. What has this tradition to do with all these stupid manifestoes and jingo-books? Why did not Boutroux live up to the passage from Xenophon quoted by himself? "One can learn nothing from a man against whom one has a feeling of antipathy."

Yet, my friend the Garrison Commander meant well in sending me the book. He wants me to write jointly with him a work on "The Philosophy of Feeling," and he must love the words of Boutroux: "The future will show that the heart not only inspires great thoughts, but is the source of a mysterious force which, in the long run, reveals itself as the strongest of all forces."

Bonsecours, "Somewhere in France," June 2nd, 1916.

Arrived last night about 12 o'clock. Stopped in train all night. John and Fair slept on the racks, one each side, two men on the floor with their backs against the doors, one man diagonally on the floor, three men on seats. We are convinced after the War is over we shall prefer sleeping in the fender instead of bed.

Got up shortly after four o'clock, washed in a man-hole. Made our tea squatting on the flag-stones in the station yard; bully-beef and biscuits as usual. Had nothing else the last three days. Everybody quite jolly; life here in the station yard recalls the wildest Wild-West dreams of camping we had in our youth.

There are no end of rumours. That nobody knew of arrival. That somebody made a mistake by sending us here. That we shall have to stay and live and sleep on these cobbles and flag-stones for at least a week. But nobody minds.

Lianeville, "Somewhere in France," June 4th, 1916.

After a long and weary railway journey lasting several days we have arrived in a "hutted" camp.

Why a journey which in peace-time would have taken not more than eight hours should require four days, passes my understanding. We left Bonsecours, our railway-station "home," on

Friday about four in the afternoon, and reached Lianeville, our destination, yesterday morning.

I am glad the journey is ended. Last night, for the first time since Tuesday morning, I put off my clothes. What a relief! And no more climbing of hills with that kit-bag on one's back. After half-an-hour of it I always feel like Sinbad the Sailor must have felt when he carried the Old Man of the Sea. The THING grows heavier and heavier.

I have no idea what they are going to "put us on." To-day is a rest-day. To-morrow I presume will see us hard at work. Loading, unloading, road-making?

Went with John and Fair into the town. Found it awfully hard to walk on cobbled pavements or on flag-stones. Those nail-studded boots of ours are worse than well-greased blubber on Filey Cliff would be if the latter had been thoroughly treated with soft soap and suet. Whenever we encountered a slope in the rather undulating streets of the older town, we began to move about in all directions like a crowd of drunken roller-skaters.

Here are some specimens of soldiers' French I've picked up: n'a poo=finished, no more (iln'y a plus?). We don't compris that = we don't understand that. No savez that=that has no sense.

Lianeville, "Somewhere in France," 6th June, 1916.

Working in the docks all day. . . .

Got up at six, had two biscuits and a mug of tea for breakfast. Started work at 6.30 a.m. Forage shifting; until twelve o'clock. Then all the way up-hill to Camp for dinner . . . bully-beef.

Down again to the docks. More "portering." Steamship Roma. Jones and I between us shifted 112 cwts. of oats in the afternoon. Am very tired. Wonder how long this silly old heart of mine will stand it?

To add insult to injury: of course, no one here knows I have been put amongst the N.C.C.'s against my will, by some benighted blithering Whitehall idiot.

The Lady in Princess Beatrice Hut refuses serving tea to N.C.C.'s. "We serve only soldiers here!"

During our first night in Camp, from Saturday to Sunday, we had three of our hut windows broken.

Sunday evening, some Canadian soldiers and others came into our hut and indulged in a rather forcible paraphrase of Hor. Serm. I., 8, 38, In—English: Beer. Said their leader to a C.O.: "If you were Julius and I Voranus, I should seek out another statue." Something to that effect.

Yesterday, Fair and I when walking round the ramparts, had to put up with glares and stares all the while; the agony of which

we shortened by walking at a considerable pace. I don't think it would be safe for one of the N.C.C.'s to go out by himself. After all, two are two; and the misguided Press-fed fools are as cowardly as most men, and Fair and I are 6ft. giants.

Lianeville, 8th June, 1916.

The 3rd Company Eastern N.C.C. was given a half-holiday, apparently due to the visit of the Reverend F. B. Meyer, the Baptist parson.

He arrived about half-past twelve, accompanied by some of the local Brass Hats, Camp and Company-officers. Delivered a short address. Told the C.O.'s that he had a message of good-will and sympathy, etc., etc., from the General Public in England, especially from the late lamented Kitchener; appreciation of their willingness to do their best as far as their conscience allows them, etc., etc.

Seemed to cheer up the C.O.'s wonderfully, and for hours afterwards they stood about discussing the great man's words. Personally, I think the visit is due to some questions in the House a few days ago. . . .

I have no more patience with Christianity as a State Institution.

No nobler ideal has ever been propounded than that set before Mankind by Him after whom the religion of love has been called; no viler set of temple-servants has ever disgraced a cult than the hypocritical canting priests of Western Europe. There are a few, very few, exceptions, of course, but the overwhelming majority are political props, "pillars of society," sellers of cheap soothing-oils.

The least these priests might have done in the beginning of the War was to have revived a mediaeval practice; they should have threatened to suspend all baptisms, all marriage and burial services unless . . . ! The fear of the metaphysical still sways the masses!

The European priesthood could have stopped the War had they chosen to do so!

But they betrayed their Founder's Ideal. Demetrius, the international Financier and Silversmith, raised a cry against Love, and the frantic priests of Diana crucified Christ once again.

Lianeville, 10th June, 1916.

Often before the War, when on several occasions I stayed in France, when I lived in Holland, when I wandered through Italy, has the thought occurred to me. Gradually it has become a conviction: *Language has nothing to do with one's individuality.*

It does not matter an itinerant whitesmith's malediction in what language one expresses oneself. Language may be a garment, a vessel, a route—but it is not of the Essence of the Spirit.

Not until this tribal conceit about the "language of one's fathers" has disappeared will a Civitas-Terrestris be possible.

At present men are still prepared to die for the exclusive possession of this glorious national inheritance, the language of their "Immortal Poets." Whilst the poet lived they let him starve!

Underneath all these grandiloquent phrases lies, of course, the accursed inertia of our species, that almost monopolizes laziness. And the tribal tin-gods know how to trade on this tribal vanity!

Lianeville, 14th June, 1916.

The doctor has examined my heart, written a certificate for "permanent light duty," and as a result I have been taken off the dock-work.

It certainly was a stiff job. Twelve hours lifting bags of oats weighing forty or eighty pounds each will either make or break you. I shall never forget the Oats-Shed with its atmosphere of fine, nearly invisible oat-dust that at times would pretty well choke the workers. Everybody coughed, and many felt thirstier than Tantalus.

My work now is either in the Company Office, where I am ruling innumerable "Daily Parade States," "Medical Inspection Sheets," "Non-payment of Allotment Forms," and other highly-important documents, or I am fetching our letters from the harbour post-office.

The Army has one advantage which in its educational value equals that of travelling. One comes into contact with hundreds of different individuals, a great variety of intellects, faiths and follies.

The enormous difficulty and complexity of administration in view of the vastness of the phenomenon called Mankind, can be realised. Never before have I perceived so clearly the awful stupidity of man in the mass and the need of education.

More and better teachers are wanted. I am not blaming the present educators. Considering the handicap of low salaries, as far as the rank and file of their profession is concerned, considering the dreadful obstacles of bad housing and poverty in general that constantly neutralise their work, the men and women engaged in teaching are more unselfish and devoted than the members of any other meliorist profession. It is the damnable ignorance of slimy, fat and unctuous shopkeepers, and the reactionary policy of the junker-class in every European country, that are responsible for the poor results of education and the awful stupidity of the men.

Lianeville, 15th June, 1916.

It was a quarter to seven. Like a gigantic silver dagger resting on greyly-greenish satin lay the light of the western sun on the sea.

About a thousand men had been drawn up, lining the Square from which at times a keen eye might catch the outlines of the Kentish chalk-cliffs. But to-night a fine haze veiled the Land of Freedom and Renown.

There was a movement amongst the officers in the centre of the Square. Four bare-headed N.C.C.'s were paraded in front of the small cluster of officers, and one of these stepped forward and began to read:—That these four conscientious objectors had been found guilty of wilfully disobeying lawful commands of their superior officer given in the execution of his duty. That their sentence had been pronounced and promulgated by duly constituted court-martial.

That they were to be—shot!

A faint murmur ran through the ranks of the thousand men that lined the Square. Like the wind sighing through limetrees on a rainy autumn night. And the haze over the Kentish cliffs seemed to grow thicker.

There was a pause. After a while the same officer's voice could be heard again: "but commuted to ten years' penal servitude."!

One of the men standing near me cried like a child. "And they promised in the House of Commons," he whimpered, and broke down. What was it they promised? Who were the "they"?

The four prisoners had been marched away whilst I listened to my neighbour. Words of command rang out and we were marched back to our huts.

The dagger of light was gone, and the green glitter of the sea had turned a hue of dull and leaden grey.

Lianeville, 17th June, 1916.

An Adventist is my daily helper in the post-orderly work which they have allotted to me. One of the "spiritual leaders" of his set, he claims the Almighty as a special and personal friend of his; when he is not arguing with me about theological puzzles, he is telling me about the wonderful prayer meetings of his "peculiar people," meetings which they hold in private rooms in the town.

Food here is quite satisfactory, though the total absence of vegetables and puddings is not conducive to good health. Constipation is general.

Went to the Stores of the base this afternoon. A perfect beehive.

Some day, when Europe is wiser and has done away with War, when she has disciplined all her young folk, rich and poor, in an industrial army, civilian society may have similar distribution

centres instead of the dreary little shops with their stale goods and greedy or unhappy hucksters. Perhaps a little more individual honesty will be needed first ere that is possible.

Anyhow, a Civic Labour Army based on universal and compulsory service for All between the ages of 18 and 25 in order to get the world's heavy and essential work done, well organised for the benefit, for the Good of the Community, such a civic army of workers seems to me better than the present labour hordes enriching individual ironmasters and mining magnates, and certainly infinitely superior to the violent and spasmodic military organisation of a nation that is or thinks herself in danger.

Lianeville, Hut 114, 18th June, 1916.

The men in my hut are a very interesting collection of specimens belonging to "homo non lupus."

Nightly, ere the lights go out, Simmonds enthralles a spell-bound audience with passionate recitations; sometimes he gives us "Fra Giacomo," by R. Buchanan, or "Mad Carew," by M. Hayes (from the Green Eyes of the Little Yellow God), sometimes passages from "David Copperfield" or "My Old Pipe" and "Devil May Care," by A. H. Taylor. When Simmonds has finished, his breathless and appreciative audience always ask for more. He is a bank-clerk by profession.

"Bill" is an artist. Talks a lot about development, soul and inspiration, but he will not show his technique. "Technique is despicable!" he says. To tease him I drew a caricature of Hart, our hut-corporal, but even that did not "draw" Bill.

There is a schoolmaster, B.A. London. Quietly spoken and still gifted with the enthusiasm of the young lover of Wisdom, who woos her for her own sake. May he never turn into a mediocre machine or a vile hypocrite who treats his former idol as a slave-girl!

Amongst the other boys we have a butcher, a tailor and a journalist.

The only men in the hut who are not conscientious objectors are the hut-corporal Hart and myself. Hart is a good old soul. A London County Council roadmender by trade, he is brusque and jolly by turns. His ready wit confirms my suspicion of his Irish descent, though he denies it. Like a father he treats his C.O.'s. and he is quite proud of his clever charges, despite the confidential criticism about N.C.C.'s in general he pours into my ears when he is cross. At 5 a.m. he thunders out: "Show a leg milads, arise and shine!" and at 9-45 p.m. he turns off the "glim."

Lianeville, June 26th, 1916.

Yesterday was a Serbian Flag Day in Lianeville. My hope that my "Folk Songs" would be published by then has not been fulfilled, thanks to Barabbas!

Heard this afternoon that I was to be transferred to the 111th Royal Musketeers. I always held the Practical Joke Department was, after all, cruel to be kind; they only want to provide the scribe with a unique chance of studying all sorts and conditions of regiments. It is so much nicer to be amongst the "men," without the incubus of shallow-brained and drawling staff-officers and the smell of petrol.

Little pleasantries are unavoidable. Only on the 24th of May my people were informed that "Pte. M.A.M. has been transferred to the Non-combatant Corps . . . *no other transfer can be sanctioned,*" and the present surprise packet states that Pte. M.A.M. has been *irregularly* transferred to the N.C.C.'s, and will now be dispatched to the Musketeers; which is as much of an apology as you can expect from those high and mighty Infallibles!

That this last letter from the playful gods took a fortnight to get from Whitehall to Lianeville is in harmony with the dignity essential to all action on the part of the first cousins of the *παῖς παῖξων*. This W.O. letter is dated the thirteenth of June, and to-day we write the twenty-sixth.

Paix d'Or, "Somewhere in France,"

111th Royal Musketeers, June 28th, 1916.

Left Lianeville yesterday, and after a somewhat tedious journey reached my new station late last night.

The boys of Hut 114 gave me a magnificent send-off on Monday evening. There were speeches, songs and innumerable promises of re-unions and dinners after the War.

My new mates, the men in the Royal Musketeers, are, of course, quite a different type. At first, after a rather prolonged though compulsory stay with the gentle-spoken C.O.'s, the sudden plunge into the atmosphere of strong language is as bewildering as the high-dive on an October morn. Instead of the genial criticism of some officer, calling him a "Silly old fool"—the worst language to be heard amongst the C.O.'s—here he is annihilated by the grim "Ille nothus constuprator!" In fact the various members of the word-family to which the most objectional adjective belongs occur again with deadly monotony in almost every sentence. "B——" and Cicero's "stercus curiae" are merely "also rans" compared with the great "F——" group.

The result of damnable social system and silly education!

For the present I am attached to the 12th Division. My tent-

corporal is a youngster of about eighteen—could be my son—from Northamptonshire. Nice boy; worked in a shoe factory. We are only eleven at present in our tent. Every one of my tent-mates has been “out” at the front. Glorious material to study. At present they are all “off,” for outside the camp-gates the Australians are running innumerable Crown and Anchor games. “Shove it on, milads!”—“Shove it on!”—“Up she goes!”

Paix d’Or, July 1st, 1916.

“The nearer the front, the scantier the rations.” Such a number of unselfish folk are on the lines of communication; they do not want the men at the front hampered with too much useless and indigestible food. No jam, no vegetables ever disturb our pleasant menu of bully-beef and biscuit.

The weekly tobacco and cigarette issue does not lend itself to criticism as far as quantity goes; but the quality of the cigarettes is most deplorable; “a lot of muck with fancy names,” the boys call the stuff, Woodbines, compared with some of the “fags” we get, are as De Reszkes contrasted with dried nettle-leaves and mixed chaff. The dear ladies at home and others who give the money to keep “Tommy” in smokes mean well; and little do they guess how the scoundrelly wholesale hucksters grow richer and richer. All these traders, the vilest and most despicable specimens of mankind, are feeding like blue-bottle flies on the body of the sick Lion.

Our camp authorities have put a few more men into our tent.

You require all the humour of Mark Twain to imagine the mathematical precision with which the space around the central pole that supports the tent has to be divided to avoid fierce battles of the feet at night, and it requires all the skill of an old and experienced centipede to sort out the proper legs and feet the next morning. And it is hot! It made me break into “pottery what rhymes”:

“Sure, Old Nick must love this spot,
For it is so broiling hot
That we Tommies think, ‘As well
We might sizzle in his Hell!’”

Paix d’Or, July 2nd, 1916.

The boys with their phenomenal swear-words, (which make pure Limehouse and mere Billingswate appear to be the refined accents of Sunday School teachers and Church workers), might create the impression of semi-savages to a superficial observer. But it is only their “slanguage” that does it. At heart most of them are

really a good-natured lot, and with not a few I have become quite chummy.

True, their fierce competition in filthy language does not ennoble them, but I hold it is mostly external.

I do not reproach the working-man for having been left where he is, but I do condemn and curse that majority of the middle-classes and upper-classes who care neither about the men nor—about what I may say. Fortunately, there is a small minority who will agree with me. Despite our glorious civilization, Tommy is still where the “miles” of Cæsar was.

There was a lousy man in our tent yesterday; we escorted him to a fumigation centre and had him and his things “de-loused.” The filthy garb which the mind of the men is wearing can be changed likewise. These verbal lice of social and educational neglect can be abolished too.

The dirt of war has multiplied them, not created them. We should be fools to imagine that when peace comes. . . ! No! the boys were quite astonished when I told them that “b——” had been the strongest adjective I had known of hitherto, and that Shaw became famous “beyond the Kaiser” because he made a lady in a play say “Not b—— likely.”

This afternoon I took down a conversation which I should like to submit to some of our educationists. If the democratic adherents of the “nurture”-view and the aristocratic defenders of the “nature”-view would condescend to discuss it, perhaps. . . .

The inscriptions to be found in the camp latrines, either recriminatory reflections on some rival regiment, or mad and stupid sexualities, are even more graceful.

Lombroso would say if he could see them, “I told you so!”

Still, I do not believe it is as bad as that. If we face boldly and unflinchingly, Billikins, that green-eyed “god of things as they are,” Man with his hopes and dreams will yet beat him. But, let the educationists and eugenists pray daily, “Ut consules.”

. . . .

Paix d'Or, July 5th, 1916.

My Serbian book is not out yet, and Bane had promised its publication for April 1st, 1916.

Yesterday four of us were on dining-room fatigue in the biggest dining-hall of this division.

We scullions rose at five and started work at six. There were more tea-mugs to be washed up than at ten big A.B.C.'s in London together; all the morning we swept the floor, carried sand into it to make it pretty and as respectable as an Ealing “droring”-room. Laid out the dinner. There were two sittings, that is to say, twice in succession the huge hut was filled by the hungry

men. Many of them had arrived in the morning or the night before from the Somme. Terrible were the tales they told.

And all the afternoon we washed up plates, plates and plates, with the only variation that after tea we had again mugs. After more than twelve hours' uninterrupted work the scullions were dismissed and could enjoy the—rest of the day.

The O.C. of this division has informed me that my usual monthly application to the W.O. (P.J.D.) has been duly forwarded. Says he hopes I shall get a job in the Interpreters' Corps.

Paix d'Or, July 6th, 1916.

Numbers of wounded German prisoners arrive in our hospitals.

There is an awful shortage of interpreters, my kind and sympathetic Colonel tells me. Assures me he will do his best for me. Meanwhile, I am going on with improving my chances for an appointment as a bottlwasher in the Hotel Metropole after the War.

The papers are full about the "Great Push," "Men anxious to go," etc., etc. You should hear the boys returned but yesterday from those pleasant places which the journalist studies on the map at home. "B— fools!" "There ain't a man breathing who *wants* to go."

One man in my tent said to another in the course of an argument about the German prisoners arriving, "They are compelled to fight just as we."

Paix d'Or, July 7th, 1916.

Conversation in tent either swear-words or incoherent rubbish. A. is usually not taking much notice of what B. says, considers B.'s sentences as a necessary evil and troublesome interruption with which he has to put up for courtesy's sake. Too, at times these interruptions of B. stimulate one's memory, thinks A. B.'s attitude is the same. . . .

Our social system is so rotten that it is no wonder men will fight. What have they to lose? Nabboth in my tent had 24s. a week ere he joined up; Nicholson and Titch consider 28s. very good pay indeed. And then think of the long hours, the monotony, the rough surroundings!—Indirect (economic) pressure accounts for many of the volunteers in every army I think.

Paix d'Or, July 8th, 1916.

Without any reason given, transferred to 39th Division. Saw new O.C., who said: "Just the man wanted with all the prisoners

come in now." Little he knew that 12th Division O.C. had already tried his best, that the latter had sent me to H.Q. with a note of recommendation, that nothing more was heard of it. . . .

Men all strangers to me of course. Felt very miserable. Like the Wandering Jew. I seem condemned to wander aimlessly from camp to camp.

Went to my old division in the evening and fetched Nicholson for a walk through the lovely woods to a neighbouring village. Had a bottle of "vinn rooge," as the boys call the vinegary concoction, for two francs. On our way back a young soldier asked us for kip-shop. Someone had been pulling the poor boy's leg. A few hundred yards on, some Australians met us with the same enquiry.

Nicholson and I all the way home discussed our newspapers' assertion that all our boys are angels (and every Britisher a gentleman), and we contemplated the possible conduct of such searchers of kip-shop-joys in a conquered country.

Professor Popovitch sent me a nice card—a Kossovo-day card, with a picture of Tsar Lazar—on which he says, "Je suis très heureux que nos relations littéraires soient devenus des relations d'amitié."

Paix d'Or, July 9th, 1916.

Many boys in this camp sent down from the Somme to recover from the Great Push. I love to hear their stories illustrating the romance and the ruthlessness of War.

As I listen to them, my eyes studying the various colour schemes of the small patches of cloth on their backs or upper arms. I think Brer Rabbit is responsible for the invention, or was it the brave warrior Mr. Hare with his tipped tail?

Some of the youngsters seem to revel in War. Youth loves War, and War needs youth.

They tell me my old Regiment, the 3rd Royal Southshires, has suffered severely.

There appears to be some truth in what Nicholson said last night that during a big battle R.S.M.'s have always a lot of official business behind the lines. One certainly can pave the streets of Liane-ville with them. The regulations probably lay down a number of R.S.M.'s to be withdrawn as a reserve for new formation in case . . . which gives the super-lead-swingers a glorious chance, I suppose.

Paix d'Or, July 10th, 1916.

Slept very badly. Pains in back and chest this morning. During night itching of skin all over.

There is a battle royal raging each time the doors of the dining-

room are thrown open. Like a thousand boisterous children, the men storm the entrance, and all the orders and entreaties of the local N.C.O.'s are of small avail.

Dinner we had a plateful of stew, no bread, no potatoes, etc. One biscuit. Yet boys back from the front appreciate the soup very much indeed. Tea, some more biscuits.

Sergeants, I understand, had bread and bacon in their mess this morning. That's only right; all men on active service share the same rations, and ours is a democratic army. As to the local tin-gods, they are faring quite well, all the circumstances considered. About the level of the Great Eastern Hotel. True, if you were accustomed to the Berkeley or Ritz, it is a hardship. There is a tremendous competition amongst the boys here for jobs in the officers' cookhouse.

The Australians have too much money. Already they have spoilt Paix d'Or, which is now out of bounds. They will spoil the neighbouring villages likewise.

Boys are grouching about the Chaplains. Say they get 30s. a day. *One* Sunday-service. Rarely to be seen in trenches or hospitals where Tommies are. But that a certain Venereal Hospital has 1800 patients, a large number of whom are officers and—parsons. Probably exaggeration or silly rumour altogether, but I do think these priests, the representatives of Christ, should not hold the rank of a Captain and thereby become the bondslaves of Mars and lose the little spiritual influence they might have.

Paix d'Or, July 11th, 1916.

"I'll hoist you by your crupper up, and thrust you through the gate, sir!

"I'll treat you like a sausage-skin and twirl your breech about!

"You jackanapes!

"You gallowtree!"

Can't you imagine the pleased and superior smile of the average college student when twenty years ago he read the slanging match in "The Knights"? Meanwhile, our theological student has become a Vicar and respectable. Now he wrings his horrified hands, sits down (on his crupper!) and writes in the "Church Times": "We regret to say that, from all we hear, the language of the troops is terribly depraved. Foul and blasphemous words are common form in camp speech. More plain-speaking from high quarters is desired. After all, much of this indecency and profanity is mere habit. Officers could do much in the way of improvement if they were more restrained in their own manner of speech"!

A lot of canting hypocrites we are. We read the shouting competition given by Aristophanes, and somehow our youthful ardour fools us into the belief that we are better, that "these are the days of advance, the works of the men of mind." But "we are villains all" the same poet says.

Thus we go on with the damnable indifference of the leisured and well-to-do classes ("I'm all right, d . . . th'others!" as they say in the army) paying no heed to the awful state of housing, the inadequacy of education, the curse of private ownership in land; we fool the masses, and allow ourselves to be fooled by diplomatists and financiers! Did we before the War in this country read our British Clausewitz, Lord Wolseley; did we study his military moral psychology in the "Soldiers' Pocket-book"?

No! "Tommy" is not to be blamed for his language. It is a wonder that it is not worse. Let the parson and the moralist depart unto their tents and shut up, and devote themselves to better education, better housing, and better inter-relations. Then perhaps, when the next War breaks out, Tommy will chirp in the silky accents of a Major-General receiving a lady visitor of importance at H.Q.

I am at present collecting all the War-Slang I hear, all those words which are dirty gutter-snipes born in the hideous slums of Mercury and of Mars, compared with the dream-children of Shelley nurtured in Eirene's palaces. My glossary may prove useful to the philologist. But the psychologist may find the lists not uninteresting.

Paix d'Or, July 14th, 1916.

In front of the tent where I am writing, a small sandy ridge rises with dark trees clearly delineated against the Western sky, incarnadine at its base and surmounted by a golden halo left by the setting sun. How lovely the world is, and yet this idiotic biped, with his greed and with his religious and nationalist hallucinations spoils it all. It is very funny, Hermes, when the bubbles burst, yet why all this suffering? . . .

There is no water yet for washing purposes. Five of us clubbed together this morning and each contributed half a pint from his field flask. Forming a solemn circle round the basin, we tossed pennies to fix the order of precedence. Though he had to blow off a mirky ashen-coloured foam before he could start, even the last man enjoyed the "wash."

After long weary hours in the Office where the smaller gods, the "Vans" work, after having licked and sealed up a thousand envelopes, after having been duly impressed with the censoring officer-gods who manage to read thoroughly, conscientiously and patriotically about two hundred thousand manuscript words each

in a few hours, my office-boy brain was lit up with a brilliant idea. Result of licking envelopes. I counted the grains of sand in the camp! Those grains of sand that rest gracefully between the prongs of our forks, that dance through the tent openings and build up Dutch dunes on our blankets, that dim one's eye-glasses and reduce the "visibility," that improve our daily stew, all these I did not include. Otherwise, my figure is absolutely correct, 560 billion grains of sand. What an addition to our knowledge! I think I deserve either the Gold Medal of the Royal Geographical Society or a peerage for this valuable "titbit" of knowledge. 560 billions exactly! And as long as we have one pint of drinking water per day and all that sand to wash in, we shall be quite happy even if they do not lay on the water until the next War. . . .

I hear the boys singing:

"Pack up your troubles in your old kit-bag."

Quite a favourite song here too.

The following list was given to me yesterday by a friend:

Daily Routine of a Soldier's Life in France,
in a few Hymns:—

- 2 a.m. Draft proceeding to the Front: "God be with you."
- 6-30 a.m. Reveille: "Christians Awake."
- 6-45 a.m. Rouse Parade: "Art thou weary?"
- 7 a.m. Breakfast: "Meekly wait and murmur not."
- 8 a.m. Sick Parade: "Tell me the old, old story."
- 9-15 a.m. Manœuvres: "Fight the good fight."
- 9-45 a.m. Orderly Room: "Oft in danger, oft in woe."
- 11-15 a.m. Swedish Drill: "Here we suffer grief and pain."
- 1 p.m. Dinner: "Come ye thankful people, come."
- 2-15 p.m. Fatigue: "Come, labour on."
- 3-15 p.m. Lecture by Officer: "Abide with me."
- 4 p.m. Dismiss: "Praise God from whom all blessings flow."
- 4-30 p.m. Pack-Drill: "For all the Saints who from their labours rest."
- 5 p.m. Tea: "What means this eager anxious throng."
- 6 p.m. Free for the night: "O Lord, how happy should we be."
- 6-30 p.m. Out of Bounds: "We may not know, we cannot tell."
- 7 p.m. In a Cafe: "How bright those glorious spirits shine."
- 9-15 p.m. Last Post: "All is safely gathered in."
- 9-30 p.m. Lights Out: "Peace, perfect peace."
- 10 p.m. The Guard: "While Shepherds watched their flocks by night."

Paix d'Or, "Somewhere in France," July 15th, 1916.

For the first time, "Blighty," "A budget of Humour from Home," has come into my hands. It is a comic paper, with the inscription, "This paper is not on sale. It is produced for our fighting forces on land and sea!"

The boys like the paper—they spend hours over it. I must copy a few of the yarns and jokes:—

SCOTS WHA HAE:

The men of a certain Highland regiment, at a rest camp "somewhere in France," were having an impromptu concert. Presently there drifted into the tent, lured there by the sounds of revelry, a sturdy Cockney motor driver of the A.S.C. For a long time he listened appreciatively to the music; then he suggested that he could oblige with a Scottish song. He was accordingly conducted promptly to the platform. Great was the applause when the pianist, after a whispered consultation, commenced to play a well-known tune. Advancing to the edge of the "stage," the A.S.C. man, with an inimitable Cockney accent, sang:—

Scots wha hae on porridge fed,
Scot's wha's hair is awfu' red,
Scots wha suffer frae swelled head—
Gang and wash yer knees!

He scooted in good time, but not before a small regiment of kilties were on his track.

* * * * *

There was a sound of revelry by afternoon in the barrack room, and it was quite evident that something had grievously offended the gallant sons of Mars.

Presently the door was flung open and an officer entered. "What is the meaning of this disgraceful noise?" he snapped. In reply, the orderly handed him a basin. "Would you mind tasting that, sir?" he said. The officer did so. "Why, you ungrateful lot of rascals," he cried, "it strikes me you want something to growl about. I think this is very good soup indeed, and if its good enough for me . . ." "Yes, sir; that's just it," interrupted the orderly. "They want to persuade us it's tea, sir!"

* * * * *

A small boy approached his father with the following:—

S.B.: "Dad, is 'damn' swearing?"

Father: "Yes, you young rascal, and if I hear you say such a thing again, I shall give you a good thrashing."

S.B.: "Well, is Rotterdam swearing, Dad?"

Father: "No, my son; that is a town in Holland."

S.B.: "Well, Dad, young Sis is always eating my sweets, and I hope they Rotterdam teeth."

Collapse of parent.

* * * * *

A soldier wants plenty of cheek and usually gets it. It need not all belong to the same girl, though.

* * * * *

Scene: Parade-ground. Regiment marching about after a hard morning—men dead beat.

Captain: "Now, my lads, smarten up—double!"

Sandy (aside to Pat): "To the de'il wi' doublin'."

Pat (indignantly): "An' to blazes wid Glasgow, then, ye spalpeen!"

* * * * *

"Have you any lice at your end of the trench?" shouted one Tommy to another.

"Millions!" was the reply.

"I mean bootlice, not lice wot bite!"

* * * * *

HIGHLY COMMENDED.

"Found a copy of BLIGHTY between the trenches. Bosches had hung a dozen copies of No. 2 on their wire. Attack failed. Not one of our men got through. They all stopped to read it."

Paix d'Or, July 16th, 1916.

Army-life puts the individual into his proper place. What is one man amongst a hundred-thousand?

I was very cross yesterday. Was on a big fatigue party to draw daily rations for our Division. A huge concourse of men and vehicles. Dust and scorching sun. Had to load waggon after waggon.

Harried and harrassed, we worked like driven beasts; another Division was waiting for us. The sacks of bread and coal were

really too heavy for me, and my heart was beating violently. To fill the cup of suffering, a young fat N.C.O. was sneering at me when I struggled along with a hundredweight of bacon from the stores to the waggons.

In the evening we were all grousing, and some were holding forth about the cartloads of vegetables we had seen leaving the stores for the officers' quarters, the boxes of wine and cigars.

To-day I have been scraping potatoes and scrubbing the Sergeants' Mess.

Paix d'Or, July 18th, 1916.

Dining-room fatigue again. Seating accommodation about 700 men. 6.15 in the morning until 6 at night.

We filled two wheel-barrows with the dirt we swept up; then we sanded the floor, scrubbed the tables and laid the dinner. After that I was given a pyramid as high as a horse of horrid fatty tins and dixies to be cleaned. "You don't know what a mess is until you have been a mess-orderly!" Each tin had contained 16 men's rations of roast meat. There are no implements for scraping off the burnt stuff that clings more tenaciously to the interior of the tins than Cabinet Ministers to their portfolios.

Then we laid the tea-things and afterwards washed them up again. Finally we laid the tables for next morning's breakfast.

Feel tired and giddy; the atmosphere in that smelly place makes one sick. Still, in future I shall think more highly of household and kitchen-work if ever I do return to civilian life. . . .

Majority of men (owing to cruel environment at home, lack of leisure and insufficient education) are merely grown-up children, varying in their mental capacities from seven to fifteen years; but they are all sharing the vices of adult life. Crainquebille is quite a frequent type. . . .

Distinctions, ribbons and orders are unjust discriminations. Men who served a long time in the trenches without being wounded deserve their bits of metal and coloured scraps of ribbon—since they *will* have these things—just as much as the lucky beggar who gets a "blighty" the second day he has been in the trenches. All the men here are "sick abaht it."

Paix d'Or, July 20th, 1916.

Yesterday I was Senior Camp Scavenger. Like a "ragabone" merchant, a sack slung over my shoulders, I picked up bits of paper and match-sticks.

To-day they put me on the "Sanitary Fatigue." Swept latrines. I was grateful though, for there are some much more

disagreeable duties summed up under that euphemistic label "Sanitary Fatigue."

The water-supply in this camp is still limited. "Charlie! Muck in with me!" is still a frequent formula if the one and only wash-basin contains but half a pint of water. Appreciating the kind fore-thought of the authorities—for as Rumour has it, water will be laid on to be used in the next War—I cannot help feeling we should have less lice now if we had more water.

I was visited by a company of these darlings a few nights ago. Ten times worse than ants. And there were sixteen men sweltering in the same tent. Then I made a solemn vow, "Never again!" As a result I am sleeping by myself in the open now. True, the first morning was rather "dewy," but I think I shall now be able to weather even a rainstorm. And it is glorious to look up at the starry heavens! No wonder the French coined the phrase: "A la belle étoile."

Paix d'Or, July 23rd, 1916.

I read that Mr. Fisher Unwin will have ready next week J. A. Hobson's book on "The New Protectionism," in which the commercial policy proposed at the Paris Economic Conference of the Allies is submitted to a critical examination, and proposals are made for other methods of competing with Germany after the War. Am recording this for two reasons, one of which is that my publisher received the MS. of "Serbian Folk-Songs" in January, promised publication April 1st, drew his subsidy from the Serbian Government all right, and has not yet published the book on July 23rd. The Paris Conference took place in the Spring long after I had delivered my MS.

What a pity the boys were not taught pretty folk-songs when they were at school, or perhaps I rather should say, why don't they ever sing those few charming ditties they were taught? What's the remedy?

There is a total absence of real folk-songs everywhere; at any rate, with all the units with which I have come into contact. If the boys are not singing snatches from silly music-hall songs, they are gabbling some incoherent stuff with deadly monotony. Last night my tent-mates were singing for over half an hour, "Wee ahr heere," "Wee ahr heere." Nothing but that! Even a solipsist would have believed in their existence, had he listened. "We are here, we are here," ad infinitum; why! this beautiful motive beats the mere "Here we are, here we are again"!

It would be, of course, a gross libel on the men to say that they are singing nothing but such monotonous parrottries; what I do complain of is the total absence of such songs as: "Here a sheer hulk lies poor Tom Bowling," or "Hope the Hermit," or "Come Lasses and Lads," or "There was a jolly miller once."

Paix d'Or, July 24th, 1916.

If, as most of the elderly and more cynical sceptics have it, life is but a gamble, selection for a fatigue here in camp is more puzzling than the ἐγχελαυμμένος.

A certain generosity in the way of standing "pints," etc., does, of course, enter into the transaction, but that alone explains it not. Every morning we are lined up higgledy-piggledy hundreds of us behind the dining-hall on the sandy desert of our "Square." You choose any neighbour you like in this game of chance. Then you wait.

The Sergeant-Major counts, One, Two, Three, etc., and if you are happy enough to be number nine, you will be one of the fortunate Ten who go on "wash-house fatigue." If you are number eleven or twenty-two you will be on the "coal fatigue."

In the former case an elysian existence is yours for the day; twenty bowls are to be cleaned with water and sand by the ten lucky beggars, who after an hour's pretence of work, dawdle through the morning somehow, smoking and yawning. The others, the poor coal fatigue men, have to slave all day and "work their guts out." Still others get the dining-room fatigue, that smelly messy work that makes one wish to live in a period when all meals are taken as pills, or if that be impossible, when all crockery is made of papier maché, and may be burnt after having been used. Blessed are those that escape the fatigues altogether, for they are "swingin' the b . . . lead!"

Paix d'Or, July 25th, 1916.

R. W. McKie, one of my mates, has written down for me the following song that is very popular:—

"I want to go home,
I want to go home,
Shrapnel and Coal Boxes
Burst in galore.
I don't want to go in the trenches no more—
I want to go over the sea
Where the Germans cannot throw Boms at me.
Oh my! I don't want to die;
I want to go home."

McKie is a kind-hearted East-ender. Being at present "Quarter-Master Steward," as he describes himself, the whole of our tent loves McKie, for pleasant and many are the suppers he gives. "Got it from the Quarter," he will say, "'cause we worked so hard." You may take it as you like; quite probably the bread, ham

and pickles McKie brought us *were* the reward of virtue. The boys in their songs do pinch—whole words, but surely McKie would not touch anything in the Quarter-Master's stores!

Paix d'Or, July 26th, 1916.

The people in the villages tell me how fed up they are, and how they wish the cruel war were over. On the fields and in the farmyards the women do the work; I have not seen one able-bodied Frenchman between 16 and 60 anywhere.

The tradespeople, especially the inn-keepers, are, however, reaping a golden harvest.

Anxious to be able to say later on how they have "seen life," our wealthy Australian soldiers are consuming oceans of citron à l'eau, which the shrewd peasantry sells at 6/- the bottle, labelled "champagne!" The British Tommy does not indulge in such riotous living, but occasionally he orders and solemnly consumes a bottle of "vinn rooge," a reddish syropywater-concoction slightly vinegared.

In the afternoon we had two parades to make up a draft for the Front.

It needed three men to complete its numbers; when the R.S.M. asked for volunteers, *one* man out of about 400 stepped forward. So the missing two were picked out at random and ordered to go.

Paix d'Or, 27th July, 1916.

Thousands and thousands of boys are being rushed to the Somme. Many drafts are wanted for the "Great Push."

Despite our newspapers with their paraphrase of Cæsar's "*pauci de nostris cadunt*," the long grey hospital trains move silently and slowly through our station, by day and by night, yet most of the boys who leave us go as to a dance, cheering and singing.

Before they are put on a draft, they are grouching like the others, and nobody *wants* to go. Once they are chosen, they bow to the inevitable, whether it is their first venture into the Unknown or a return to the Hell they left but a short while ago.

The fine English bull-dog spirit asserts itself and with laughter and with riotous songs they march out.

We, the old crows—the P.B.M., the "permanent base men"—who cannot go, and others who are not yet chosen, are lining the roads and shout "Good-bye!" to the clamouring throng that passes out. Everybody shakes hands; "Good-bye, Billy!" "So long, Jimmy!" Platoon after platoon passes. Here and there a grim set face, but the overwhelming majority make merry.

Often I think of J. Q. Dealey's words: "A love of war is deeply

ingrained in the blood. The problem of society is to turn the intensity of this fierce desire for mastery away from human subjugation and toward the conquest of nature and the subdual of the best in the human breast. This will be accomplished when, through invention and the utilization of natural power, a well-paid short-hour day becomes possible for all, so that the masses also may have leisure for cultural development."

Paix d'Or, July 29th, 1916.

For the last two days I have been helping in the "Scottish Churches Hut," a large refreshment room for the Jocks in our neighbourhood.

If there is a possibility for an outsider to judge the management of some of the more prominent huts in this camp, I should place the Scottish Hut first; a Roman Catholic and a Salvation Army Hut second.

Though the people of our Church Hut are certainly more courteous than the snappy self-conceited crew I have met in another camp, there is too much Religion about them. We appreciate their notepaper but we love the people and the refreshments in the Scottish Hut. And the fried eggs (two at 5d.) in the Salvation Army Hut are only surpassed by the fruit dishes of the Roman Catholic Hut.

As to the lovely hot baths which Lady Seraphina Besfor provides in her hut, there is only one opinion, they are a boon and a blessing, but there are not enough of them to go round. Often after waiting in a long queue, some of us have to tramp back to our respective divisional camps without the luxury of a bath, because groups of officers arrive, and these demigods, claiming precedence, fill the few vacant cubicles again.

Paix d'Or, July 30th, 1916.

A friend of mine writes that in the House of Commons Mr. Reddie asked (July 26th):—

"Is the right hon. gentleman aware from this and other questions, of the spread of Germanophobia or German Fever; whether a lot of persons are affected with it in this House, and that it creates extraordinary delusions such as war babies, channel tunnel and other crazes; and whether he can take prompt steps to check it; if not, will he fumigate this side of the house, so as to allay the effect upon our nerves?"

I am still sleeping in the open. One good result: I had not to join the others in their lice-hunt last night.

The tents in our line seem to lie across the track of some big

army of lice looking for new quarters. I take it that some royal louse amongst them, gifted with a prophetic vision, warned them off their old feeding-ground, held by a Division with an energetic commanding officer, and told them about the warm and snug army blankets in the xth Division near the Re-inforcement Office. "They never fumigate their blankets and it is heaven for lice. Fresh blood daily!"

Paix d'Or, August 1st, 1916.

Not once and surely nowhere in camp have I heard a beautiful folk-song that would have recalled the sad sweetness of the river Dee and the nightingales of Lincoln Inn Fields. Always the idiotic "It's a long, long way to Tipperary." Who is to blame? The elementary schoolmaster or the president of the Folk-song Society? Or the housing conditions? Our social system generally?

Paix d'Or, August 2nd, 1916.

"When a man is not great enough to let change and chance guide him, he gets convictions and dies a fool." I wish I could remember who said it? Was it Voltaire?

Somehow I hate opportunists and yet with the herd of human kine a policy of straight lines is even in peace-time a very risky thing to say the least of it. But the man who is not an opportunist in the Army in war-time is doomed to extinction.

Army Discipline will not allow any man to have opinions, ideas, ideals. Its chief purpose is to break in the individual. An Intelligence that is convinced of its sovereignty is an impossibility for everybody bar perhaps the Field-Marshal. Discipline wants cog-wheels, bayonets, numbers, not intelligences. The only conviction you may have in the Army is that you are nobody. "Morale" is a mixture concocted from lies and terror.

On Monday I was detailed off with five others to make purchases for the officers' mess in the neighbouring town. The N.C.O. simply walked alongside and "supervised" our pushing heavy wheelbarrows. There seems to be little hope for democracy. Give a man a little authority, and lo! he is worse than those at whom he used to rail. And the Machiavellian rulers of Europe know that. Divide and rule!

When in the everlasting warfare between the rats and the terriers a rat rises up of exceptional intelligence, capable of organizing his fellow rats, and making use of the numbers to defeat the terriers, the terriers apply their good old remedy:

"We cut his ears and dock his tail
And tell him he's a terrier!"

Paix d'Or, August 3rd, 1916.

My trousers are beginning to show the inevitable effects of the Powers-that-be having made an unskilled labourer of me. If I had had some previous experience, if, e.g. scraping out greasy pots and pans had been my occupation before Europe went mad, I should be an expert and save my trousers. As it is they are covered with layers of soot, fat and sand. Most irregular in outline and design, but distinct strata. Round the knees and at the back large black islands frighten even the flies!

This morning a lynx-eyed officer discovered there were some weeds around his tent. At once a powerful fatigue-party of ten was detailed off to pull out the tares sown by the Evil One. Must have been a b . . . Hun, that "enemy!"

We did the work most carefully. The first non-commissioned officer who had charge told us to *pull out the weeds*. When he grew tired of directing the complex and difficult operations and went to "see a man about a dog," his successor ordered us to *cut the weeds*. The third N.C.O. asked us to *cut only the points*. Thereupon I used my scissors, whilst one of the men, a professional barber, instructed me in the gentle art of appearing busy. At intervals we asked the N.C.O., "What is a weed?" "Is this a weed?" Which cross-examination he did not like, but since there were some quaint flowers in the Officer's garden, sown, not by the Evil One, but by a Captain with visions of Kew—the botanical lore of our N.C.O. was sorely taxed.

In the afternoon we had to scrub the officers' tents. The R.S.M. told us, "Mind ye work, or ye find yerself behind barbed wire!" He knows that lots of the boys have a conscientious objection to work, which considering the broiling heat is a hypothesis somewhat natural to be formed in the brain of the R.S.M., the lion-tamer and pillar of military Society.

And we scrubbed! We swept and swabbed, we mopped and scoured. We scrubbed the wooden circular flooring of ever so many tents. It was hard work and aggravated by the total lack of utensils. You had to wait for the chaps in the next tent who used the one sound brush available whilst yet others bullied you for the one piece of soap and the hot water without which they could not start.

There is a rumour about that to-morrow the sand will have to be dusted and that all the tents in the Division here, some three hundred, will have to be whitewashed. I am convinced it's just an invention of the cooks. . . .

The office people tell me that the War Office Practical Joke Department have not yet answered my application for a transfer to the Interpreters' Corps. It is not fair to shut up like that. Hitherto each application, though not eliciting a real reply has at least resulted in my transfer to another regiment. Now I seem to be a limpet.

Paix d'Or, August 5th, 1916.

Since Wednesday last, when we were issued gas-helmets, a number of us have been expecting to go up into the firing line any moment. I wish they would send us on. I am sick of waiting. Apparently the Interpreters' Corps or Intelligence Department are "off" and I may as well do what many better men had to do.

Yesterday morning we were marched to the camp-laundry where each man washed his things in a huge trough filled with soap suds. And in the afternoon we ourselves underwent a process that ensured our approaching the level of godliness. Stripped naked, in groups of about twenty, we were sent into a huge chamber filled with steam, and well scorched, scalded, and braised, so that I am sure no louse could survive. A cold showerbath finished the performance and we all "felt fine."

To fit up part of the "bull-ring" for some sports to be held, a large fatigue party of us proceeded this morning to that dreadful place. The "bull-ring" is a huge desert in the neighbourhood where the boys arriving from England get their final training, a kind of finishing school. *Lasciate ogni speranza . . . !* Here the last remnant of individuality that may have held out hitherto, is bludgeoned down and the perfect war-slave is manufactured.

Whilst I was carrying planks and tables, I marvelled at a group of Jocks that were driven around the immense ring like circus horses. Trenches barring their progress had to be taken. Each trench was supposed to be full of—Huns. And the boys had to lower their bayonets and then charge the next trench "at the double." Again and again they had to repeat the turn! If they did not shout madly enough a fat blood-curdling Sergeant Major instructed them in the real blood-curdling Red Indian War-Whoop.

Reptum, Sussex, England, August 10th, 1916.

If amongst those mates of mine who were sitting outside our tent last Saturday even a bomb had dropped, nobody could have been more surprised than we were.

A sergeant came just before the First Post was sounded and gave me orders to report the next morning at the Orderly Room in order to proceed—to England.

Of course we were convinced that the Fairy-Godmother-Department at the W.O. had yielded to my 2001st application. Whilst the boys munched up the contents of my two large parcels which had only arrived that evening I had to listen to congratulations without end. "Fifty pounds I'd give milad!" said one of my mates "if I were in your shoes." . . .

One day I remember at Meeching but a few months ago they sent a Lance-Corporal with me to go one mile from one camp to

another. But quite unattached and on my own, I crossed the Channel, leaving Boulogne about 4 p.m. The return journey was in marked contrast to my going out.

A shorter route, a faster boat, no crowds—there were but a few Privates on board and we travelled first class—one might almost have imagined it was a peace voyage, had it not been for the General in the state-room, the number of officers on deck, had it not been for the Destroyer that accompanied us all the way and the Dirigible that received us about midway.

I had to report at Curcomb, the Headquarters of my unit the Royal Musketeers, where I stayed a couple of days. "Mum" was the word and not a soul told me what was going to happen. I was still dreaming dreams waiting for a summons from Whitehall. Revelling in anticipation I still vowed to do my utmost to help and further England's Cause.

Yesterday they sent me here, not to Whitehall henceforth to adorn the Intelligence Department or the Interpreters' Corps, they sent me to the 33rd Midshire Regiment, an Infantry Works Battalion.

Reptum, August 11th, 1916.

When I had recovered from the first shock and regained my breath I turned to the pale faced clerks in the Orderly Room Tent and said, "Then I take it, this is not a Regiment at all! This is a political concentration camp!" "Hush! hush! You mustn't say such a thing," exclaimed a horrified staff-sergeant but the six feet of formidable and dirty picturesqueness of my appearance as an expeditionary soldier overawed these knights of the pens and nothing happened to me.

One of my tent-mates who had arrived from a fighting unit a few hours before me was crying bitterly half the night. He was English bred and born, spoke no other tongue but that of Shakespeare, had volunteered in 1914, had been wounded in the Mons retreat and here he was, as he cried, "Treated like a b . . . Hun!" It was heart-rending to listen to that boy's agony, his sighs and curses and groans. . . .

Reptum, August 13th, 1916.

I hear that this Battalion was formed on 12-7-16 as the 33rd (I.W.) Bn. Midshire Regiment, at Balmy Camp, Sussex; Captain P. L. Thornly 10th East Lancers Regiment assuming temporary command.

The majority of the men are conscripts and were recruited under A.C. I. 1209; they are of enemy (German, Austrian, Hungarian, Turkish and Bulgarian) Alien parentage.

On the 13th July 1916 Headquarters and 300 men of this Unit proceeded to Peas Pudding Camp, Reptum, as an advance party; on the twentieth Colonel Byle took over command of the Battalion, and seven days later the remainder of the battalion arrived.

On the 3rd August, 1916 200 men of A. Company under 2nd Lieut. Singleway proceeded to Fodderham and were attached to the Guards for Trench Digging at the Bombing School. . . .

The boys here call themselves "Bing boys," I believe after some London Revue. They are a quite superior lot as far as I can judge. Almost one-fifth seem to be clerks and city people. A very considerable number of Jews are amongst them and with the usual shrewdness of their race all the more comfortable billets like staff sergeants and quartermasters' jobs have of course been appropriated by their financial magnates, stockbrokers and others. The cooking is excellent as only to be expected, our cook being a former chef of the Metropole.

There is in my tent a poor creature, cannot walk at all: rheumatic gout; had to be carted here. Born in England.—Before Appeal Board; chairman, on being pointed out utter inability of man, alleged to have said "O! they will find some work for him and he will be amongst his brother Huns.—The boy is in law and in fact English."

Another boy with two goldstripes arrived to-day. Another "b— Hun" who fought for England and was wounded for the cause of liberty.

Reptum, August 14th, 1916.

At present the "Bing-boys" are either drilling and learning the elements of military routine or they are engaged on camp fatigues. We, the former expeditionary force men, are shedding our formidably dirty and picturesque rags and are putting on new uniforms, whilst we tease the young N.C.O.'s, and wait for our service leave.

The new "Bing-boys" here as far as the "Hun Section" goes may be divided into three classes:

(a) British born.—Parents either naturalized British subjects of German descent or actually Germans resident in Great Britain. Usually only father "tainted." These boys, almost without exception, pure English type; in speech, character and appearance. Facial contours interesting proof of maternal preponderance. (Vast majority of English mothers.) Μητρόξενοι.

(b) Naturalized British subjects:—

1. Perfectly acclimatised specimens; appearance often, language almost always pure English. Absolutely loyal.
2. Imperfectly acclimatised specimens. Speech usually more or less "tainted" or even broken. Sympathies now often wavering; result of persecution.

I presume the action of the Government in forming this "regiment" was partly due to the existence of a few doubtful individuals in Class b2 but I am convinced that the number of such doubtful individuals has been at least quadrupled by the stupid policy of "Isolation." Many a good man from b1, must have become in respect to his feelings, a b2 man. . . .

We, the former "Expeditionary Force Men," however, have nothing to do with all that. We volunteered to fight for England and we all object to be "concentrated" with conscripts. The younger men are very bitter that they were recalled from France and will never forgive the Government.

Reptum, August 15th, 1916.

The position of Peas Pudding Camp is fine. On one side lined by pinewoods, it has trees on all the others. A two-hourly bus service connects us with Reptum. Our tents are all blackened or patterned to keep off the Zepps. On the neighbouring square—there are several other regiments stationed here—the Queens, the R. Fusiliers and another Midshire Regiment—innumerable parties of "Housie-Housie" players sit about and, with their monotonous sing-song break the peace of these pretty woodlands. . . .

Walking with two chums of mine to Reptum I was stopped by a military policeman, who informed me that though we were walking on the left side of the High-road, we were yet at fault. Men should walk two deep only.

Since the high road is as broad as Oxford Street I asked him most courteously whether the latest order was already in force that the pocket handkerchief should be used with the left hand only. The watchdog of the Law growled and we went along in triangular formation, thus : ' , as long-as he could see us.

Conversation begins to pall, since injustice and stupidity are the everlasting topics. The boys refer again and again to a pre-eminent personage, and say *he* ought to be Honorary Colonel.

Reptum, August 16th, 1916.

In their wonderful kindness and wisdom the local Powers-that-be have made me a policeman.

Said the terriers among themselves when they discussed that Rat Damis

"We cut his ears and dock his tail
And tell him he's a terrier." . . .

Battalion reached full strength. A supernumerary Company formed.

Reptum, August 21st, 1916.

The "Evening News" says:—

"That the Board of Trade is still liable to cling to its old traditions is made evident by the recent appointment of Mr. Albert George Holzapfel to the position of British Consul at Rotterdam. We are well aware that Mr. Holzapfel's father was naturalised in this country and that he himself was born and bred here. We have no word to say against his loyalty, but the fact remains that his name is not one which is calculated to inspire confidence.

A man with German connections, however devoted he may be to the cause of Britain and her Allies, is most emphatically not the man to supervise the blockade of Germany, and the choice of Mr. Holzapfel shows not only want of vision but want of common sense."

So that old oracle Shakespeare was all wrong. There is much more in a name than he dreamt of. If William Shakespeare had been born of German parents 1889 and lived during the War, he would not have said "What's in a name?"

Of course there is the possibility that, perhaps, in his time, people were not so—patriotic? Even fifty years ago things seem to have been different. I read in the Hon. Arthur D. Eliot's "Life of George Joachim Göschen" (vol. I, 49) that, when in 1863 young Göschen, a member of the firm Frühling and Göschen was asked to stand for the City of London, "letters were written to the papers, and an attempt was made to fan up opposition on the ground that the City wanted to be represented by an Englishman in thought and *in name*. It can hardly be matter of surprise that electioneers of a certain type should have sought to make capital amongst the *more ignorant electors by exploiting a patriotic instinct* in order to gain a Party advantage."

Young Göschen's committee met this attempt by the issue of an address expressing the hope "that the City, whose political and social institutions open the highest honours and most substantial rewards to all who prove themselves worthy, and are able to achieve them, and have borne aloft to the very pinnacle of social fabric the (foreign) names of Rothschild, Baring, Lefevre, Disraeli, Ricardo, will not be drawn away from the support of a candidate *merely* because he derives his name from the country of the lately deceased Prince Consort."

Young Göschen, the English-born son of an emigrated German, was returned unopposed, fortunately. He became later the famous First Viscount Göschen. And a private secretary of this man Göschen was Mr. Alfred Milner, now Lord Milner, one of the most trusted members of our *War* Government.

Reptum, August 26th, 1916.

Our police tent is old and it leaks. In spite of our precautions the blankets feel like dewy moss in the morning. There will be the devil to pay in ten years' time.

To-day as he got up, Longboat, a bailiff's man from Stepney, suddenly began to "swear like blazes." He had put his foot into—one of his boots. There were two inches of water in this leathern tank of his, carefully accumulated since yesterday from the dripping canvas. Little sympathy is to be had on such occasions, but fortunately the poor boy had another pair of mud-barges to put on. . . .

I am sorry for the prisoners and glad I have nothing to do with them. My duties on the pine-wood road are of a more peaceful nature. There I can talk to the flowers and memorise The Georgics. A regular beat has been allotted to me and I guard the Southern boundary of the camp. Favourite "wheeze" of the men is to slip through the hedges into the adjoining wood.

The prisoners are not allowed to smoke; forbidden letters and newspapers. Guarded by some young, stalwart policeman the unfortunate victims expiate their "crimes" by doing heavy fatigues, mostly sawing or chopping wood.

To-day they struck "work." Said they were ill. Whereupon R.S.M. Barker roared at them and an hour later the malcontents were marching up and down the Square. Left, right, left, right! Up and down. Full pack drill; ough! *One obstinate fellow who would not do that was "frog-marched" to the Square, back again, handcuffed and tied to his tent-pole.*

The police are in the same predicament as the others. English born and bred, they curse the same Government that brought them here. Yet though brother Bing-boys they cannot be kind to each other. The younger policemen are as vicious and power-drunk as in any other regiment. Of course there are some exceptions. The "Dogs of Law" are the finest product of the "divide and rule" policy of the tigers that run this planet.

Reptum, August 27th, 1916.

The brave and valiant soldiers of the pen are still distinguishing themselves at the Homefront. Not only do they defend it but they lead their forces of ferocious shop-keepers and city-men into the camp of the foeman. Undaunted by the absence of casualties they "go over the top."

"In my previous dispatches," says a well-known journalist in his paper to-day, "I began my share of the movement for driving the enemy out of our country. I will devote this dispatch to the task of 'consolidating the position.'"

"The fact that these enemies are naturalised enemies does not make them friends; the fact that they are lurking under British names does not make them Britons. The fact that some of them have subscribed largely to party funds only makes their presence among us more dangerous and less desirable.

"Every German, no matter how respectable and successful and plausible he may be, stands convicted of one unpardonable crime: the crime of being a German. It is no excuse to say that a German cannot help being born a German; the same defence might be used for a *viper* or a *rat*!"

Well done, sir! Excellent! I like that viper and rat touch. You shall take the cake!

There is such a lovely wedding cake in Kensington for you. And if Albert Hall is too bulky, do take the ornament in front of it, which a duchess described as "a Vulgar Excrescence on Kensington's Virgin Soil."

Reptum, August 30th, 1916.

We are still here. And it is still raining.

Since the afternoon of the 28th it has been raining.

It is true, old Jupiter Hyetius treated us to some variations in his method of entertainment. Sometimes a fine spray hovered about like the almost invisible squirts from a patent scent flask; sometimes the corrugated-iron roof of the bath-house near by reverberated beneath the rain-drops like metal targets exposed to machine-guns. Now our soaked tent is oozing inward an occasional drop that settles on one's neck; now the canvas shakes with the flickings of a hundred wet whip-points.

Which performances the weeping Olympian repeats again and again. Crying about our sins.

The mud around our tents is wonderful. From two to six inches in depth, with a good clay foundation it has the colour of cheap cocoa when moistened. And it sticks! Rubber goloshes would endanger one's life.

Last night when at 10.15 we had to go round the tents to establish quiet, shouting all the time "Put that light out! Stop the talking!" it was pitch dark. The mud stuck more than ever. The innumerable irrigation trenches and small ponds added to the uncertainty. Step by step the expedition on its errand of Loran-order proceeded. Squish, squash, squosh! Squosh, squash, squish! . . .

Before we went out into the abysmal darkness the boys in the police-tent amused themselves like bored bobbies do. They sang. One of their songs consisted of one line: "Are we down-hearted? No!"

You sing this highly artistic and most inspiring text to the strains

of hymns. The slower the better. Any old hymn will do. To make up metrical deficiencies as many "no, no, no's" are appended as the rhythm and the length of the musical phrase necessitate.

After that we showed off our tricks. Longboat held a burning candle in his mouth and made two matches walk along the back of a knife-blade. I constructed four equilateral triangles with six matches and formed a perfect square out of four pennies.

And now I am writing these notes by the light of a spluttering candle; its stump is protesting from its Glaxo tin against the steady draught from the tent-flap. Our kit-bags, hung around the tent-pole, look like a swarm of monster beetles, and beneath them a score of feet are quarrelling. . . .

One of the boys is telling yarns about Quarter-Master Sergeant Crownsheet (from his pronunciation of "ground-sheet"). His indifferent English provides the camp with endless fun.

Now one of our mates shocks us with the report that he found a louse in his blankets this morning. We know what that means. These darlings of the nether deities multiply so fast that one cannot help thinking, they were told off to be fruitful and to subdue the earth. To-day one louse in a tent observed, means to-morrow a dozen felt. And hours of scanning and searching in the hairy wilderness of one's blankets. And baths, baths, baths!

Solemnly the boys are now howling their favourite songs.

" Who killed Cock Robin?
I, said the sparrow,
With my bow and arrow,
And I killed Cock Robin! "

A dirge-like horror it is and "Parson Rook" when "reading his book" cannot have chosen accents more woebegone. If their cheerful hymn "Are we downhearted?" was adagio, "Cock Robin" goes largissimo. One boy plays an accompaniment on a comb covered with tissue paper. And the weird effect is heightened by the concert of the rain-drops on the canvas, prestissimo. and pizzicato.

For the rain, it raineth all the night.

Reptum, September 3rd, 1916.

Astraea must have left the earth in disgust ever so long ago. Carneades was quite right when he proved Justice does not exist on this planet.

There is a lot of money amongst the Bing-boys. One man, a Jew, taxies to Reptum every evening and at 9.15 p.m. sharp his taxi comes to the George Hotel to fetch him back to Camp. Of course his taxi is always full of N.C.O.'s and other hangers-on.

Another fellow, Lockman by name, arrived in camp they tell me on the day he joined up with several boxes, two kit-bags, air-pillows, a gold-handled stick and an umbrella. Looked exactly as though going on a holiday. He has got a job amongst the clerks. Clerking is more genteel, you know—and undoubtedly N.C.O.-proof. . . .

Discussing celibacy the policemen in my tent asserted that early marriage is compulsory for the man under thirty shillings a week. Irregular connections would mean his economic ruin. Of course the boys phrased their views more forcibly.

Their ignorance is appalling. Central African Niggers are sexually better educated than our "masses."

Reptum, September 6th, 1916.

To-day's "Evening Standard and St. James's Gazette" has the following short article:—"The 'Kaiser's Own.' Battalion of Men with German Names. Need for Discrimination. Nobody will suspect us of pro-Germanism, yet we confess to a strong sense of sympathy a battalion of the Midshire Regiment, known in soldiers' slang as the 'Kaiser's Own,' or the 'Bing-Boys' includes men who have served abroad and been brought back simply on account of having a German name.

"It is, of course, highly necessary that there should be the keenest scrutiny of all suspicious characters, in view of the treachery men of German blood have shown everywhere. *But we would ask whether due care is taken to avoid cruel injustice. German names seem to be no disqualification—in fact, rather a recommendation—for the highest offices, for the Privy Council, and candidature for the House of Commons. It is only fair that in a lower scale of life salutary precaution should not degenerate into persecution.*"

Aldbrickham, September 8th, 1916.

On Wednesday "N" Company left Reptum and moved to Tinkerton, Cheshire, to work at Brim, Brass & Co.'s Ammonia Soda Works.

Yesterday Headquarters and Details (to which I belong) moved to Aldbrickham. The Supernumerary Company remained at Peas Pudding Camp and formed the nucleus of the 34th Battalion.

The majority of our boys will go by train every morning to Shedcot to work in the huge sheds of the Ordnance Depot there. Will return to Aldbrickham in the evening for dinner. Dry rations in the day-time.

The few remaining behind will do the local fatigues.

I have been made gardener at Headquarters. I understand my chief business will be to sweep the pavement, to sweep the gutter, and to sweep our "half of the high road"; AND pick up all the match sticks thrown away by clerks and other excellencies promenading in the gardens. As long as all that is well done, I shall be alright; R.S.M. Barker will not bark, nor Colonel Byle suffer.

Q.M.S. Hawk whom the boys, they tell me, do not love overmuch, has always been most friendly towards me. It is through his good offices that the noble post of head-gardener and chief crossing-sweeper is mine; a position I shall cherish very much and I shall be everlastingly grateful to this lamp-manufacturer for enabling one of the torch-bearer-band to muse in a lovely garden—on the importance of match-sticks!

Aldbrickham, September 13th, 1916.

"The Tatler" to-day has a picture of a dog, literally in "the lap of luxury"; nicely tucked-up with snow-white sheets and resting his weary head on a downy pillow the dear creature seems to be quite happy. The journalist who looks after the interest of this peaceful oasis writes "I feel no apology is needed for publishing the photograph of Mrs. Lopes's dog, Hector, taking his afternoon siesta, particularly as this picture is a reply to the question which I am so constantly asked as to whether these dogs are gentle and companionable."

I wish the journalist and Mrs. Lopes would read and heed John Galsworthy's book, "A Sheaf":

"They talk of War! Let them come close in! Let them see lying around emaciated heads with no bodies within a couple of hundred yards; let them see the bloody confusion of heads and entrails and limbs which is shown around when a trench is mined; let them see the heads with ears and noses bitten off as if by mad dogs; let them see men driven mad by the sights and sounds of the battle-field, who turn and rend their comrades and have to be shot down by them; let them come where hundreds of wounded are lying on contested ground screaming the whole night through (and not one in a million has ever heard a man scream)."

Aldbrickham, September 14th, 1916.

In the front garden there are only a few shrubs and flowers. Marigold, nasturtium and chrysanthemum. In the back garden I have a good variety of trees: oak, beech, elder and fir.

To-day it took me a long time to get my sweeping done, 1½ hours! That "pestilent stricken folk of leaves" is very pretty and effective

in poetry but a perfect nuisance if you want to keep some three hundred yards of gutter clean. Wearing my light brown jersey, no cap, in appearance not so very different from a jail-bird sweeping outside his prison, I swept and swept and swept until my palms grew hot, the broom bristles became visibly shorter, and not a leaf was to be seen anywhere.

Headquarters is situated on the main thoroughfare of Aldbrickham. Trams, vehicles and pedestrians pass me by in unending procession and if I were twenty years younger, I should have no lack of pleasant entertainment. As it is I leave the fair passers-by to be admired by our sentries and I make merry with my dearly beloved friends the municipal dust-men instead.

Many a cartload of muck they had to remove from a corner in the back garden the last few days, for I am clearing up generally. And betweenwhiles, for leisurely, like a Mayfair-butler's, are a dustman's movements—moreover, it *was* raining and we *had* to stand under a shed!—betweenwhiles we smoked many a pipe together. I heard how the 3s. war bonus given on top of their 32s. a week was quite a relief; how the b . . . Huns deserved all they get; how I ought to do the re-bedding of my plants; how much better a clay pipe tastes; how long their hours each day; and how much "tot" money one can make a week. I have three dust-men-friends. All between 53—62 years of age. They are very kind souls, and they do believe everything that is printed in a newspaper.

Aldbrickham, September 15th, 1916.

I think the Bing-boys are wonderful. Political outcasts, they work, nevertheless, so well at Shedcot, their output excelling that of any other unit by a hundred per cent, that the authorities of the Ordnance Depot there are clamouring for more and more of these efficient and persevering workers.

Early in the morning the boys are paraded in George Street where they get "ticked-off" if they are not shaved or the cap-buttons are not glittering. They march to the station; and a special train takes them to Shedcot. Day after day they load and unload, stack and unstack mountains of boxes and bags with a thousand and one things: liqueur glasses for officers' messes, gigantic limber carriages, and forests of tent-poles. They have nothing but their dry rations, two slices of bread with a slab of leathery meat, and their flask of tea. Yet they work with a will, all those long weary hours until in the evening their train takes them back to Aldbrickham and their dinners.

If they left the boys in peace then, it would be alright, but there are endless parades in the evenings, boot-parades, bathing-parades and often it is past nine ere they are allowed to "enjoy

the rest of the day." At ten of course they are free to go to bed.

They would in my opinion show a still higher out-put if they were treated as disciplined workmen and all this farce of playing at soldiers were abandoned; quite apart from the injustice that the "N" Company boys working at Tinkerton in Cheshire are being paid quite a goodly sum in weekly wages, whereas here it is work for Tommy at a shilling a day!

Of course compared with the boys in the trenches. . . . !

But *that* is not the point.

The most dreaded parade is the Sunday Church parade. The Colonel inspects the boys. Woe betide the unfortunate man whose buttons are not shining and whose belt looks dull. The belt may go on leave.—The Company officers are very busy on Monday nights.

Aldbrickham, September 21st, 1916.

The "Evening Standard" has another article on the 33rd Midshires entitled "The Kaiser's Own. Queerest Battalion in the British Army. By Die-Hard." I like the unblushing directness of the neat paraphrase "*enemy alien Britons*." And the "fizzy-water-sergeants" to which the journalist refers I hear are supposed to be some of the Jews who are entrenched at H.Q. and Coy. offices:

"Until a very few months ago the problem of what to do with enemy alien Britons seemed beyond the powers of the Army. The enemy alien pure and simple (if such adjectives are not somewhat out of place) could easily be dealt with. He was either interned or allowed to roam about at liberty, explaining in guttural accents that he was really more British than the British.

"The real problem began with the Germans, Austrians, Turks, Bulgarians, who had become naturalised and were still of military age, and the still greater number of young men who were born in this country but whose parents were unnaturalised alien enemies.

"Their attitude towards the war depended upon the individual. Quite a number tried to attest but were met by refusal from recruiting sergeants, who told them that they were not eligible for the British Army." Others, still more anxious to go, Anglicised their names or borrowed a *nom de guerre* and enlisted.

"However, it is not to be imagined that all enemy alien Britons are either heroes or aching to die for their Stepmotherland.

"With the coming into force of conscription the position of the enemy-born had to be considered by the War Office. It might easily be very dangerous to have them in the fighting line: dangerous possibly to Britain if these men attempted any 'comic business' when at the front, and dangerous also to the men who, if they were captured by the Germans, would assuredly be shot as traitors to the Fatherland.

"On the other hand, to allow them to remain free to enjoy war wages when pure Britons had to sacrifice their homes would have been grossly unfair to the latter.

"The War Office solution of the problem was to issue a general order that recruits of enemy descent were all to be posted to the Midshire Regiment, and thence sent to a labour battalion of that regiment.

"And a strange battalion it is. There are men of every variation of accent, their proximity to the true British standard being more or less judged by the facility with which they manage the letters 'R' and 'W'. The man who can manage 'Around the rugged rocks the ragged rascals ran' three times without sounding like fizzy water is entitled to sergeant's stripes.

The men are stated to be quite loyal—at least, as far as can be outwardly judged—and, contrary to common rumour, they do not talk German among themselves."

Aldbrickham, September 26th, 1916.

To-day our Jews went off on a few days' special leave. The solicitude of the Army with respect to the soldiers' souls is truly touching. Even on reporting "sick," men are asked again "What religion?" No doubt to ensure the proper avenue to heaven in case of accidents.

As to the man, quoted in "The Evening Standard" of a few days ago, who gets his sergeant's stripes on the strength of being able to manage "Around the rugged rocks the ragged rascals ran" I heard a good story. One of the well-to-do Jews to be found in Company offices and the Headquarters Orderly Room was sent here as an advance agent to arrange for quarters just before we were due. He was duly arrested as a German spy masquerading in a British uniform! And it took quite an hour's hard telephone work to set the poor thing free again. *Si non é vero . . .*

On the other hand there is a man here, Londoner by birth with the most perfect accent. He was chief draughtsman at the Inland Revenue, conscripted, but at first exempted by the W.O. on the representation of his department that he was absolutely indispensable. A certain journal made a violent attack on the Inland Revenue and they had to drop him. He assists me occasionally in picking up matches. Whereas his former office friends hold commissions, and continue drawing part of their salaries, he is a Tommy and a matchstick collector.

Aldbrickham, October 15th, 1916.

People will throw down tram tickets at my corner. It is a fare-stage, and considerable numbers of passengers alight, and every

other person lets one of those ugly scraps of paper flutter, and they do despoil my lovely gutter. Such are the worries of a crossing-sweeper.

The eminent draughtsman from the Inland Revenue, whose health prevents him from being sent to Shedcot has attached himself again for a couple of days as assistant gardener. Whilst it was raining we sat in the prisoners' cell behind the guard-room swearing at mob-kings and press-liars. Nevertheless the fine and skilful craftsman who might have wasted his time on stupid and useless ordnance maps in London and thus helped to end the War—throwing all those excellent Brass Hats out of their jobs—has utilized Friday and Saturday. He bought a pole for three pence, inserted a nail pointed outwards at the end thereof and presented me with this patent leaf-pick. "Save you bending so often," he said, "when you clear your gutter and your garden paths." It was awfully kind of him and courageously, another St. George slaying the Dragons, I shall set forth armed with my leaf-pick to wage my battles with the withered, wan and weary folk of leaves.

Aldbrickham, October 19th, 1916.

"The Times" Literary Supplement:

"The Parliament of Man.

"By Maximilian A. Mügge.—C. W. Daniel.

"The work of a pacifist who looks forward to the realization of a Parliament of Man, this book need not be dismissed as another of the trite and unprofitable disquisitions which such hopes have evoked since the war began. *Mr. Mügge writes with freshness and point; and he has an acute perception of the true bearings of the problem and of points of view opposite to his own.*

Aldbrickham, October 23rd, 1916.

Lumbago! I have to give up my beloved garden!

For two days I had to stay in my billet, and even now I can manage to get to H. Quarters only with the assistance of an old garden rake which, as a bishop carries his crosier, I put forth dramatically in my snail-like progress to support me, especially when every twenty yards or so I wriggle, imitating Laokoon.

At H.Q. they offer me a permanent handy man for the garden; I to retain the dignity of "director." I shall refuse. Such nominal duties are a bore and I hate a sinecure.

They may find another real job for me. When I am better, after a short sick-leave. Perhaps, so they tell me, I shall become the garrison-librarian.

Did not want to see the doctor at all, for the medical profession knows hardly more about lumbago than the average house-wife.

The R.S.M. had given me permission to stay away two days, but on my return the Colonel ordered me to report sick. Saw Dr. Wallers at the end of his morning performance with the men. We discussed lumbago for two minutes, he gave me a tonic and arranged for a sick leave, and then we lit cigarettes and seated by the fire talked for over an hour.

Underneath the cold hard lava which the last forty years have laid upon him one can, occasionally, glimpse that once upon a time, he too had his dreams and ideals; probably when he was but twenty-five and still on the way to become a surgeon of county fame. Long before he was admitted to the Automobile Club and at a time when he took himself and his fellow-men, at their best, still seriously. Now the boys certainly do not like him. His life would not be safe without the terror of military discipline protecting him.

He was of course most charming towards the scribe. Said, my "Parliament of Man" was the finest book he had read for fifty years etc. We discussed the difficulties of a world-society, the yellow and black races, naturalisation, fertility v. sterility etc. Then we roamed about from Folklore and Frazer via Eugenics to the glazed drain-pipes at Knossos. He is great on a cycle theory of civilizations; curve of development apparently a kind of irregular epicycloid. One of his pet topics seems to be Atlantis. . . .

In the current number of "*The Round Table*" (September 1916) I found on page 711:

"Whatever progress may be made towards unity and peace by means of arbitration, the development of international law, the insistence on respect for public right, *the fundamental difficulty remains that the several States retain their sovereign independence*, that there is no final method of settling differences between them, differences it may be, on matters of vital principle, if they cannot agree, save recourse to war. Whatever may be done to diminish the probability of war, *war itself will only be abolished and the practical brotherhood of man will only be realized when the separate States, having reached the same standards of civilization and justice in their laws, agree to unite their members irrevocably to one another by common membership of one world commonwealth.*" And on page 710 I read, "*The most obvious lesson of the war is the evils which inevitably arise from the separation of humanity into separate sovereign States.*" . . .

That world-commonwealth would have to be a *koino-noêmosyne*, a community of sentiment, and a "Parliament of Man" would be the mouthpiece of such a community.

Aldbrickham, November 2nd, 1916.

Some Army this!

Sitting in the guard-room yesterday listening to the boys I noticed how they teased one man with questions which puzzled me greatly! "Was the Queen nice to you?" "Did you stay a long time in her bed-room?" I enquired, and found out that the Queen Mother of Portugal gets her hair done once a week by this tonsorial genius now solemnly guarding the shrubs and trees at H.Q. Being a queen it was of course an easy matter for her to induce the Authorities to grant the man a regular week-end—even the Olympians at the W.O., Whitehall cannot gainsay a lovely queen who can shower stars and degrees on kind people. As a result our friend the cinerarius goes to Richmond every week, combs and curls the queenly hair (when he is not at Aldbrickham where of course—like the rest—he is merely a b . . . Hun) and talks in French whispers of a comblly nature. . . .

Still better is the Gilbertian touch of the following yarn, which is absolutely true.

Last Sunday Riedel was on telephone duty. In the evening a telephone message arrived which was to be delivered to an officer in the neighbourhood at once. The telephone operator, who is, of course, not to leave his instrument to deliver messages in the town, takes them into the guard-room. The guard at present consists of a corporal (usually only a lance-corporal) and three privates. Unfortunately, in the kindness of his heart, the N.C.O. in charge had allowed *two* of his men to go for supper, contrary to regulations, which only allow him to send away one man at a time. Since on a Sunday evening there is, however, even less danger than on ordinary days of an inspecting officer, one man on guard outside for the shrubs, and he himself inside to look after the one and only prisoner, was quite sufficient. Thus the young lance-corporal had argued when he sent away his two men.

The telephone orderly threatened him with every imaginable terror, horror and cruelty to be inflicted on a negligent N.C.O. who would not deliver an urgent message to an Officer at once and instantaneously. Mr. Onepip might miss his friend on the golf-links the next day and if that should happen, we would lose the War.

A man of subtle imagination was our young Lance-corporal. Risking his beautiful stripe but relying on the rainy darkness outside that would not lure the officer of the day away from soft eyes and a sparkling glass, the daring corporal of the guard took his one and only prisoner, solemnly handed him the sentry's sign of office, a swagger-cane, and sent away his one guard-man with the telephone message. And the wicked prisoner, who rather liked the change from the stuffy guard room and—quite rightly—anticipated some fags as the reward of virtue, kept watch and ward over H.M. property and possessions.

And the message was duly delivered.

Aldbrickham, November 8th, 1916.

I notice that Mr. Keating in the House of Commons asked the Secretary of State for War, whether he is aware of the fact that skilled architects in some regiments are performing the duties of coal-heavers and scavengers, and will he take steps to utilize brain-power in other directions.

The eminent draughtsman from the Inland Revenue has become my sucessor in crossing-sweeping, picking up leaves and draining the garden. Despite the grand title "H.Q. gardener" Torvum is already fed up. Says he cannot stand the tantrums of the old Colonel. Which of course is very foolish of Torvum. The position of the military mind in the history of human brain-development is best indicated by the fact that boys between the ages of four to twelve are particularly fond of playing at soldiers. Do we take their vapourings seriously?

All the men going to Shedcot have been issued grey overalls. There are no arrows on these garments, though why not, considering these men are b . . . Huns, passes my understanding.

I have been put on police-duty again. A cinema actor and an underwriter from Lloyds are my colleagues. I like the former, a genial, kind-hearted appendix of Thespis' cart. The underwriter is a selfish humbug.

Aldbrickham, November 12th, 1916.

Some of our men have formed themselves into a Concert Party and these artists have made it a grand success. They give concerts in aid of charities and there is great rivalry amongst the various local hospitals to ensure their attendance. Ernie Dean, Albert Clague and Percy Manton are the leading lights and their devotion to the cause of cheering up wounded Tommies is as remarkable as praiseworthy.

Aldbrickham, December 1st, 1916.

There is one consolation for the Vicar of Leaslum, that Board of Governors he inspired with his noble Christian sentiments, and Mr. Toyfl their Secretary, there are—others! The "Daily Chronicle" says:—

"German Teacher Dismissed.

"Newport (Mon.) Education Committee, at a special meeting yesterday, decided, by six votes to five, to dismiss Mr. Max Grabner, a naturalised German, who *for nearly 20 years* has been language master at the intermediate schools."

To these men Christ's "love thy neighbour"! is a silly maxim,

anyhow not to be applied to "Huns," and as to the sacredness of a legal bond?

But I ask you what difference is there between the "scrap of paper" theory, alleged to be held by all the b . . . Huns, and Poy's cartoon of November 1st in "The Evening News," where he pictures a fellow-citizen of German descent as an armour-plated *swine* with a Prussian helmet and a label "Enemy influence"? Was not *Queen Victoria's husband a German?* And has he not gone down in English history as "Albert the Good?"

Says His Majesty's Secretary of State for Home Affairs in the Naturalisation Certificate:

N.N. "is hereby naturalized as a British Subject, and upon taking the Oath of Allegiance, he shall in the United Kingdom be entitled to all political and other rights, powers, and privileges, and be subject to all obligations, to which a natural-born British Subject is entitled or subject in the United Kingdom."

A law-abiding citizen like Poy will not, I suppose, publicly describe as a "scrap of paper" a document signed on behalf of His Majesty! An Englishman honours his bond. An Englishman will always place honour first, irrespective of his material interest. But then why these cartoons? Why these attacks on helpless teachers, bakers, butchers, whilst leaving the powerful Cassels, Monds, Tecks and Battenbergs severely alone?

On the other hand it is only fair to state that the London County Council is a noteworthy exception.

They have not as far as I know dismissed a single naturalized employee. The members of the Council with their fine sense of Justice—have prevailed over Fleet Street. Hatred and ignorant prejudice sedulously and very unscrupulously worked in the name of patriotism could not sway our London rulers. Like the City Fathers in 1863 (see entry 21st August 1916) the London County Councillors have upheld the fine English tradition of Fair Play.

Aldbrickham, December 2nd, 1916.

Yesterday, an English clergyman, another representative of Christ, the God of Love, a priest of the Church of England, beats even the Vicar of Leaslum. He writes in the "Daily Mail":—

"Naturalized Aliens.

"To the Editor of the 'Daily Mail.'

"Sir,

"*It is to be hoped that an Act may be passed annulling the naturalization of all Aliens in England, and that in future a clause be inserted to make it clear that any naturalization shall cease on war breaking out with the country to which the foreigner belongs. There would then be no silly legal difficulty in dealing with them.*

"Torbryan Rectory.

J. C. Dunn."

Aldbrickham, December 11th, 1916.

Company "E" which had been raised by the 34th Battalion joined us. About 250 men they are. They sleep in empty houses and are "centrally fed" at the "Stadium," an ugly draughty place, formerly a cinema or something of the sort. Our companies here are to supply about 40 N.C.O.'s for the arrival. The scramble is pitiful. Almost as bad as that in some political clubs when a new Ministry is being formed.

The Recruiting Officer at St. Pancras informs me in a communication dated the 2nd December 1916, "You are hereby warned that you will be required to rejoin for service with the Colours on the 18th Dec. 1916." That is efficiency if you please. No wonder the War lasts such a time. I have written to the noble warrior on the office-stool and also asked my C.O. to tell the gentlemen that I really and truly never left the Army.

Aldbrickham, December 13th, 1916.

I read in the "Daily Mail":

"The 'Peace Trick' Again.

"*Herr Bethmann Hollweg is no more entitled to the courtesy of a reply than if he were an armed burglar in a private house. . . . No peace with a nation of tigers and murderers and statesmen who regard all treaties as 'scraps of paper' would be worth paper and ink. So long as Germany has not been completely and decisively beaten, no peace with her can be more than a truce, which she would violate the first moment it served her purpose.*

"We have set our faces towards the way in which we intend to go, with new leaders in whom (with two exceptions) we trust. And on that path we will go to the end—if need be, to the last shilling and the last man."

Aldbrickham, December 18th, 1916.

The new company ("E") consists exclusively of boys conscripted but a few weeks ago. No wonder that they do not like their palatial residences in Cross-street; living in fine empty houses, they tell us they would rather be under canvas. I quite agree.

We poor bobbies have to patrol Cross-street for ever so many hours now, for complaints had reached H.Q. that the 24 odd orderlies and innumerable alleged "sick" were roaming every morning through the centre of the town in search of smiling eyes and luscious lips. Which dreadful mischief of course cannot go on.

As a result we have quite a number of cases at H.Q. besides the

ordinary run-aways, deserters and leave-lovers. It is quite a dramatic affair. R.S.M. Barker is the central figure of the performance next to the Colonel. (Barker is the only non-commissioned officer in the regiment who can boast of pure British blood unpolluted by any Hunnish strain.)

The door is thrown wide open. Roars the mighty R.S.M. "Quick march!" and into the presence of the august and stern judge, the Colonel, marches the policeman and the prisoner. "Halt! Right Turn!" barks Barker. And whilst the life-less figures are standing before the throne of their almighty ruler the fat Adjutant reads out the evidence or the charge-sheet. The defence of the men is almost invariably poor. They are overawed by the artificial bluff and majesty of the proceedings. Hardly has the Colonel asked the criminal "Will you accept my award?" Barker "quick-marches" the bewildered creature out of the room. And looking after the disappearing procession of C.B. candidates leaving H.Q. Barker smiles happily: "That'll larn 'em!"

Aldbrickham, December 20th, 1916.

In one of our leading daily papers yesterday my book entitled "Serbian Folksongs" was noticed as "an excellent selection." The reviewer says, "As an introduction to the study of the essence and origin of epic poetry there could be no better," and he appreciates as "a valuable feature the comprehensive bibliography."

The trouble with the book has been all along that it is usually unobtainable: the publisher just puts on the market a small number of copies at a time and the booksellers report "binding."

The Serbian Government are bitterly disappointed. Naturally.

I appealed to the Home Office to exert pressure on my publisher, but they declined to assist our little Ally in this matter.

Mr. Thring and the Incorporated Society of Authors did their very best, but without much success.

Aldbrickham, December 31st, 1916.

I am sorry for the boys working "their guts out!" at Shedcot. On Fridays, after they have been working all day, and before they can have their dinner, the weary and shivering men have to stand in the dark and cold back-garden of H.Q. waiting for their pay.—Bishopsgate Station pays out 1,800 employees in an hour, I have been told. Our clerks and officers waste half an hour assembling themselves and their inkpots and an hour to pay out a couple of hundred men. Think of it, all day out since seven in the morning, no hot meal and then, worn out with hard physical labour

and the railway-journeys, to stand in a slushy or snow-covered back garden for an hour and a half on a cold December night!

The language of the boys is proportionate.

As to the pay, the wages—a shilling a day is all right. Only one condition I would lay down during a War—*everybody* should draw a shilling a day—not more. Archbishops, sergeant-majors, members of the board of directors in armament concerns, tribunal majors, chaplains, munition-workers. shop-keepers, sergeants and generals. Everyone, a shilling a day. Feed and clothe them all like Tommy. If we can feed and clothe three million men, we can do it for thirty millions. And a shilling a day every one of them. Nobody wants the money. They are all unselfish heroes serving their country.

Asks the Imp, "How long would the war last?"

1917

Aldbrickham, January 3rd, 1917.

Leslie Stern, my new fellow police-man, and I have been very busy to-day. Such a number of cases. Alternately we two were "marching them in."

"Fatty" was one of my cases; provision merchant in Edgware Road. Overstayed leave and pleaded wife's illness. Said the Colonel to him as he was standing, fat and forty, before him, "Damn your wife! You are a soldier and have to do your duty, to obey. As far as the Army cares, your wife may die!" . . .

The species of hoary humbugs and sentimental gorillas that at present still preponderates will, I believe, ultimately disappear; the maniacs of nationalism, almost as mad and short-sighted as the majority of monolinguists, will, I am sure, finally be superseded by the internationalist.

Aldbrickham, January 10th, 1917.

"F" Company joined us at Aldbrickham from Paradise Point.

"Corvey Abbey," that lengthy lyrical epopee which I began rendering into English verse about Christmas 1915, is a perfect boon and blessing to me at night during my long hours of tramping a weary beat in the darkened streets. Hammering the stanzas into shape occupies the mind and prevents the absolute obsession with war-moodiness. I have done about 200 stanzas now.

Aldbrickham, January 17th, 1917.

There is an interesting letter to-day in "The Daily Chronicle," headed:—

"A REVIVED ERROR.

"To the Editor of the 'Daily Chronicle.'

"Sir,

"Mr. Lyttelton Gell is wrong in saying that 'Lord Milner was born an Englishman, and has never been anything else,' nor has such a statement been made in Parliament, as he suggests.

"Lord Milner's father was born in Germany, whether as a German would depend on whether his father, who had settled in Germany and married a German lady, had adopted German nationality; but, if not German-born, he certainly became a German subject, and as such lectured at the University of Tübingen. Lord Milner, born in Germany as the son of a German, was a German by German law, although no doubt of English descent, and probably entitled to claim the character of an English subject by English Law as it then stood.

"I am far from suggesting that, by reason of his birth, he is not qualified to occupy his present high position; or that Sir Alfred Mond should not be in the Government because his father, one of the most distinguished foreigners who have settled in England, and who, by his character, knowledge, and industry, has conferred lasting benefits upon this country, was of German origin; or that Mr. Felix Cassel, K.C., is unworthy to hold the place of Judge Advocate because he was born in Germany and became British by naturalisation.

"They are patriotic Englishmen, inspired, as they have shown, by a whole-hearted desire to serve the State and our cause, and it would be something worse than folly to allow ignorant clamour to deprive us at this crisis of the services of any patriotic man. But surely it is better boldly to justify the appointments on their merits than to stoop to placating unreasoning prejudice at the cost of accuracy.

"Mr. Gell overrates the influence of blood. It has been proved by thousands of cases in this war—not only in the fighting forces—that character and love of country are influenced by associations and environment rather than by descent.

"A BARRISTER."

Aldbrickham, January 18th, 1917.

According to "The Daily Mail," an attack on Lord Northcliffe has been made by R. I. Orchelle (whose real name is Hermann Scheffauer) in the "Continental Times." Lord Northcliffe is described as "one of the greatest criminals of the human race," and as chiefly responsible for all the misery of the war owing to his "dark and shameful work."

The Times, The Daily Mail and other journals are described as "a terrible battle-row of papers, whose efforts have throttled the sound common sense of the British people."

Aldbrickham, Friday, February 16th, 1917.

In to-day's "Daily Chronicle" we read:

"MARINERS OF ALIEN DESCENT.

"Commons Angry with the Admiralty.

"Case of Lord Milner and Mr. Cassel.

"Dr. Macnamara in the House of Commons yesterday was asked to explain why the Admiralty had refused to issue confidential instructions to Captain James Riepenhausen, a master mariner in the employ of Messrs. Alfred Holt & Co., of Liverpool.

"The Admiralty, said Dr. Macnamara, had decided to restrict the issue of confidential instructions to the masters of British merchant ships who were British subjects and were the sons of parents who at the time of the son's birth were themselves British subjects by birth or naturalization.

"It was true that *Captain Riepenhausen's mother was a Scottish woman, but his father was born in Hanover*, and had not become British till seven years after the birth of his son. Now, of all times, no precaution to safeguard the British mercantile marine should be neglected.

"Mr. Dillon asked whether the rule laid down would be applied to members of the War Cabinet. (Loud cheers.)

"Dr. Macnamara: It is obvious I cannot carry the matter further.

"Mr. Pringle: Is it not true that a gentleman with a foreign name, recently changed, is now employed in the Chief Whip's office of the Government? (Laughter, and cries of 'Rosenbaum.')

"Mr. Hogge: What about Mond? (Laughter.)

"No answer was given.

"Mr. Holt: Does that apply to the Judge Advocate General?

"No reply was given."

Mr. Felix Cassel, who holds this office, was born in Germany of German parents. He came to England at an early age, and was naturalised in 1892. . . .

Quod licet Jovi non licet bovi. Yes, the Scottish sea-captain is the son of a man born in Hanover, in 1837, a few days after it ceased to be under the British Crown. When his father was a boy of 13 he settled in Aberdeen; he never went back to Germany; and he spent the whole of his working manhood on British ships, becoming a merchant captain. He married a Scottish lady; and their son, *born in Scotland in 1870, and a British subject from birth*, is the Captain Riepenhausen with whom we are concerned. He cannot speak, read or write a word in German; he has no German connections whatever; he has been over 26 years an officer on Messrs. Holt's ships, and over 10 years a captain, and they consider him one of their best.

Aldbrickham, February 19th, 1917.

Orders have been received to form two Labour companies each 500 strong from the 33rd Midshire Battalion for service overseas. There is much excitement amongst the men.

After an honourable record amongst the "Red Caps" Johnny Weiffenbach was found out to be of "Hunnish" decent and has been transferred to this unit and put in charge of the regimental police. He volunteered in September 1914 to fight for England, the land of his birth. Unfit for service abroad he was trained as a police-man at Aldershot and performed his duties to the satisfaction of his superiors. Then somebody after nearly three years discovered Johnny Weiffenbach's father was a German. Our new Provost-Corporal is a kind-hearted and straightforward boy whom I like very much. . . .

Bobbies, as everybody knows, are a notoriously thirsty lot. Especially enamoured are they of a hot drink on these cold winter nights. Menton, Leslie and myself have been in the habit of—occasionally—calling at a friend's house here where after eleven o'clock we were always sure of a welcome and a steaming toddy. Our host is a L/Cpl. in the office at H.Q. and a rich merchant in private life. Has taken a house in Oxford Road and his wife drives a carriage and pair to Passaford. They also run a small steamer for their friends.

A few nights ago Leslie and I groped our way through the darkness of L/Cpl. Bouquet's front garden. Menton was not with us, else our arrival would have been announced by his usual deep-voiced "Nous sommes les jolis gendarmes."

Our discreet knock was answered by the mistress of the house. Apparently very much confused and disturbed she told us her husband had a—visitor. And she said she knew that of course we did not like Visitors. Whether we could call the next night? etc.

On the morrow we heard through the Great Chiropodist who manicures and pedicures the Adjutant's wife that the visitor was the Great Man himself, the Adjutant. What a close shave!

Aldbrickham, February 21st, 1917.

Stern who was on duty in the guard-room last night, told me the following yarn.

Taking an interest in a military "criminal," he wanted to know whether the man's regimental record, his so-called "conduct-sheet" showed any entries. So he asked the prisoner, "Have you got a clean sheet?" "No," was the reply of the culprit, obviously a recruit, "I have got four blankets, Sir, and they are damned lousy."

Aldbrickham, February 22nd, 1917.

For once, and with considerable pleasure and self-satisfaction did I remember this morning a "brilliant idea." I had it about twenty years ago when in a sophomoric let-no-dog-bark attitude I formulated it. Our walking-stick, I then said, is the last stage in the evolution of the prehistoric club.

As the monkeys had been accustomed to holding wood in their paws, it is little wonder that the Neanderthalman instinctively used a big branch to brain his unprepared neighbour with the pretty wife and the large grain-store. Thus the sacred rights of property were established and backed up by the ancestor of our stick. It is only right that Black Rod and Tommy, Divitiarum Defendores, should still carry a stick.

But it was not one of my mates' cheap (1/- and upwards!) swanky canes that started this chain of thought. I saw Sergeant Rundlauf with a heavy silvermounted ebony stick. Then I knew rumour had been right. He is to be promoted. Else would he have bought the C.S.M. size?

It's the knob that decides the rank. And it must be a silver knob, of the shape and size of a four-inch door-handle. The tiny thimble-like head on a Private's cane hides itself shamefacedly. Assuming the more solid dimensions of a sailor's thimble, the thing becomes more knobby on a corporal's stick. The dizzy heights of Sergeancy require 2 to 3 inches of shining silver to make up the ball-shaped handle of the symbol of power. Four inches diameter however is the absolute minimum for a thunderwielding Sergeant-Major. That's why the species is classified as *Fustis Argenteus Tonans*.

If you know for certain you are going to be raised in your own estimation and the amount of abuse uttered behind your back, you simply forestall the additional "stripe" or the "crown" by increasing the (k)nobbiness of your stick.

Yes, there cannot be any possible probable doubt whatever, Rundlauf is to be a C.S.M., a warrant-officer. Next to the gentlemen, please.

Aldbrickham, February 29th, 1917.

Saturday morning poor Manton and Westbrook my fellow-police-men were detailed off to walk behind the Colonel—at a proper distance of course!—following him about for almost two hours whilst he went shopping and executing other errands. The four eyes of Ioranorder had to stop and take the names of any N.C.O. or man who might fail to salute the Colonel. You ought to have heard the language of the two Shadows afterwards!

Aldbrickham, March 5th, 1917.

His father made the money. Lots of it; corsets and combinations. Young Surface enjoys the lovely lucre. There are people who say he has about £2,000 p.a. and that he will have £5,000 when the old man pegs out. Whilst he was with us on the police, he certainly had two motor-cars, a Rolls-Royce and a small run-about, and he lived in rooms which, though he was a Private would have ruined a lieutenant.

Joseph Surface is a most charming man. An M.A. of Oxford, he has the ingratiating mellifluous accents of a fashionable Club-secretary and can talk about everything under the sun from Lloyds—where he makes some more money—to Lourdes. A “Bing-boy” i.e. the son of a b—— Hun “naturalized or otherwise,” as the papers elegantly phrase it, he is nevertheless very patriotic, and Maxse even would be impressed by such superlative devotion to dear old England as the son of the corset-maker shows.

He is an exceedingly able man, without doubt. There is a rumour of a nice £800 cheque for a Red-Cross car presented to a local hospital. That of course is a vile rumour. The incorruptibility of the Army is a dogma that cannot be discussed. It is a dogma, more stable, centred and fixed than the polar star. Nor had that rumour any foundation, that Joseph Surface had made numerous friends amongst the officers in charge of various local hospitals through his dining and driving them out, the officers I mean, vide the Rolls-Royce afore-mentioned.

No, the transfer was due entirely to the sterling qualities embodied in this sweet-spoken M.A. Bing-boy. True no other Bing-boy has ever succeeded in obtaining a transfer. But there it is, they are so clumsy and so poor; totally lack that “savoir vivre” essential in a democratic army.

The Fairy-Godmother-Department of the W.O. has now robbed us of this charming fellow policeman. No longer a 33rd Midshire Hun, Surface is now a private in the A.S.C. Nominally attached to War Hospital No. 1011, he is actually attached to Brass Hats and other Staff Officers who like to be shown the sights of Aldbrickham by such an able and cultured Cicerone.

If you don't find him at the Grand Hotel dining with a General you may meet him at his tailor's, round the corner.

Aldbrickham, March 6th, 1917.

It's all very funny. They called us back from France, all of us who had volunteered and fought or worked for the Cause in which we believed. The French, I heard, objected to any Huns—not related to the Royal House or belonging to the ranks of knights

or international financiers. So all the men of German descent were recalled, except those who had fallen on the field of battle.

Now our W.O. is sending out five hundred men. No. 1 Labour Coy., Midshire Regiment,—the name of the draft that entrained early this morning for embarkation—will form a new unit in France, and become independent of Aldbrickham. . . .

Since Sunday morning the police have been on duty almost all the time, for of inspections of the draft there was no end. The weather was bitter cold and the boys who were compelled to stand in the streets for hours felt very miserable.

No one had told the men how to pack their valises and haversacks and now they had to face the wrath of an irate Colonel. How can a man know unless he is told to do so that the hold-all is to be put in the haversack and not in the valise?

Last night the pent-up excitement of the boys showed itself and at midnight the Stadium where they assembled was a perfect pandemonium.

The platform at the station we reserved for the draft, but the booking-hall was crammed with people. All the Midshire officers except the Colonel were present. At last about 2 a.m., amidst the cheers of the men who stayed behind and the tears of many a fair maiden who had come to see "Him" off, the train moved out of the station. There were seven absentees. . . .

The game of musical chairs so beloved by the Practical Joke Department of the W.O. is in full swing again. Military Authority A takes away 500 men from Shedcot, whereupon B screams out that Shedcot is congested with trucks, and that the War will come to a standstill. Then C is told to release "A" Company from Fodderham, and the Colonel to "comb out" everybody at Aldbrickham.

Consequently, the police has been reduced, and poor old Menton is going to "slave" at Shedcot. For a few days only, I am sure, for is he not an actor? And "A" Company has arrived here from Fodderham. I also hear that "C" Company will be moved from Cheshire, as a result of which another military authority will scream out. They cannot do without the Bing-boys. Though "b— Huns," they *do* work.

Lance Corporal Bouquet has blossomed into Q.M.S. of the new "E" Coy., which dazzling height on the ladder of military eminence, his jealous enemies assert, is not quite unconnected with the sumptuous dinners and the pleasant steamer parties he gives. Such a suggestion is of course monstrous. The Army is absolutely incorruptible. Bouquet is an able man and everybody in the British Army holds exactly the rank or position he deserves.

Aldbrickham, March 12th, 1917.

According to the "Times Law Report," in the case of *Rex v. Commanding Officer —th Battalion, Midshire Regiment*, the Solicitor General (Sir Gordon Hewart, K.C.) said that

"there was a fallacy in suggesting that there was any difference between a full British subject and a British subject who was in some way only a qualified British subject. *A person was either a British subject or he was not; if he was, he was so in full.*"

Aldbrickham, March 14th, 1917.

The following official communication passed through my hands to-day. It is the first authentic proof I have seen that the horrid old Dug Outs really do refer to this Regiment with its "Contemptibles," Mons men and long-service soldiers, as an "*Aliens Battalion*." I wonder what the 1914 men feel about it?

English bred and born they offered their services in the beginning of the War and were considered good enough to form the first bulwark of defence. How many Bing-boys died in France? They were good enough for that. Until that thrice damned and benighted Dug-out who perpetrated A.C. I. 1209 had a brain-wave and recalled the British Boys from abroad to start a mixed Zoo of his own into which he could later on chuck any human riff-raff otherwise unclassifiable. Oh . . . let us be charitable and assume they know not what they do . . . we will forgive them —later on!

But here is the scrap of paper slightly abbreviated:

"C.R.S.C. 113 085/29 (A 1).

"Officer Commanding 33rd (*Aliens*) Midshire Rgt. 348 M.T. Coy. A.S.C., wants eleven men back; would be a waste . . . unskilled labour . . . Shedcot.

"Salisbury.

"14.3.17.

X.Y.Z.,

Staff Capt

"For A.A.G. Southern Comm."

Aldbrickham, March 19th, 1917.

For two days we were very sad in the police. No longer did we sing, "*Nous sommes les jolis gendarmes.*"

They gave me a prisoner to guard at the Stadium, the dirty, draughty feeding-place of the Midshire regiment.

The wicked "criminal" was to work at the Stadium, doing any odd fatigues which the cooks themselves don't like to do and

pretend they haven't got the time to do. And a police-man was to guard him all day till he was taken back to his cell in the evening.

The prospect of having to stand over that man every day a four to five hours shift during a whole week was not cheering by any means. We swore at the length of the prisoner's "detention" sentence; owing to Devizes and all the other Hotels of His Majesty being full up, we three bobbies were hit just as hard as the dastardly villain who perpetrated the awful "crime" and became our dear charge. His "crime" was overstaying his leave by 2 hrs. 4 min. 13 secs.

I knew Sergeant Schumm, the departmental chief of the architects, plumbers, carpenters and jerry-builders that solved the housing problems of the Midshires. My prisoner was a plumber.

I sent a message to Sergeant Schumm.

Within 24 hours all the pipes in half a dozen billets were out of order, the drains leaked, the taps talked and—the only other real plumber in the Regiment "went sick." Chaos reigned supreme. The plumbers' department had to be manned. Urgent Representations were made at the Seats of the Mighty, whose Olympian address was at 315, Oxford Street.

The police received orders from Headquarters to hand over the prisoner to Sergt. Schumm who would take charge of him. And the prisoner was no longer a prisoner; for he went on plumbing as he had always plumbd, before his heinous "crime" had taken him out of the cushiness of the jerry-builder's WORK.

He was happy. The police were happy. And the story proves that Stevenson was quite right in placing the plumber's profession above that of the politician. "A mighty man is he," the plumber that can plumb.

Aldbrickham, March 22nd, 1917.

The boys are very angry. According to the "Times" of to-day Mr. Macpherson said last night in The House:—

(a). The men in the 33rd Midshires were all conscripts.

[There are a goodly number of volunteers in this regiment; I myself am one. What the boys who have actually been in the trenches say just now about Macpherson defies even my unblushing pen.]

(b). The men in the 33rd Midshires were all able-bodied men.

[We have a very considerable number of low category men.]

(c). That no pledge was given to the men.

[For ever so many boys assure me they were promised most solemnly: *not* to be sent to France. And a few of them feel this

point more than anything else for sentimental reasons which in our own nationals we usually label most decorously.]

As to (a) I may add amongst the E.O.'s (enemy origin) we have men who hold the D.C.M.

Aldbrickham, March 28th, 1917.

Went to London yesterday to say good-bye to my friend Colonel Oretta who is going to Singapore. Last Saturday week he and his wife motored over to Aldbrickham and called for me at H.Q. but I had gone for a walk to Passaford since it was my half-day off and the weather was glorious.

Oretta and I spent the day together, and had a most pleasant time yesterday. After lunch in St. James' Park we discussed our book. I enjoyed his manly, spirited, ingenuous idealism. "Humanity" he said, "will be alright when it discovers its heart."

Here in Aldbrickham the usual hustle and bustle before a draft makes everybody miserable. Leslie is on the "waiting-list" this time. The new draft will leave on Monday next 2nd April 1917 for France.

Aldbrickham, April 19th, 1917.

Diogenes Laertius did not like Chrysippus. Any old lie was good enough for that stupid chronicler of philosophical tit-bits. Says Diogenes Laertius, "In the third book on Justice, Chrysippus devotes more than a thousand lines to proving that it is right to eat the dead."

In to-day's "Times" I read with great delight the following account of German Cannibalism. What I do like about it is the unanimity of "The Times" and "The Evening News"; the brilliant idea of Alfred E. Turner to "spread the account of this atrocity as a *propaganda* in every portion of the Empire, *especially in India*"; and the wonderful readiness to lend himself to such propaganda on the part of a trained Diplomatist, *His Excellency the Chinese Ambassador*. . . .

Says "The Times":

"THE GERMANS AND THE DEAD.

"Herr Rosner's Statement.

"As some of our readers apparently find it difficult to believe that the Germans are putting dead bodies to the uses already described in these columns, we publish below a photographic facsimile of that part of Herr Karl Rosner's message to the *Lokalanzeiger* of April 10 which referred to the 'Corpse Exploitation Establishment.'

“ DER KAMPF NOERDLICH VON REIMS

“ Von unserm nach dem westlichen Kriegsschauplatz entsandten
 “ Kriegsberichterstatte.

“ Karl Rosner.

“ An der Westfront, 5 April.

“ x x x x x Weiter. Durch Evergnicourt geht die Fahrt—ein fader Dunst als ob da Leim gekocht würde, liegt in der Luft: Wir ziehen an der grossen *Kadaververwertungsanstalt der Armeegruppe* vorüber. Das hier gewonnene Fett wird zu *Schmierölen* bearbeitet, alles andere in der *Knochenmühle* zu einem *Pulver* zerrieben, das als *Beimengung* zu *Schweinefutter* und als *Düngmittel* *Verwertung* findet. *Nichts darf ungenutzt verkommen.*

“ The passage, given above, dealing with the disposal of the dead, was translated in our column ‘Through German Eyes’ on Monday, as follows:—

“ We pass through Evergnicourt. There is a dull smell in the air, as if lime were being burnt. We are passing the great *Corpse Exploitation Establishment (Kadaververwertungsanstalt)* of this Army group. The fat that is won here is turned into lubricating oils, and everything else is ground down in the bones mill into a powder which is used for mixing with pigs’ food and as manure. Nothing can be permitted to go to waste.

“ TO THE EDITOR OF THE TIMES.

“ Sir,—In all ages past the dead have been respected and reverently disposed of, whether in the East or West, whether by the highest cultured races or by aboriginal savages. As an instance of the latter, I was in Borneo the year before the war. There the natives, who have no conception of a deity, or of prayer, bury their dead and guard their graves with the utmost care. Any defilement of a dead body or its grave would be regarded with horror by them. *As the Germans* have beaten the record for savage ferocity in war, in which they have far surpassed their prototypes, Attila and his Huns, so they *have outraged humanity by their bestial desecrations of the dead, among whom doubtless were those who had fallen into their hands.* The thing would be incredible if it did not come from undoubted German sources. One wonders what the mentality of the German people can have become, when they can *calmly contemplate the defilement of the bodies* of those dear to them, who have bravely given their lives for their country, and *whose remains are converted into oil and pig food,* with the approval, of course, of the German Government. I quite agree with your correspondent, Mr. Bunbury, in ‘The Times’ of to-day, that *an account of this atrocity should be spread as a*

propaganda in every portion of the Empire, and especially in India, in order to show those whom the Germans have long sought to incite to rebellion against us what manner of men their would-be masters really are.

"Your obedient servant,

"Chelsea, April 18th.

ALFRED E. TURNER."

April 19th, 1917.

The "Evening News" (same date):

"THE HUN GHOULS.

"Disgust and Loathing Throughout the Civilised World.

"Chinese Ambassador Horrified.

"The whole world, with the possible exception of certain lingering and obscure tribes of cannibals, is overcome with horror, disgust, and loathing at the exploits of the 'Body Boiling Brotherhood' of Germany.

"Attila's Huns were guilty of abominable crimes, but this last enormity of desecrating the bodies of the dead on strictly commercial lines has been reserved for the Kaiser's Germans to perpetrate.

"The 'Corpse-Conversion Factory' strikes our friends the Chinese as an almost incredible abomination. *His Excellency the Chinese Ambassador* said to an 'Evening News' representative:

"I was much horrified; I could scarcely believe such a thing possible.

"In China we have a very special respect and reverence for the dead. There, any desecration of graves, any disturbance of the bodies of those who have gone to their last rest, is a very grave crime."

Aldbrickham, April 21st, 1917.

"Common Sense" to-day states:

"The translators have stumbled over 'Kadaververwertungsanstalt.' . . . The word 'Kadaver' is never used in conversation, journalism, or literature (so far as we can discover) to mean a dead human body. *Leichnam* is the word for a human corpse—cf., our Lichfield, 'the field of corpses.' Kadaver is so used only by doctors and medical students, and in purely technical or scientific literature. 'Kadaver' is simply the carcase of an animal; and there are known to be factories in Germany and Austria where the bones and flesh of animals are treated in the manner described."

In "The Times," however, Alfred E. Turner's proposition has been heeded, and we read in to-night's "Evening News," under the heading "The Hun Corpse Factory":—

"An important statement has been made to 'The Times' on the ghastly business by the *Maharajah of Bikaner*. He says:—

" 'This atrocity will never be forgotten or forgiven in India, where, without exception of race or caste, great reverence is paid to the mortal remains of the dead.

" 'I can speak not only for the Rajputs, or the Hindus, of which great people they form a part, but for every race and community in India, when *I say that nothing can exceed the sense of horror and detestation with which this latest crime of Germany against mankind will be regarded in every part of India.*' "

Aldbrickham, April 23rd, 1917.

The "Daily Chronicle" says:

"THE GERMAN DEAD.

"Denial of the 'Corpse Factory' Allegations.

"News sent out through the wireless stations of the German Government includes the following:—

"Berlin, April 21.

" 'The English wireless service is spreading the loathsome and equally ridiculous report that the German authorities use the bodies of dead soldiers for industrial purposes, and for extracting from them lubricating oils and food for hogs.

"The "Lokal Anzeiger," commenting upon this last performance of anti-German propaganda, calls it the "acme of stupidity."—Admiralty, per Wireless Press."

Aldbrickham, Wednesday, April 25th, 1917.

The Corpse-Factory will not stop grinding. Harold Owen, in an article in the "Evening News," says, "*Do I hate the Germans? I hope so, for my soul's sake, I hope so, if it is my only title to Heaven. Unless the cannibalistic Hun is defeated to the physical level of his own moral degradation, unless he is vanquished beyond any hope of recovery as a menace, unless he is left to find his own redemption through suffering and impotence, there is no hope for mankind on earth.*" . . .

"German dictionaries are being thumbed to discover the precise meaning of 'kadaver,' and speculations made as to whether corpse or carcase is meant, though this diligent conscientiousness apparently lacks the intelligence to reflect that the only corpses

now plentiful enough, in our tortured and hungering world, to feed a factory, are the *corpses of friend and foe gathered on the field of battle by the bestial Hun, and roped like foul merchandise*. . . .
The Teuton race is verily the offal of mankind."

Aldbrickham, April 26th, 1917.

R. M. Maciver, in his book "Community: A Sociological Study," says, "The educated Englishman has more in common with the educated Frenchman or German than he has with his uneducated fellow-countrymen." . . .

A lady friend tells me they were giving a concert at Oban the other day. Now the Obanites are great patriots. So they printed on the programme:

Le Chanson De Printemps
 (allegretto grazioso) par Monsieur de
 Mendelssohn-Bartholdy.

And thus no one was shocked.

Aldbrickham, April 29th, 1917.

Says a popular writer in to-day's "Sunday Pictorial":

"This wretched whispering about the pedigree of the House of Brunswick is repugnant to the spirit of honest men.

"Are we in danger of forgetting that *George the Fifth* is the son of Edward the Seventh? True, his grandfather was a German—though not, thank God, a Prussian—and his ancestors, generations back, were men of German blood and speech; but are we to deny to the King of All the Britains—to this quiet, gentle Englishman—the son of *Edward the Great* and *Alexandra the Good*—the consideration that we commonly accord to the naturalised German of the day before yesterday? It is monstrous, revolting, unthinkable. . . .

"One thing only can more firmly cement the bonds that bind the Empire of the Throne. Let the *Prince of Wales* lead a British bride to the altar. And let him delete *Ich Dien* from his crest. If necessary, let this be done at the bidding of Parliament."

Aldbrickham, May 13th, 1917.

If they transferred the denizens of the Nymphæa House in Kew Gardens, gourds and stars and all to Aldbrickham they might flourish in the open. It is dreadfully relaxing here. I wish I were out of this low-lying valley and its steamy unhealthy atmosphere. . . .

Written on a man's application for a short leave on business grounds, I noticed in the A Coy. office a marginal remark "Alien business not to be encouraged." I inquired and heard that Major Algernon Percy Fitzdevere, the C.O. of "A" Company was the author of this injunction, which in its turn, the clerks allege, is due to Colonel Byle's orders.

Aldbrickham, June 11th, 1917.

Since the day that young Weiffenbach was promoted, left us, and they made me Provost Corporal without asking me and against my wishes, my happiness is very much curtailed.

The irresponsible gaiety of the Premier Private in the regiment—a title of which I was genuinely proud—is somewhat clouded by the "cares of office." Responsibility in the Army is an ungrateful and ugly task. Everybody expects everybody else to do *His* duties. Mine was a much happier lot when I was a simple bobby.

Owing to restricted leave-facilities which result in orders for the Midshires twice as draconic as the measures taken in other units, the men are very restive. Yesterday my bobbies had to deal with seventeen prisoners, four of whom are D.C.M. cases.

There are some interesting specimens of humanity in this regiment now; quite a different class of men is pouring in, compared with the men who have left us with the first two drafts for France. Amongst my prisoners during the last few weeks I have had all sorts and conditions of men.

Flint, a professional burglar, I rather liked on account of his soft spoken gentlemanly manners. A really honest cracksman. Told me social system is all wrong and based on robbery, and that he and his kind are waging war on this unjust hypocritical camp of successful robbers. Well, some folk do not like Flint, personally I prefer him to the canting shopkeeper who robs his fellowmen for six days, and then tries to fool the Almighty on Sundays. With the Flints I know where we are.

Others like Snider, Sanger and Zockba were not quite so successful in enlisting my sympathies though they were probably, "morally" speaking, even superior to Flint, but a certain and occasional uncouthness on their part did not cover the nakedness of their souls as the silken verbiage of the latter could.

One particularly bright individual of the name Strop, a very smart customer, is the only prisoner I lost. True the last-mentioned trio went in for the most wonderful rope-climbing performances and gave us "a hell of a time" but they failed to escape.

It was last month when my police-men had to take several other D.C.M. prisoners together with the "cute" razor-Strop to the

military baths at a time when a whole company of another regiment was bathing. This brilliant chap specialized in escapes and twice before he had succeeded in escaping his guards and broken the N.C.O.'s in charge.

The order had been given by the R.S.M. and was irregular. Prisoners should be taken only when the baths are empty. Moreover, on the same morning shortly before they went to the bath the R.S.M. had granted the prisoner a long interview with his "sister." These two irregularities saved me from a successful charge of "neglect of duty." The police had done everything in their power and guarded the exits; but the genius of the great Strop favoured by the best environment a specialist in his line can imagine, a crowd, has been too much for the bobbies.

The Colonel saw that. But some doddering old General, I heard from the clerks afterward, wrote on the Colonel's report that I had shown "a deplorable lack of intellect." I do hope I shall meet that old General some day. It's delightful to hear things like that, to enjoy the "giftie . . . to see oursel's as others see us."

Aldbrickham, June 27th, 1917.

Last week I sold £2 8s. worth of tickets for the performance our Concert Party under the able guidance of Menton is about to give at the Palace Theatre. The whole of the proceedings will go to St. Dunstan's Home for the Blind.

On Friday, the 15th inst., when the boys returned from Shedcot weary and worn as usual, 180 from "A" and 130 from "C" Company received orders to proceed to Marsminster next morning. The rush was dreadful. After ten, H.Q. sent out messengers cancelling the order. All the hurried packing had been in vain. A large number of the boys live still in private billets, and all those households had to be disturbed in the middle of the night. The departure was postponed. The boys paraded as usual the next morning for Shedcot. And now comes the crowning joke of the P.J.D.: they are going to send us 310 men *from* Marsminster.

I understand the railways *are* very crowded. . . .

On Saturday next our regiment will hold a regatta. Sergt. Newton, a very courteous and amiable man, is the organiser. He has done a very great deal to make the life of the poor Shedcot slaves more bearable. All honour to him. He is a rich man. But—unlike many others among the favourites of Mammon temporarily turned into the serfs of Bellona here, he does not flaunt his money. He has founded a boating club. The boys can hire their boats at a mere nominal outlay.

They think it wonderful. They do not know that Newton pays the difference to the local boat-proprietor, who lets his boats to the boys at a few pence per hour.

Aldbrickham, July 1st, 1917.

From Leslie Stern, who did not go on this Draft after all, and who has been transferred to Sudden Veny, near Marsminster, I have received the following letter :—

“ Sudden Veny, near Marsminster.

“ 27/6/17.

“ If it were not for the khaki atmosphere, this delightful spot would make an ideal holiday resort. The country is exceedingly pretty and hilly. Our camp stands high up on a hill, and the air is very bracing, so different from Aldbrickham, one feels alive in the morning. Of course, one spends a good deal of time in the camp, which is rather monotonous, but all the same, I have managed to explore the countryside and have come across some most picturesque and ancient villages. It goes without saying, that everything is frightfully regimental down here, and huge boards, ‘out of bounds,’ bar the most tempting lanes and hills.

“ I do not know whether you have had any reports from here, but I am sure the accounts will differ considerably. It is only natural that those who loved the twopenny clubs and similar entertainments at Aldbrickham, feel the solitude very much and cannot settle down, or wish themselves back to the ‘high life’ of West and Broad Street.

“ Unfortunately, we have been split up: one party is stationed at Marsminster, another one at a Bombing School, and a party of 80 at the above address. They are all doing fatigues for various units, and our lot supplies daily a coal heaving fatigue of 40 men; this by the way is the most unpleasant one. Lately we are sending parties on various farms in the vicinity.

“ So far I have been lucky and have not ‘been coaling.’ To-day I have been with a party to the R.F.A. Camp at Heytesbury (4 miles from here). It was a most enjoyable outing.

“ I only regret the splitting up of our parties and friends; Cpl. Hardy, for instance, is at Marsminster, and other friends are stationed at different camps. The huts are very comfortable, but the occupants are of all sorts, and unfortunately we could not choose our companions. However, as long as the fine weather lasts, we could not wish for a better life, unless it should be ‘Home.’

“ P.S.—Just received the sad news that I am going back to Aldbrickham to ‘B’ Company; this is quite a blow, as I would ever so much prefer to remain here. However, my luck seems to be out!”

Aldbrickham, July 2nd, 1917.

The "Daily Chronicle":

"THE REAL BABY-KILLERS.

"From the Countess of Warwick.

"To the Editor 'Daily Chronicle.'

"Sir,—I am afraid that *the clamour for reprisals* still heard on every hand, though the military authorities have decided quite wisely to ignore it, *leaves me not only cold but a little ashamed of the hysterical section of my countrymen.* To me the death of any child is a tragedy, and the thought of the 42 children killed and 100 injured is distressing indeed. They suffered by an act of war, a brutal, wanton act if you will, yet one of war. Perturbed mayors and pushing politicians may utter the obvious with every known gesture of horror and alarm, and they may deceive the general public and even embarrass a Government with which I have no shadow of sympathy. But what I would like the average man and woman to realise is, that it is absurd for us to raise a violent outcry over 140 stricken babies while we sacrifice more than that number every day in the week and every week in the year to the Moloch of Industrialism.

"The airmen destroy their 140, and in the bitterness of grief we denounce them; the landlord, the jerry-builder, the profiteer, and the food adulterator kill nearly a thousand children weekly in these islands, and we take no active steps to deal with them. They use more insidious weapons than bombs. They keep within the radius of legal activity. . . .

"Let working-men and women refuse to heed the outcry and the vehement calls for reprisals. Their worst enemies are nearer to them than the German airmen, and if they can conquer the former, the measure of harm that the latter can inflict will be found inconsiderable. I feel the time is coming, and coming soon, when the whole question of the waste of child-life will be handled by the wives of the working-men of this country, and handled without gloves.

"FRANCES EVELYN WARWICK.

"June 30th, 1917."

Aldbrickham, July 9th, 1917.

There was again an air-raid on Saturday last, and the "Daily Chronicle" writes:—

"ANTI-GERMAN RIOTS.

"*After the raid there was a repetition of the riotous scenes which marked the early stages of the war after the bombardment of Scarborough and the sinking of the Lusitania.* . . . Disgraceful

scenes took place in Highgate Hill on Saturday night, when a mob of boys and women attacked the shop of Mr. S. Kurz, which stands at the corner of Brunswick Road and Highgate Hill. All the windows were broken and the fixtures in the shop smashed up.

"The business of a baker has been carried on here for many years by Mr. Kurz, who, although born in Germany, *came to England 40 years ago*, and has been naturalised for 21 years. *Mr. Kurz is highly respected, has two sons in the British Army, and his third son has been exempted on medical grounds.*

"A crowd of women began to gather outside the shop about half-past eight, and began to shout and groan. They were soon joined by boys and young men, who threw stones, empty bottles, and iron bolts at the windows."

Aldbrickham, July 21st, 1917.

The "Aldbrickham Observer" reports:

"By kind permission of Colonel H. F. Byle, D.S.O., a small Battalion Regatta was held by the 33rd Midshire Regiment on Saturday forenoon.

"The crews participating in the first event, the double sculling race, had rowed up to 'The Images,' when at half-past nine the sound of the starting pistol opened the Regatta. This race was contested in two heats. The crews that met in the final rowed very well indeed; in fact, from a sporting point of view, this proved to be the best race of the Regatta; up to the finish both parties (Lnc.-Corpl. Marden (cox), Ptes. Weybridge and Bentley; and Pte. Allgrim (cox), Pte. Stubbs and Lnc.-Corpl. Fineston) had a very close fight. The first-named party was the winner of this interesting event.

"The single race was an easy victory for Lnc.-Corpl. Bloomfield, a very powerful sculler.

"The 100 yards swimming across the river and back was won by Pte. Guestcombe, one of the best swimmers in the country, who has at times competed in international events. The 50 yards mid-night-swimming-race (in shirts) was also won by Pte. Guestcombe, Pte. Cross being second. The 50 yards swimming on back would have been won by Pte. Wolfe had he not lost his bearings, and Pte. Guestcombe was again the first to reach the raft.

"The mop fight in canoes caused much merriment. Pte. Crosser put up a very plucky fight. Lnc.-Corpl. Brewer showed fine sportsmanship, and he was much cheered for his alertness and tenacity.

"The tug-of-war (in punts) prize was awarded to Pte. Prater.

"In the absence of Mrs. Byle, Mrs. Thornly kindly distributed the prizes.

"Pte. Guestcombe, in a very sportsmanlike way, gave up one of his prizes, and was loudly applauded for so doing."

Aldbrickham, July 28th, 1917.

The "Aldbrickham Observer" reports:

"The 33rd Midshire Concert Party, known as 'The Snapshots,' have assisted several good causes in the town by their concerts on more than one occasion, but on Wednesday this talented party were able to carry out a merry entertainment on a larger scale than before. Given the St. Dunstan's Hostel for blinded sailors and soldiers to sing for, and the Palace Theatre to sing in, it was small wonder that the undertaking was a conspicuous success, and, judging by the good audiences at both the afternoon and evening performances which were given, the funds of this splendid institution should have netted a considerable profit. The concert party comprises, besides a number of clever artistes of all styles, a really good orchestra, under the direction of Lnc.-Corpl. Kuhr (late bandmaster of the West Yorks. Regt.). The programme was well balanced and thoroughly suitable to the occasion. There were some charming songs of light texture, charmingly sung by Miss Adele Belcher, songs new and old, affording ample scope for Mrs. Dracup's powerful and sweet-toned voice, dramatic recitations stirringly delivered by Mr. Victor Lewisohn, and two masterful violin solos by Mr. J. Lilienfeld. Mr. Percy Manton had a bright and topical ditty about the happy days before the war, which might have been better received, while Mr. Ernie Dean delighted the audience with his lugubrious lament 'Nobody loves me.' Messrs. B. Steele and A. Clague were seen in a comedy duo, besides some catchy chorus songs of the coon variety, and the concluding sketch, 'Simple Simon and the Pieman,' revealed some clever writing on the part of two of the party, Messrs. Dean and Clague, who were responsible for the book. The pianists, Messrs. V. C. Brugger and S. Hilf, discharged their duties admirably."

Aldbrickham, July 29th, 1917.

About a week ago a Southern Command Order came through insisting on the establishment of a Regimental Institute. The powers that be took me off the police and made me the organiser.

In some ways I like the new job. The work is highly interesting but very trying, and the hours are much too long. I am responsible for the Regimental mails, too (in fact, my job as post-corporal is the necessary camouflage for that of "Club-Secretary"; at least, so they say, but I don't believe it—probably only a pretext for relieving H.Q. clerks who hitherto had to look after the letters). I have to start work in the Post Sorting Office at 7.45 in the morning, and am not finished till after eleven at night, when the regimental "Club" closes its doors even to their majesties the Sergeant-Majors.

From the regimental funds I draw enough for the necessities, but it is due to the really marvellous liberality of some of the rich men in the regiment that our "Club" will soon be the finest equipped in the whole of England. More than fifty pounds in cash have been promised, and Robert Meyer alone is going to give me over twelve. Already the walls are hung with excellent pictures; the comfortable armchairs are the envy of all those who have not secured them; free notepaper, newspapers, games, including cards and billiards, are the attraction of most of the men; whilst Hilf, Schumm, Lowry, and other great pianists simply live in the "Club" on account of the magnificent instrument I have secured.

Every Thursday I am going to arrange a social evening, with recitals, whist drives, lectures, concerts, etc.

Violinist like Pecsikai and Lilienfeld, actors like Lewisohn Schumm, Greisel and Manton, all have promised to come and help in making these evenings a success.

Last Wednesday, 25th July, the concert for which our regimental artistes had been rehearsing for weeks during their scanty leisure-hours after the fatigue and worry of Shedcot, came off at last. Mr. and Mrs. Simmonds kindly lent us the Palace Theatre free of charge, and St. Dunstan's Hostel for the Blind cleared a considerable sum. The whole thing was a great success, the reception on the part of the public (most of whom knew the performers were "b—— Huns") was excellent, and yesterday's local papers praised the performance in glowing terms.

I am reading Coleman Phillipson's excellent treatise. "The International Law and Custom of Ancient Greece and Rome". The learned writer states that in Athens the naturalized citizen was entitled to inscribe himself in whatever tribe, deme, and phratry he might choose. He enjoyed full juridical capacity with regard to civil rights.

In Rome, naturalized foreigners were, it appears, even admitted to the dignity of senators.

Aldbrickham, August 27th, 1917.

H. Meulen, of "B" Coy., in Prospect Street, has promised to help me in arranging concerts and debates. . . .

My reading-room is the pride of the regiment, soft-shaded lights, several dozen different newspapers and illustrated weeklies, the best monthlies, and free stationery make the boys' life a little more bearable now in the evening after the day's burdens of Shedcot. The R.I. also possesses two billiard tables now on the ground floor, and from 5 p.m. until 11 p.m. the click of the cues and of the balls never ceases. A large number of boys prefer snooker to ordinary billiards.

Of course, privates or N.C.O.'s are not allowed to play in the daytime. Captain Copper, however, comes as often as his arduous duties will allow him. Usually between 11 a.m. and 1 p.m. (when ever the Colonel is safely out of the way). Not such a bad job after all. Copper has, in fact, quite a "cushy" one compared with the—drivers of the endless ambulance waggons filing past my window as I am writing. As to the poor boys inside the Red Cross cars . . . they . . . !

I find it somewhat difficult to raise enough money to provide the free stationery. With an evening's attendance of, let us say, 120, about 200-300 sheets and envelopes are used up. Am going to restrict the supply to one man one sheet and envelope. Utopian writers will have to devise safeguards when payment becomes a thing of the savage past.

The Garrison Adjutant, Capt. Cotton, is a most charming man. Unlike Captain Copper, who doesn't even offer the time of day, and practically always has the permanent stare of a bully's vacuous fierceness, Cotton always smiles and occasionally talks. He even attends our humble Thursday evenings, and did actually sing once or twice to us. So we have "cottoned" on to him.

Aldbrickham, September 5th, 1917.

Very few boys play dominoes. Cards, cards and billiards are the fashion. . . .

If they had left me in my private billet I should not mind going on with my duties as club-secretary and post-corporal as long as this blessed War might last. As it is, I shall try to get out of the job. The hours are too long.

Since the arrival of "E" Company last December more and more empty houses have been taken over and filled with our men. The Headquarter Staff and a few others, e.g., all of sergeant's rank and above, however, remained in private billets.

Now, owing to some Big Pot, we too are to be centrally fed at the dusty, draughty Stadium, and sleep again on three boards in two blankets, just now that autumn is coming on. Of course, if there is absolute necessity, which would be proved by the fact that all H.Q. men were to sleep in an empty house, I would not mind. There is a War on. But here, out of over forty men, only twenty-three obey the order, apart from the sergeants. All the rich Jews clerking at H.Q., and others holding acting ranks, stay away and the authorities wink at it. It is a crying shame, this power of cash, which can buy rank and position.

In my own case it isn't the three bed-boards, to which I am more accustomed than these softies, that rouses me to anger, it is the

injustice. Incidentally the long hours, and the lack of exercise which my Institute-job entails, are beginning to lower my health seriously. . . .

His Excellency the Serbian Ambassador in London, who on behalf of his government is considering some fresh literary work which I am to undertake to further Serbia's and thereby *our* Cause, desires me to meet Professor Popovic. I have, therefore, put in for a four days' pass.

Aldbrickham, October 4th, 1917.

On Monday, Captain Copper came to me and said they were not going to send up to the W.O. my application for six weeks' leave, which I had put in to do the translation of a national classic for the Serbian Ambassador.

I represented to Captain Copper what a slight this would be on Serbia, one of our brave little Allies, whom we say we love so much. Copper pointed out to me that I *could* write a complaint about Colonel Byle's not forwarding my application, and they, at H.Q. here, would be compelled to forward such a complaint. . . . Now, could anything be more futile than to lodge your complaint with the very authorities you are exposing?

I retorted that this was the reward for my courtesy in complying with the routine of discipline; that I had made this application through the Colonel out of consideration for him and his prestige; that I could have attained my ends if I had asked the Serbian Minister at the very beginning to move in the matter from above.

Copper replied, the Colonel would not care a Damn, *if* he were ordered from above. Owing to the "peculiar character" of the Regiment, the Colonel was not going to bear the responsibility. Finally, ere he left me, Copper said, as a sop, the Colonel would hand in my application unofficially next time he went to the War Office.

I do not believe Captain Copper. There is no love between us. He certainly does not like me, and has put a bee in the Colonel's bonnet. Here is a chance to get at the damnable fellow who, though a common soldier, hobnobs with Colonels. So he has probably misrepresented the whole affair to old Byle, who, moreover, seems to be in mortal funk of some brass-hat and Hun-eater at Marsbury.

Well, personally I do not mind. But the results are serious. The Serbian Ambassador wrote twice recently to the Colonel the other day, when they hung up the four days' leave I wanted, in order to see Professor Popovic, in accordance with His Excellency's request. This final refusal, of course, has "done it." Appealing to the Ambassador yesterday to intervene from the top (a step I should

have suggested in the very beginning), he sent me the following wire: "Do not consider opportune to write for leave; translation not so urgent."

"Not so urgent"—precisely. What other language can a diplomat choose who has had his experience?

First, the Serbian Ambassador falls into the hands of a publisher who accepted from the poor Serbian nation a subsidy, but failed to publish the book in time according to contract. Secondly, His Excellency appeals for a comparatively short leave for a man whose peculiar gift might help the fortunes of his poor stricken nation, and the Military refuse.

We are fighting for the benefit of small nations.

As to myself, I shall try to get out of Aldbrickham by hook or by crook. Simply make myself impossible. A few tongue-twists Lucianising the hypocritical camarilla of supermen at H.Q. in charge of this unit here, coupled with a few escapades endangering their glass-house discipline, will do it.

This regiment, at any rate as far as Aldbrickham goes, is *not* a regiment. What I said when they "chucked" me into it, "It is a political concentration camp." Why, the other day, a German, fifty years of age, was given the alternative—internment or the 33rd Midshires. His choice was the latter. I have nothing against the man. But we who volunteered to fight or work for England, we who are English citizens should not exactly be . . . !

Aldbrickham, October 12th, 1917.

A letter from the W.O. to one of our captains passed through my hands as post-corporal. On the envelope was given the unit-description "Aliens' Camp," Aldbrickham. . . .

Slowly the character of the regiment is changing. The two companies of 500 men each we sent to France earlier in the year, the two companies sent by the 31st, they were the real "Bing boys." Now we are the rubbish heap on which the authorities dump everybody they do not know what to do with. When in doubt, put him into the 33rd Midshires. We have analphabetic Poles, Greeks, Turks, Armenians and horrible dictu—"Huns." . . .

Last night was "Lewisohn's Recital." It was a fine success. With some vigorous training, Lewisohn may become quite a distinguished actor, for he has undoubtedly outstanding histrionic gifts. They were much appreciated by his audience, which included the Colonel (with a lady friend—of the I—nevar-r-enjoyed-myself-so-much-foar-years-r-r-s' type). Pecscai's excellent violin-solos helped to make the "Thursday Night" entertainment a success.

I must put on record a story about the latter.

Bearwood, a Canadian Hospital in the neighbourhood, sent for the now famous Midshire Band and Concert Party to entertain the wounded. A dirty coal lorry arrived in Aldbrickham and fetched the players. It began to rain, the lorry had no hood, and the players were accompanied by an Aldbrickham lady who always assists them in their charity affairs.

On arrival at Bearwood, Private Pecscai, undaunted by King's regulations and the terrors of discipline, went straight to the Commanding Officer and said, "Sir, I would not play at all to you now, but out of sympathy with the wounded and out of loyalty to my own Colonel, I will play."

The Bearwood authorities insisted on a sumptuous supper after the concert for the players, and sent them home in three luxurious Staff motor cars. One to old Pecscai!

Aldbrickham, October 16th, 1917.

I have written to Captain Copper the following letter, in pursuance of my policy to make myself as disagreeable as possible—in order to get out of Aldbrickham; for folk who are troublesome are sent either to Domsey, St. Mary's, or some other "Siberia." With patience and perseverance I am sure to succeed, though, of course the metamorphosis from the stage of a well-disciplined soldier has to proceed very gradually, else some brilliant martinet will "crime" me.

Captain Copper, I am sure, has enjoyed the letter. Here it is:

"Sir,—Referring to your remark Monday last, I beg to enclose the last letter and a previous one I had from the Serbian Ambassador himself. I do not think he will write again to the Commanding Officer. Through a private channel I heard last week that His Excellency, who just now is very busy and, like all diplomatists, even so frigidly sensitive, seems to be rather tired of this affair. So I am afraid the national classic will not be translated by me, and the Blankshire Home for Serbian Boys, to which the proceeds of this book would have gone, like that of my Serbian Folk-Songs, will suffer accordingly. They had already anticipated financial help from the new book."

I have two excellent and most industrious club-orderlies just now after a long series of ineffectives. Pfeffer, the senior, is a kind-hearted, willing and conscientious man of over forty, who is esteemed by everybody. He is the soul of honesty, and I can entrust him with all the registered letters which the boys fetch from my office. It is a pity he is not endowed with good health. Gotz, the junior, is the idol of all our young people. Is not his brother the famous world champion, and has not even our Gotz the most uncanny accomplishments of a jiu-jitsu man? Who is a more

enthusiastic marker, and player (if there is a chance), in the billiard room than Gotz? Enthroned between his two great billiard-tables he is the king of the club.

I shall be sorry to lose Gotz and Pfeffer some day.

Aldbrickham, October 18th, 1917.

To-night at "The Club" we had the "Classical Concert" for which I had arranged some time ago. One gets sick of those everlasting "smokers."

The big room on the first floor of the Regimental Institute was overcrowded.

The performers, all the leading stars of the Concert Party, offered an excellent programme, which I consider is worth keeping:

1. STRING QUARTET—Opus 18, No. 4, C Minor Beethoven.
 (1) Allegro ma non tanto. (2) Andante scherzoso quasi Allegretto. (3) Menuetto: Allegretto. (4) Allegro; Prestissimo.

Privates Pecscai, Lilienfeld, Fritz and Meyer.

2. SONG—Selected.

Captain J. Cotton.

3. VIOLIN SOLO—Introduction and Rondo Capriccioso

Private Pecscai.

Saint-Saëns

4. SONG—Selected.

Captain J. Cotton.

5. PIANOFORTE TRIO—Opus 49, D Minor Mendelssohn.
 Molto allegro ed agitato.

Privates Lowry, Pecscai and Meyer.

I thought (No. 1), the C Minor Quartet, was played exquisitely. When the Sylphs on summer nights are flitting through the moonlit forests, darting from one air-drawn hiding-place to another, their movements cannot be fleetier nor more graceful than our four musicians' rendering of the pianissimo roulades in the Andante Scherzoso.

Though all the players deserved praise, there is no doubt that the star of the first magnitude was Pecscai. Again and again he had to appear, and seemingly never-ending applause followed each of his extras.

I like Pecscai. He is a fine artist, an excellent Schopenhauerian and a perfect gentleman. Drunken old Bellona, the mad War-goddess, shows herself in her true character as a monster when she puts a man of his attainments into khaki. He is almost forty; if he were not a B.B. they would certainly not have made a labour-soldier of him. They would send him from hospital to hospital to cheer up the wounded.

As it is, from time to time some very Great Personage wants to hear Pecsikai; orders come through, and for a day or so our "Sanitary-Police-worker" is excused duty and proceeds to London.

The incongruity of it all was beautifully expressed by Pte. E. Shaw in "The Ration," a local hospital paper. There were two pictures. In the one Pecsikai plays before a spell-bound audience of wounded soldiers—his chief recreation. In the other, with pail and mop, he is about to start his daily work—and the passers-by hold their noses. Another "Square Peg."

Aldbrickham, October 25th, 1917.

Antisthenes said:

"Those States that cannot discern their good from their bad citizens are doomed to perdition."

Aldbrickham, October 31st, 1917.

A W.O. order published in Regimental orders says that every available Officer, N.C.O. and man is to attend to-day a "Moral Lecture."

The W.O. (Practical Joke Department) is sending out, not specialists in venereal diseases, oh, dear no! but reverend gentlemen with the rank of captains and a guinea pay per day, to talk to the boys. To *talk* to the boys in the fourth year of the War after each regiment has already set up a room for preventive self-treatment of the men!

When Tommy has been on the roofs all night he has to go to these Rooms of Prophylaxis and Wisdom. Still, that is not so very foolish. But to talk to them about their souls!

And the funniest item in the tragi-comedy is this, the Roman Catholic boys are to listen to a R.C. Officer-priest sent by the W.O. and the Protestant to a C. of E. Officer-priest. . . .

We have a most excellent football team now. A sub-section of our Regimental Club's Outdoor-games-department. Last Saturday I hear they played so well that their goal-keeper, an "International," lit a fire to warm his hands and thought of making some tea.

Aldbrickham, October 31st, 1917.

Poor old hard-working, kind-hearted Pfeffer is in hospital. Marcel Weisz, a genial professeur de la langue française has taken his place. He is a keen student of Montaigne and quotes yards of him whilst he sweeps the reading-room.

During the last few weeks, in my fight with the supermen at H.Q., Corporal Thomas Varenholz has been most helpful to me. He informed me of all their countermoves and has proved a most loyal friend.

Aldbrickham, November 15th, 1917.

The following "pottery without rhymes" I found in circulation. The distinguished poet has queer phonetic notions. He rhymes "horse" and cross." All the same the "pottery" of B.C. was much admired apparently.

"The Regimental Quarter Master Stores
Is full of Tommy's dearest bores.
It's run by a Holy Archbishop,
Who smokes like a chimney, in State,
But, Santa Maria! he comes down flop
On clothing paraders, if late.
He tightens the cords on the rookies,
And gives them two comical suits.
You feel one of Fred Karno's bookies
When decked out in khaki and boots.
The Staff you can see, are a mixture,
Who live in old socks, pants and boots,
For a change they will chew up a bedboard,
Or fill up on old canvas suits.
You can indent—(sometimes, you may get it),
For any old thing, say a horse,
And when you are dead, you don't know it,
They indent for a nice wooden cross.
It's a wonderful Stores: they've a barrow,
A funny old thing without springs:
When it's oiled,—like the beggars that push it—
It will fly like a bird without wings.
And the boys they so love it, they clamour
As to when the old barrow is free,
Thus says Jackson to Hockley, 10-30,
After dinner it's booked up to "D,"
They've a song of their own full of (f)eeling,
And sing about soles in repair,
With a chorus on hob nails, worn toe tips
Thin heel tips ring out in the air.
There are Bridges of Sighs, caused by Auction,
A mender of soles who will Greve.
A Peint(n)er with strong views on temperance,
A Brewer who's dead nuts on leave
His trusting that Walters has Korton,

There's a Scott without kilts: not a tear!
 I suppose on his knees he likes working
 With a fitful companion called Sheere.
 It's a nice place to dwell in, I don't think,
 After socks "fair exchange," on hot days.
 So I'll leave it at that, threats of C.B.
 Are looming ahead through the haze."

B.C.

St. Mary's, Cromwell's Hill Camp, December 11th, 1917.

Transferred. . . .

The Great Chiropodist had heard right!

The local authorities here in St. Mary's are most kind to me. Promised to make me Provost Corporal for the Camp in January. Meanwhile I am doing occasional fatigues.

To-day I have absolutely nothing to do. Pacing up and down draughty hut all the morning to get warm, no fires are allowed before four o'clock in the afternoon. Later on in the day helped at the Chaff-Cutter of the A.S.C. Girls—puny, undersized, in trousers—"feed" the cutter. Our boys load waggons and sweep yards. . . .

Seeing how men and women "slack," I sometimes feel inclined to believe that hope of property and power seem to be the chief stimulus to majority for efficient work. Appeals to duty and ideals, appear utterly futile in most cases!

Petty pilfering is an art that in the Army has no other department of human activity to rival it in efficiency. Everybody scrounges, pinches or "finds" things. The butchers in one hut have steaks every evening. And the "Redcaps" never drink tea unsweetened.

St. Mary's, Cromwell's Hill Camp, December 12th, 1917.

At eight o'clock I paraded my small fatigue party of eight men. We went to Early Birds Discharge Centre on the other side of St. Mary's. Took our rations with us; two slices of bread with Jam. Fancy, a very poor Tommy to have to live on that! My slices were gratefully appropriated by one of my boys, when Oppenheim, a clerk, asked me in to dinner with the Staff.

From him, a goodly person and well-favoured in the eyes of the local Pharaohs I learned that quite a number of Bing-boys were employed at The Early Birds Discharge Centre and that their industry and kindness had won the heart of the Rulers. I take it, these great and mighty ones found out that the presence of the Midshire men who, like King Edward VII, had been somewhat

careless in the choice of their parentage, added greatly unto the comfort of the Egyptians.

Remembering that it was my duty as one of the N.C.O.'s or "gangers" to see to the tale of the bricks I went out. I found that two of my fatigue party were painting the beams in the library, four shifted a rubbish-heap thirty yards to give it a change, and two worked in the Q.M. Stores. The latter job is the most coveted of the lot. You know the Q.M.S. is very kind to you if you work hard and every boy who has helped in Discharge Centre stores is the envy of his mates. Never were seen such smart tunics and great-coats . . . !

St. Mary's, Cromwell's Hill Camp, December 13th, 1917.

In charge of a small party I was detailed off for Coaling Fatigue this morning. G.W.R. goods-yard. We loaded four waggons from trucks in the morning and four in the afternoon. Hurling huge lumps of coal into the waggons quite delighted us. Looked like niggers.

There are three "contemptibles" in our detachment. All Mons men and professional soldiers: Gerber (8 years' service), Noroock (8 years), Sax (12 years). It is only right to state the authorities stripped a lance-corporal in Dawnhill Camp for sneering at these boys as "b—— Huns!"

St. Mary's, Cromwell's Hill Camp, December 18th, 1917.

Up at six-thirty. No wash, since water-pipes frozen again. For breakfast thin badly cooked porridge, two square inches leathery bacon and one large slice of bread and jam.

Rations for the day given out: two slabs of bread with jam ('damn the jam!') to last us until four thirty in the afternoon when on our return from the day's "fatigue" we are going to have a warmed-up dinner.

Proceeded across fields to Chilvale Rifle Range; through the butts to our out-post where Cliffman and I have been put on duty.

First of all we climbed up the hill to the flagstaff to raise the red flag. It was a most beautiful morning; all the Downs were covered with crystal snow that crunched beneath our feet. The sun was rising in purple splendour above the virgin whiteness of the horizon. Absolute silence, everywhere. For a minute or so I quite forgot about the War. I shared the poet's opinion "Beauty is the highest truth of all, the sum and end of human destiny" and I recalled Keats' words that the air here is worth sixpence a pint.

My mate Cliffman meanwhile was lecturing on rabbit traps. He had been on this particular fatigue for some time and showed me

a great number of rabbit traps he and his friends had put up. Now and again he would renew one. In fact he seemed to have dozens of them in his pockets.

Since the firing would not begin for another hour, we visited a neighbouring sentry box on Deaconshill, helped the man to light his fire, and in return we were allowed to carry away some big lumps of coal. These had been appropriated a few days ago from a passing A.S.C. waggon. To be exact, the coal *fell* from the waggon through no fault of the soldiers accompanying it, and to leave it lying on the high road would have been a pity.

We tracked back, carrying our small sacks of coal across the hill to our box. It is a corrugated iron affair 6ft. by 5ft., just big enough to be a happy home for two Tommies on a cold winter day. Above the door is the legend "Somme Villa" (*not* "Some" villa). Quite a pleasant abode, Cliffman tells me, in summer-time, when they grow flowers on a fifty square inches bed.

Opposite, one sees the ivy-clad ancient Chilvale Church and the trees lining the small churchyard, behind us a couple of hundred yards down the hill the roofs of some straggling cottages and farm buildings. A very quiet place.

We are guarding a narrow defile and have to stop any one attempting to cross the Hill during the hours of firing-practice.

For though the Government is allowing thousands to be killed off daily out in Flanders, they are very concerned about human life at home. How much so is best proved by the fact that this sentry-box has been guarded by two men for over a year about seven to eight hours daily, and that the average number of people passing it is, 1 vehicle, 2 pedestrians per *month*.

We lit our fire. An old preserved-fruit-tin with small holes all round was our patent brazier. Cliffman, the wise and experienced, initiated me into the gentle art of setting it alight.

First you place tiny balls of crumpled-up paper at the bottom, then a few grains of coal, followed by alternate layers (of a finger's thickness) of paper, wood, coal; paper, wood, coal. . . . Like a censer our brazier has a kind of handle; a long wire is attached at two points of the upper edge. You get hold of the censer with all the solemnity of a thurifer and begin to swing it, faster and faster, until it whirls in mad circles up and down. The centrifugal force prevents the glowing mass from falling out when over your head, and the rapid movement presses the air, acting like that of the smith's bellows, through the perforated sides of your brazier. So much for the "scientific" side thereof.

After half an hour of violent exercise the open stove was red-hot and we put it into our Box. The morning was still bitterly cold, though the sun was gradually creeping down the snowy incline of our hill. Every quarter of an hour I went for a short run or I flapped my arms across the chest to get warm.

The telephone rang and told us that firing was about to commence. Cliffman suggested we should take a nap in turn. Of course soon the two of us dozed happily over our coke fumes; we were quite safe. On the crunching snow people could be heard a quarter of a mile away. Once I left our ice-cellar and peeped into the Church to try the American organ. The cold atmosphere inside the heavy stone-building soon numbed my fingers and after a few pages my Bach got frozen up.

At last it was 1.15 p.m. Cliffman had told me already that in one of those straggling cottages we could see, there lived a certain Mr. Goodwin, a trainer of horses. His wife had been in the habit of supplying the forlorn sentry-box with cups of cocoa or tea every day throughout the winter at a quarter past one.

Soon after one my mate set out downhill and fetched a jug full of steaming tea. It was a delicious drink. I do hope the arch-angels will preserve a specially comfortable armchair for Mrs. Goodwin of Chilvale!

St. Mary's, Cromwell's Hill Camp, December 20th, 1917.

Wrote to Mrs. Seton-Watson, who complains that my publisher won't let the bookstall at the Serbian Exhibition have any copies of my book without paying for them beforehand and buying them outright. No "sale or return" terms. No discount. Charges 1/- extra for delivery of a dozen copies. She tells me that in spite of this extraordinary and unusual condition they have sold about thirty copies of "Serbian Folk Songs," but could sell ever so many more. It is a most regrettable attitude of the publisher. This exhibition might have benefited the Serbian Home at Aldbrickham to which the Royalties go!

I have also written to the Secretary of the Incorp. Society of Authors. . . .

Firing practice in the evening. Starlit but dark night.

Targets were disclosed by means of Verey lights. In the butts the markers made unearthly noises representing German working parties. The glare of the Verey lights exposed a couple of dozen Punch and Judy figures moving and bending—the afore-mentioned Huns. Bangrrrrrr! went the rifles. Twice the same performance. Then another "detail" filed into the trenches. In half an hour everything was over, and my small party came back from the Somme Villa and the Deacon's Hill Box. We took down the red lamps and then home. . . .

I hear Pte. Kuehn got several day's leave through telling the officer he would raise a substantial sum and on his return to the Unit invest it in War Certificates. . . .

If we assume every Private spends but 5 minutes per day on

his buttons and brass-things the daily effort on the part of the Army to outshine the sun and successfully compete with the South Sea Islanders amounts to almost forty thousand working days of 10 hours each. Expressed in wages at 6d an hour this important work balances a yearly expenditure of nearly £4,000,000.

St. Mary's, Cromwell's Hill Camp, December 21st, 1917.

Again all taps frozen and no wash. To Chilvale rifle-range, Rations: 2 slabs of bread with half-cooked meat. At lunch time Cliffman and I placed the meat first and then the bread "bang on" the coal of our braziers. The savages who left those lovely academy pictures of theirs in the Caves of Southern France cannot possibly have enjoyed their Cave Academy Banquet of twenty thousand years ago more than we, the children of the proud and "civilized" XXth Century.

The telephone that connects the butts and the outposts struck work. No military field-telephone works more than two days running. On principle. Results: for hours after the firing had ceased Cliffman and I remained at our post. Finally I explored the country and found all the firing parties gone. We were late for our cooked-up dinner and the language of the cooks was "something terrible." About these bally range-people . . . !

Our Orderly Room is the rendez-vous of all the aristocrats. Had a long conversation with Lce.-Corpl. Posy, one of the few amongst the many stockbrokers in the 33rd Midshires whom the Stock Exchange Committee has not (yet) chucked out. A kindly disposed harmless soul. Now in charge of the Road-fatigue. The former bellus et lepidus no longer wears a shiny top hat but a cap, and with his valiant party he pushes a small wheel-barrow along the roads of Dawnhill Camp and collects—golden apples (*stercus equinum*). It does remind one of that fine line—

"O jerum, jerum, jerum,
O quae mutatio rerum! . . ."

I have started writing "Cleon," a short classical monograph—a satire.

St. Mary's, Cromwell's Hill Camp, December 22nd, 1917.

Impossible to report sick here. Would have to get up about six. Stumble through the darkness almost $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles to Dawnhill. Imagine a man who really *is* sick! Then one has to wait there till about ten. Anyhow, if you do survive that . . . you should live long.

Took a fatigue party of twelve to new H.Q. of brigade, South-

gate Street. Unloading lorries of furniture brought from old H.Q. in Pavington Park Camp. Scrubbing of General's room. During the next war I am going to be a General.

St. Mary's, Cromwell's Hill Camp, December 23rd, 1917.

At 8 a.m. notified to take 12 men again same place as yesterday. Arriving found that only 1½ hours' work had to be done (cleaning kitchen) and not more than 4 men admissible at the same time, owing to lack of space. Remainder of the boys played banker by candle-light sitting on the coal in the cellar, relieving in turns the WORKERS.

St. Mary's, Cromwell's Hill Camp, December 24th, 1917.

Paraded 8.15 with four puny undersized East-end Jews; ordered to Pavington Park Camp, old brigade H.Q. to fill up trenches in which rubbish—some of the 7,000,000 forms the clerks had left behind—had been burnt. We were to bring along 2 pickaxes and 2 shovels. Our Orderly Sergt. informed us, no such things in the Midshires.

Arrived 9 a.m. Pavington. Not a soul anywhere; all huts empty and locked up. No earthly chance of "pinching" or "borrowing" tools from some neighbouring Unit. So I went to a telephone exchange which one of my boys searching for "stray" shovels and pickaxes had discovered not far away. Charming girl operator, W.A.A.C., kindly sent messages and did all the talking.

'Phoned up our new brigade H.Q. in Southgate Street. They told us after a 20 minutes' wait, the N.C.O. i.ch. should send two of his men to fetch tools. Before we could answer, we were cut off. After a quarter of an hour we succeeded in getting through to the same Johnny and informed him the Midshires had no such tools and it would be useless to send two men several miles back. Then order from him "Stand by!"

Half an hour passed and a message reached us, we were to phone up X Battery, R.G.A., one mile away, "Compliments from Major Hamilton and whether they would oblige with the loan of . . . etc. etc." The kind-hearted maiden tried five times to get at X Battery. "No good." Telephone orderly either died at his post (through overwork), or away—week-ending.

She 'phones up a battery near X Battery "kindly to send a man over with Hamilton's message to the Adjutant of X Battery. Also two men would arrive to fetch etc. etc."

Proceed my two valiant men. They had to march about three miles and fill in a dozen forms to vouch for and duly acknowledge the receipt of the loan of etc. etc. But they brought the two pickaxes and the two shovels.

It was 1.30 p.m. when we started filling up the rubbish trenches.

Alas! the ground was hard frozen and the parapets refused to return to their old home.

1918

St. Mary's, January 3rd, 1918.

On Tuesday morning I went to Nutley Down Camp in charge of a fatigue party. Although "my" men had as their rations but the usual two slabs of bread with tough, half-cooked meat between, they worked wonderfully well. Tens of thousands of bed-boards, pyramids of trestles, were shifted in no time. We all, myself included, worked as though our life and not merely a War depended on our efforts. At the close of the day's work an officer came to me, the "ganger," and said: "Corporal, this is the best fatigue party we ever had in this Camp. Here are five shillings for your men." . . .

To-day they put me in charge of the Camp Police.

Herztal, Triftman and "Oho" are my "staff."

The former, only 20 years of age, has been to France in a crack line regiment, and, as chance will have it, was one of my many "prisoners" in Aldbrickham. A handsome boy he is, very fond of girls. Triftman, of the Hindenburg type, is not quite such a Don Juan, and steadier. Both use very strong "slanguage" indeed. "Oho" is a kind-hearted fellow of about 28, very willing and most efficient. In private life a barber and married to a Yorkshire teacher, he is very keen on money and always "on the make."

We live in the "Drying Room," an extremely dirty place, but deliciously warm. After all, who minds half a wheelbarrow full of coal dumped on to the cemented floor of one's bedroom at this time of the year as long as it is warm? Later on we shall move into a hut.

Our duties run day and night. Four hours on, eight hours off. General maintenance of order in camp and canteen. At 8 p.m. turn off water-pipes; at 11 p.m. electric light current. Re-start latter at 4.30 a.m., etc., etc., etc.

St. Mary's, January 6th, 1918.

From Perrott, the young accountant, I have received the following letter with some interesting news about the N.C.C.'s whom I met in 1916. The letter is dated the 29th December 1917:—

"During the eighteen months that we have been in France our experiences have been fairly varied. As you may now know, we

are no longer at Lianeville, having moved further north-east from there last November twelvemonths. The first few weeks in the new depôt were spent in handling timber, until our fellows proved themselves capable of becoming checkers. First of all a few were taken, and then more and more, until finally practically the whole of the company was thus employed. Some of the men were employed as clerks in offices. For some little time I was employed as an interpreter for gangs of French workmen employed by the British Government. This proved quite a change from the manual labour of the preceding months. Gradually, however, I was drawn into the office of the timber yard, and I continued in this capacity up to the time of leaving that depôt last month.

"We are now down at Fort-de Grâce, where we landed nineteen months ago. I would not say that by any means the change is for the better with regard to the working and living conditions. We dwell in tents, and our sphere of labour is the—docks. The work is essentially manual, and consists mainly in loading trains with supplies of various kinds, similar to that on which we were engaged at Lianeville in the early days.

"To-day I am 'off duty,' but I am for work to-night. How long this shift will last I cannot say—probably three or four days, and then a change back to day-work. Personally, I do not object to a night-shift occasionally, as it gives one an opportunity of doing a little correspondence or reading by daylight.

"My address now is:—No. 3 Coy., Eastern N.C.C., A.P.O.I., B.E.F."

St. Mary's, January 15th, 1918.

Had a visitor, I mean a real voluntary visitor, in the police hut. Came to see one of the policemen. Gerber by name. The young fellow is a sturdy boy, with eight years of service in the Army to his credit. He went out to France in August 1914, was wounded twice, and fought like a British "lion-cub" does—recklessly. Then the armchair soldiers discovered—after he had been out 29 months—that the wicked Gerber was of "hostile origin," though born in England, and he was hurried out of France and "bunged" into the 33rd Midshire! . . .

Our C.S.M. Merrie, a public-school boy, who went to Harrow, and when the War broke out was just on the point of proceeding to the University, and C.Q.M.S. Redstone, formerly a stockbroker's clerk, are both well educated and most charming men.

In his leisure hours Redstone is very busy with Zola's "*La Débâcle*," and to-day he drew my attention to a very interesting passage (p. 82) which somehow tends towards proving the immutability of the monkey's characteristics, sane on the average in the individual, mad in the mass, the group, the nation: "*D'abord ce fut une grande victoire de Bazaine, qui avait culbuté tout un corps prussien dans les carrières de Jaumont; et ce récit imaginaire*

était accompagné de circonstances dramatiques, les hommes et les chevaux s'écrasant parmi les rochers, un anéantissement complet, pas mêmes des cadavres entiers à mettre en terre. Ensuite, c'étaient des détails copieux sur la pitoyable état des armées allemandes, depuis qu'elles se trouvaient en France: les soldats mal nourris, mal équipés, tombés à l'absolu dénuement, mouraient en masse, le long des chemins, frappés d'affreuses maladies. Un autre article disait que le roi de Prusse avait la diarrhée et que Bismarck s'était cassé la jambe, en sautant par la fenêtre d'une auberge, dans laquelle des Zouaves avaient failli le prendre "

St. Mary's, January 17th, 1918.

Our camp is a pretty nick-nack affair. It *can* accommodate three hundred men, but at present only one hundred and thirty men are haunted nightly by dreams about the Great Fair in the Middle Ages and by the ghosts of Roman legionaries that proudly surveyed . . . St. Mary's.

As a record of Army methods I have "inventarized" to-day's camp personnel:—

A. CAMP ADMINISTRATION. (1618 L.C.).

- 3 Lieutenants.
- 1 Q.M.S.
- 1 Sergt.
- 1 Corp.
- 3 Clerks.
- 1 Batman.
- 4 Police.

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B. DETACHMENT OF THE 33RD MIDSHIRES.

- 1 Capt.
- 1 Lieutenant.
- 1 Batman.
- 1 Coy. S.M.
- 1 Q.M.S.
- 1 Sergt.
- 1 Lnc.-Corpl. } Clerks.
- 1 Pte. }
- 1 Storeman.
- 1 Messing Clerk.
- 4 Hut Orderlies.
- 4 Cooks.
- 3 Mess Orderlies.
- 1 Barber.
- 1 Recreation-room Orderly.
- 2 Bathroom Orderlies.

I am not counting the "spare fatigue party" of eight men, at this moment busy with picking up stones and matchsticks in the camp. But 39 men are needed to administer the Camp and look after the affairs and the welfare of the ninety odd boys that are out on fatigues. The promoters of The Man-Power Bill would enjoy the 30 per cent. administration.

St. Mary's, January 30th, 1918.

"Daily Telegraph":—

"SPECIAL LAW REPORTS.

"CHANCERY DIVISION.

"Before Mr. Justice ASTBURY.

"STOCK EXCHANGE AND ALIENS.

"WEINBERGER v. INGLIS AND OTHERS.—This was the seventh day of the hearing of the action brought by Mr. Hugo Weinberger, of Cleveland Square, Hyde Park, W., against the President (Sir Robert Inglis) and Committee of the Stock Exchange, claiming that a decision not to re-elect him a member of the Exchange in March, 1917, on the ground that he is German-born, is invalid, and that he is entitled under the rules to re-election. The defence is that the decision was come to bona-fide, in the exercise of duties specified in the rules. Mr. Weinberger was born in Nuremberg in 1868, and came to this country in 1887. He was naturalised in 1892, and at the same time was denationalised in Germany, married an English-woman, and has continuously resided in this country. He claims to be loyal 'both in act and in thought.' . . .

"Mr. Upjohn, K.C., concluded his argument for the defence, and was followed by Mr. F. Russell, K.C., on the same lines.

"No evidence was called for the defence.

"Mr. Tomlin, K.C., replying on behalf of the plaintiff, dealt with the suggestion that enemy birth was *prima facie* an objection to re-election, and that when it was made, the onus was put upon the member seeking re-election to show that he was loyal. The rules and regulations of the Stock Exchange not only made it perfectly clear that enemy birth was not in itself an objection, but that a member of enemy birth was recognised as a person who had rights on the Stock Exchange. Birth *per se* could not be an objection to anything in connection with the Stock Exchange. *It was perfectly monstrous to say that the moment war broke out a naturalised subject by reason of the accident of his birth stood in a different position from all his fellow-subjects in regard to charges that could be made against him because, being of enemy birth, there was a presumption that he was guilty, whereas if he was not of enemy*

birth, the ordinary rule of British justice would apply that he was not to be presumed to be guilty until he was proved to be guilty. That was the fallacy at the bottom of the whole argument on the other side. Mr. Upjohn said: 'The nation is in danger; therefore, away with all these men.' That meant that they were either to exclude the whole class, loyal or disloyal, hardship or no hardship, for the good of the nation, or that these men were charged with individual disloyalty, and had to be put in a different position to all their fellow-subjects, and prove their innocence.

"Mr. Upjohn invited the Court to override the principle of treating a man as innocent until he was proved to be guilty. The Court could only justify enemy birth as *prima facie* establishing a charge by evading that principle. Disqualification for membership of the Stock Exchange could only arise out of disloyalty. It was confusion of thought to say that because a man was born at Frankfurt, or Hanover, or Hesse, or Nuremburg, he was therefore disqualified. It was no more disqualification than if he was born in Robinson Crusoe's island. Disqualification only arose if he was disloyal to the country of his adoption. By displacing a man on the ground of enemy birth the committee were in this dilemma—they had either displaced him on the ground of enemy birth, a bad ground, or on grounds which were not disclosed to him, and on which he was not heard, at proceedings where he was induced to believe that he had to meet the charge of enemy birth alone. . . .

On whatever ground they acted, he asked the Court to say that *the committee in rejecting Mr. Weinberger had acted unfairly, capriciously and arbitrarily*, so as to bring this case within the class with which the Court would interfere.

"The hearing was adjourned."

St. Mary's, February 7th, 1918.

The "Daily Telegraph":

"STOCK EXCHANGE AND ENEMY ALIENS.

"RE-ELECTION REFUSED.

"Mr. Justice Astbury, sitting in the Chancery Division, delivered an important considered judgment in the case *Weinberger v. Inglis*, which was brought by the plaintiff to test the legality of the action of the Committee of the London Stock Exchange in refusing to re-elect him a member of the Exchange solely on the ground of his German birth. The action was dismissed with costs, and, it is understood, will go to appeal."

Having, as he held, no right or *power* in the circumstances to decide whether the plaintiff was eligible or ineligible for membership in fact, or to give him relief, the Judge is reported to have said he had no alternative but to dismiss the action with costs.

St. Mary's, February 10th, 1918.

Etymologists and philologists worry a great deal about the influence of this factor and of that in the history of a word. Anyone who has lived amongst the boys must have noticed that laziness and stupidity play a very great rôle in determining alterations of existing words and even the birth of new words.

St. Mary's, February 16th, 1918.

The police have now removed to Hut Y 1 since the authorities said a Drying Room was a room set apart for drying things. At first we missed the warmth of our Drying Room, but our new home is decidedly healthier.

An evil spirit must have exercised his powers over the club orderlies whom I left behind at Aldbrickham. Poor old Pfeffer, whom I liked so much, has died in hospital. Promising young Gotz has been killed by a motor-lorry. I am so sorry. It's a cruel world.

The Danes' Hill and the meadow walk to the Maltese Hospice are my favourite walks; the silent charm of the countryside has benefited both my body and mind. The keen winds that blow on these cold mornings over the downs sweep away all the weakness of the flesh fostered in the hot-house atmosphere of Aldbrickham, and a strange genius loci, St. Mary's fairy queen perhaps, has again filled the stale spirit with visions of hope. My lyrical romance "Corvey Abbey" has reached 411 stanzas.

In addition, I am still busy with my "classical monograph" on Cleon. It is to be a satire. Cleon panders to the populace and sacrifices the *future* to the madness of the present. Si barbarorum est in diem vivere, nostra consilia sempiternum tempus spectare debent.

St. Mary's, February 23rd, 1918.

I *have* got them to-day!

And as "them" blue devils are amenable to homoeopathic treatment, I shall let off on to them all the grousing steam developed in my boilers.

The other day I went to the local theatre and saw "Fiery Busters." Anything more insane, stupid, vulgar, cannot be produced anywhere. There are, no doubt, in Aristophanes a number of deplorable puns, and Petronius cracks jokes that used to make me groan, but these two ancients are as superior to the inane stuff in "Fiery Busters" as a brilliant Shavian bon-mot to the oldest Club chestnut.

Legs and laces were, of course, the chief attraction; and, I pre-

sume, just as in Grimmelshausen's days, much appreciated. War-Art. Monkeys and atavism.

Simply an exhibition of as many plump female calves as the manager can afford to hire, and as many square yards of V-necks and breasts as possible so long as the two shoulder-straps will just hold the girls' lamp-shade skirts.

"Alpha of the Plough" in the "Star" said quite plainly two days ago: "Anything more abysmal than the bankruptcy of the English stage at this time cannot be imagined. It is not merely beneath contempt; it is beneath description. The Restoration drama was bestial, but there was at least wit in its bestiality. It was a satyr, but it was a sprightly and even laughable satyr, and the comedies of Congreve had the quality of considerable literature. But the stage to-day is a thing to make one blush. If this represents the English mind to-day, God help us."

Still more disgusted was I yesterday, when, succumbing to the temptation—it was raining, and somehow or other I could not bear the idea of the library—I accepted a friend's invitation and visited the local cinema in the High Street.

That ghastly serial picture "The Canny Maniac" was still running. For months and at every street corner the grotesque caricatures advertising this noble work of art had been staring at me and the citizens of St. Mary's.

A rechauffé of all the horrors of sadism and of sacher-masochism, a revel in all the cruelties of drunken savages in a riot, a victory over all the refined tortures of the Spanish Inquisition: that is the story of "The Canny Maniac."

Those vile prostitutes of the mind that retail this mental "food" to the war-maddened, over-worked masses deserve to be shot. Week after week this impossible, ridiculous, cruel and idiotic serial drags its weary course along, every day poisoning the poor brains more and more.

Well, I think my remark was quite justified when I was at the dentist's this afternoon. Mr. C. Painless, the college dentist, is a very amiable, well-spoken man, despite Mrs. Amery's remark as to—dentists. He asked me my opinion about Darwin's theory whilst, near my head, the rotary polishing spindle was cheerfully humming its song of woe. Thinking of "The Canny Maniac" last night, I said, Cockneyizing: "Monkeys—men? They ain't descended yet!"

In a certain libel action a popular politician said last year, addressing the jury: "I have felt it my duty to keep a close eye on any attempt to exploit the patriotism of persons for private and personal ends." This honest and unselfish gentleman has just given a lecture in aid of the Soldiers' and Sailors' Shaving Stick, Eyeglass and Boot Blacking Fund. Here is the official statement of account:—

Total receipts	£163	2	9
Entertainment tax	38	9	5
Paid to the lecturer, Mr. Lobster	87	12	0
Balance for the Soldiers' & Sailors' Shaving							
Stick, Eyeglass & Boot Blacking							
Fund	37	10	9

St. Mary's, March 1st, 1918.

A few N.C.C.'s employed down-hill as garrison clerks are attached to our unit for rations. They are quiet and courteous men; sleep in the "long hut."

One of them ventured into the canteen, and I had some trouble in quieting down a couple of irate warriors, who wanted to throw him out. "Either you are a man or you are a b—— microbe!" roared out the valiant bearer of fourteen pints; and Private Twenty-pint told me: "I am quite willing to do three months if another —— comes in here." I talked nicely to the sons of Mars, reinforcing my arguments with a couple of pints, which laid the flames of indignation in my men from Mons. The N.C.C. disappeared discreetly, and I have given a hint to the Sergeant in charge of the N.C.C.'s to advise them not to enter the canteen.

St. Mary's, March 13th, 1918.

The story may not be true. May be just a case of that fanciful fiction of which it is said in the Book of Artemas in the sixteenth chapter in the fourth verse: "Verily, I say unto thee, Blessed is the man that hath imagination, for his country shall win many battles."

Q.M.S. Redstone: "Where were you born?"

Recruit (new arrival): "In Manchester, sir."

Redstone: "Where is your father?"

Recruit: "He is dead, sir."

Redstone: "Where is your mother?"

Recruit: "In Constantinople."

Redstone: "Your people ever lived in Manchester?"

Recruit: "What the b—— hell do you mean? Do you think I was born by wireless?"

St. Mary's, April 6th, 1918.

According to the wise and wonderful ways of the Army, you must never put anything to its proper use, never apply it to the purpose originally intended. There is an excellent guard-room

hut near the entrance gate of our camp, but 1619 and 1623 Lab. Coys. use it for offices and storerooms.

Since my small police-force also fulfils the functions of a permanent guard for the Camp, whenever there is a detention prisoner we are at a loss where to "house" him.

There were given into our custody six Jews who had overstayed their leave and been sentenced by Captain Netherlands to detention varying from three to seven days. No guard-room being available, I had to take them into the police-hut, Y 1.

A number of old soldiers, mostly 1914 men, who were awaiting their discharge, have been staying with me in this hut since last week. One of the Labour Coys. sent them to me, probably assuming that these wily and thirsty warriors would perhaps to some extent be restrained under the eyes of the Provost-Corporal. Into this hard-swearing, Hun-hating lot my Jews are hurled.

At night when the canteen is closed the "slanguage" is always choice; with those orthodox Israelites present, all the men whose gauge indicates more than twelve pints per night indulge in perfect feats of verbal artistry. It takes me all my tact, diplomacy and velvet-gloved discipline to establish quiet at 10.15, when the lights go out in the Camp, and it is the more difficult to get my children to sleep as we burn a light all night in the police-hut.

One of the prisoners is a certain Glocke; well-to-do Newcastle business man. Seven days' detention for refusing to obey orders on a Sabbath. He is an *orthodox* Jew. Arrived from Fox-Corner. Entered the police-hut with the request: "I want a bath, please." Oho and Redwood the policeman, who were on duty at the time of lord Glocke's arrival, tell me they asked him whether he would like the water hot or lukewarm, and whether he preferred Turkish towels to plain, and whether his slippers should be warmed.

Glocke eats no food prepared by the low and contemptible Gentiles in the camp cook-house, but lives on parcels sent from home. His food must be "kosher." Such spiritual luxuries cost money, of course. As another "orthodox" Jew amongst my prisoners said to me: "*I can't afford it, but Glocke is rich, and moreover it pays him to be religious.*"

Neither does his religion allow him to use a razor, for no knife must touch his face. He keeps clean-shaven by means of a lathering powder—which, so Oho says (and he is a barber) spoils the skin.

Every morning Private Glocke stands rigidly for about ten minutes in front of a window and—prays. One can almost see the clouds of conceit hovering over him. "God, I thank thee that I am not as other men are!" The old sodgers who do not happen to be on fatigues indicate by gestures that in their opinion it is a case of "Ginger, yer balmy!" Anyhow, though personally like

Icaromenippus, I sympathise with Zeus and his Pyrrhonian plight, I do think there is undeniably some evidence of better taste in the words: "And when thou prayest, thou shalt not be as the hypocrites are: for they love to pray standing in the synagogues and in the corners of the streets, that they may be seen of men. But thou, when thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father which is in secret."

My Mons-men and gold-stripers and the twelve-pinters were soon fed-up with Glocke. So the Captain moved him to Dawnhill, where the Garrison Adjutant sometimes loans to us one of the cells belonging to the 2nd Reserve Brigade, R.G.A.

Glocke, however, refused to carry his kit-bag because the sun hadn't set. His religion does not allow that. Oho and the escort had to wait exactly to the official minute given in the calendar.

Fortunately for the poor police, there are only two orthodox Jews, and the one remaining behind does not go to such extremes, for he is poor.

A draft of 500 men is leaving for France. Our Coy. is to contribute 200. All my friends are going. Leslie included.

Barabbas is still hanging fire. Of course, he worries us to finish the transfer contemplated by the Serbian Government.

I have suggested to the Serbian Ambassador to advise his Government to put the book into the hands of another publisher. Unfortunately, the present publisher asks a very stiff sum for the surrender of his "rights." I am pretty sure, however, that the Serbian Government will act in accordance with this suggestion.

St. Mary's, Tuesday, April 9th, 1918.

All the draft men are gone now. We are a small and crippled company, and move about the camp like ghosts.

To-morrow is Hugo Grotius' birthday. How long, oh Lord, how long? Will there ever be a chance for man? Will the Christian clergy *ever* become Christian? Father Vaughan (1917) said: "To kill Germans pleases the Lord," and in Erasmus (1615) I read: "Among the English the clergy fulminated from the pulpit against the French; and among the French against the English. Not one man among the clergy exhorted to peace; or, at least, not above one or two, whose lives would perhaps be in danger if I were even now to name them." Is there any hope? *Is there such a thing as "progress?"* . . .

The historian of the future may like to be reminded that on Monday, 8th April, 1918, the "Evening News" reported on the front page, column 7, under "Latest News":—

"Paris, Monday.

"Seven fowls were killed yesterday by the German gun which is bombarding Paris.—Wireless Press."

St. Mary's, April 17th, 1918.

Had the following letter from Dr. Hopkins Wallers, Aldbrickham:

"Thank you for your letter and the 'Cambridge Magazine.' I am glad that 'The Parliament of Man' is being kept before the public. I have, as you know, a great opinion of the book, but its time is *to come*, and that only after Entente complete victory. Germany victorious will never adopt international arbitration. World dominance alone appeals to her. Beaten, she may come in, and then your ideas may reach fruition. I hope so, indeed, for this is a *cruel* war.

"I have been dreadfully busy vaccinating and inoculating 500 men for overseas, and am only now through with it. I hope in St. Mary's you find an atmosphere that is congenial to your tastes. It ought to be full of things that appeal to you. Here we carry on much the same, and work does not diminish. Hoping you are well, and with kind regards from

"Yours sincerely,

"J. HOPKINS WALLERS."

Monday last we had another "air-raid" from Aldbrickham. "Air-raid" is the usual term now amongst the boys to indicate an inspectoral visit of the Colonel. There were 24 "casualties." Fortunately, Captain Netherlands, sitting in the high courts of "justice," washed out a number of cases, and I have to put up with 13 C.B. men only.

The following rules were laid down by the C.O., I understand. They are truly "draconic," and most suitable for increasing the efficiency and the labour-output of an I.W.B. *They* will ensure victory:

- a. For each button missing on any garment = 1 day C.B.
- b. For one bachelor's button instead of a sewed-on button = 1 day C.B.
- c. Laces of boots crossed = 8 days C.B.
- d. Clips underneath tunic pocket-flaps or tunic-collar = detention.

Regimental Entry.

St. Mary's, April 18th, 1918.

Colonel Oretta, who is now stationed at Singapore, has sent me some more jottings towards our proposed book. His text is always *Proverbs* iv., 23.

I am reading an interesting treatise by Giovanni Carello, entitled *La Cosmopolis Condenda Col Riscatto Della Terra: Studio e Progretto per un rinnovamento giuridico economico e politico della Società Umana.*

The brave defenders in the Home-trenches are very busy just now.

In all the post-offices one can see Henry Praise's atrocity picture, illustrating Germhunnish cruelty. Approved Roman arena style of pinkish nudities. Very fine indeed. So touching! Though I doubt just a little whether nude men could survive in the open a continental December night with ice and snow.

Henry Praise should have a knighthood. His work is as elevating as the fact that an evening paper on April 16th had two leaders: "Bailleul Gone." "Germans in our Midst."

The second article advocates revocation of naturalization certificates, the tearing up of those scraps of paper which in a moment of weakness a deluded Government signed ere the Nation came under the wholesome influence of Lord Gryllus.

The crown and glory of these gallant fighters along the lines of least resistance (for you see if one of those naturalized Germhuns—Palmerston foolishly referred to such people as British Citizens in his *Civis-Romanus*-speech—should turn round and hit back, Dora will kindly take charge of him!) is in my opinion the following poem that appeared in the April number of a monthly paper. The good taste of this truly Kiplingesque performance is wonderful. And if Palmerston could have read the last two lines, that fool of a British Prime Minister who almost began a war for the sake of a "nat'ralized squint-eyed beggar" whose "'appy 'omestead" had been "smashed from the bottom to the top," he wouldn't have made such an ass of himself.

"EXIT FRITZ.

"When I walked out with 'Enery, a year or two ago,
My mother used to sniff an' say as 'e was awful slow;
She told me straight she didn't reckon 'im no bloomin' cop,
An' tried to push me on to Fritz, wot kept a grocer's shop.

"I 'adn't got no use for Fritz, though 'e was nat'ralized—
A squint-eyed little beggar, bandy-legged and undersized—
But Ma 'arped on his bank-book till she fairly made
me 'op!
Oh, blimey! weren't I sickened o' that blessed grocer's
shop.

"But mother don't say nothin' now, 'cos 'En'ry's out in
France
A-dodgin' Black Marias, and a-leadin' Bill a dance;
An' when 'e's in 'is khaki, why, there ain't no gal would
stop
To look at any feller wearin' aprons in a shop!

"An' if I'd married Fritz I'd like to know where I'd be now?

'E's fenced inside o' wire jest like a chicken or a cow,
They've smashed 'is 'appy 'omestead from the bottom
to the top,

An' now you wouldn't reckernise it for a grocer's shop."

But it is a pity they will never attack the "natr'alized squint-eyed" big financiers and political supermen. Always the "bandy-legged" and "undersized" little beggars of bakers, grocers, barbers. Mr. Holt asked in the House of Commons (15th February 1917) "Does that apply to the Judge Advocate General?" (Mr. Felix Cassel, who holds this office, was born in Germany of German parents, and was naturalized in 1892).

St. Mary's, May 1st, 1918.

"No b—— fear!" is the invariable answer I get when I ask an old soldier whether he would like to go back to the trenches. And I have to pack away my question amongst a lot of verbiage "cemented" with one or two pints; if I hurled it at a man straight-away, he would think I was "coming funny."

It is one of those War-Fictions, one of those illusions which are fostered by a large section of our press. According to the same sheets that tell us our soldiers will march through the most awful shell-fire with less disturbance of mind or manner than a wasp creates at a breakfast table, we may take it that there is not a wounded British soldier anywhere who is not eager to get back to the front. The whole tribe of literary heroes—at home—tell this lie.

The soldier who says so is a liar or a fool.

One has heard of a wounded man here and there using such a phrase; but on enquiry one found he could not be sent back, whatever happened, owing to the nature of his injuries; moreover, Lady De Snobbikind was such a charming bed-side audience, you know, and it did please her.

Anyhow, I have diligently searched for the Man who *wants* to get back. I have not found him. He does not seem to exist. But Jim in my hut, who has been through the Boer War and 1914, has no scruples in phrasing his absolute certainty less diplomatically, more dogmatically. Says Jim: "There ain't such a bally fool!"

St. Mary's, May 15th, 1918.

Some more favourite songs of the boys; as usual, only the chorus is heard in Camp.

" Good-bye-ee! good-bye-ee!
Wipe the tear, baby dear, from your eye-ee,
Tho' it's hard to part, I know,
I'll be tickled to death to go.
Don't cry-ee! don't sigh-ee!
There's a silver lining in the sky-ee.
Bon-soir, old thing! cheer-i-o! chin-chin!
Nah-poo! Toodle-oo! Good-bye-ee!"

" Somebody would shout out ' Sho-o-o-op! '
Somebody would shout out ' Shop! '
Just as he was kissing her, and making good,
Somebody would come in for a bundle of wood!
Just as he was giving Mabel a squeeze
Somebody would come in for a quarter o' cheese!
Oh, gee! it made him feel so funny,
He'd clean forget to take the money,
Back he'd go again and try to cuddle his honey,
And somebody would shout out 'Shop! shop! shop! shop! '
Somebody would shout out ' Shop! ' "

" Down where the Swanee river flows,
I want to be there;
Down where the cotton blossom grows,
I want to see there
My little sister Flo, keepin' time with Uncle Joe,
Singing a song and raggin' on his old banjo.
I see my dear old mother,
Oh, Lordy, Lordy, Lordy, how I love her!
When the birds are singing in the wild wood—
My happy childhood
Comes back once more.
My heart is sore,
That's why I'm going back where they care for me;
Every night they say a little prayer for me,
Down where the Swanee river flows."

St. Mary's, June 1st, 1918.

Henry Meulen came to me this morning and said: "I have read Lord Morley's 'Recollections' you were booming sky-high. Well, it's an awfully interesting work, but—excuse my saying so—reeking with reticences." With that he planked the two volumes on my table and walked out of the police-hut. I wonder!

Yet perhaps the Amiels and Rousseaus have their drawbacks, too, though they are not "reeking with reticences."

Personally I like Morley. Does he not say: "*Low spirits are what we call the mood in which we see things as they are,*" and: "The wise politician does not believe that every problem has a solution; politics are a second best; you must not expect too much virtue or wisdom from man, though both wisdom and virtue are his." What more does Meulen want? "Three Weeks"—confidences? Pshaw! Oho would tell him yarns by the hour. Deadly clichés they all are, too.

Still, I agree with Meulen. Dishonesty is the curse of mankind. If we all told the truth, if children were told the truth about things without poetic, religious or patriotic glamour, what a different world it would be!

St. Mary's, June 5th, 1918.

If a prisoner is to undergo a court-martial, an application for a District Court Martial has to be made on Army Form B.116. This application has to be accompanied by the following medical certificate: "I certify that No. 34356, Charles Brown, 77th Blankshires Regt., is in a . . . state of health, and . . . to undergo Imprisonment with or without hard labour; and that his present appearance and previous medical history both justify the belief that hard labour employment will neither be likely to originate nor to reproduce disease of any description." Signature of Medical Officer.

Not once amongst all the cases that have passed through my hands have I known a medico who did not put in the words "good" and "fit."

St. Mary's, June 13th, 1918.

Colonel Byle paid us another "surprise visit." (A friendly clerk at H.Q. in Aldbrickham always either phones us up the evening before or early in the morning). Wind up. A fatigue-party of twenty men was busy for hours before noon with weeding and gravelling, and another party was actually white-washing the barbed wire in and around the Camp.

St. Mary's, June 15th, 1918.

Three more songs, that is two choruses and one song complete.

“ Ev’ry little while I feel so lonely,
 Ev’ry little while I feel so blue.
 I’m always dreaming, I’m always scheming,
 Because I want you, and only you,
 Ev’ry little while my heart is aching,
 Ev’ry little while I miss your smile,
 And all the time I seem to miss you,
 I want to, want to kiss you
 Ev’ry, ev’ry, ev’ry little while.”

“ ‘ Samoa! Samoa! Samoa!’ she’ll say,
 ‘ Welcome, stranger, to Samoa! Samoa!’
 She may mean Samoa is the place,
 But you’ll give her ‘ some more ’ kisses on her
 face—and then
 Some more! Some more! and oh! you will say,
 Kissing on that coral shore,
 ‘ Guess I don’t want New York, London or Paree,
 I want Samoa! some more! Samoa!’ ”

“ Up to your waist in water, up to your neck in slush,
 Using the kind of language that makes the sergeant blush.
 Who wouldn’t join the Army, that’s what we all enquire,
 Don’t we pity the poor civilian seated around the fire.

(Chorus.)

“ Oh! oh! oh! it’s a lovely war, who wouldn’t be a
 soldier, eh?
 Oh! it’s a sin to take the pay,
 As soon as ‘ reveille ’ has gone, we just feel as
 heavy as lead,
 But we never get up till the sergeant brings our
 breakfast up to bed.
 Oh! oh! oh! it’s a lovely war! what do we want
 with eggs and ham
 When we’ve got plum and apple jam?
 Form fours! right turn! how shall we spend the
 money we earn?
 Oh! oh! it’s a lovely war!

"When does a soldier grumble, when does he make a fuss?
 Nobody is more contented in all the world than us.
 Oh! it's a cushy life, boys, really we love it so!
 Once a fellow was sent on leave and simply refused to go!

(Chorus.)

"Come to the cook-house door, boys, sniff at the lovely stew!
 Who is it says the Colonel gets better grub than you?
 Any complaints this morning? Do we complain? Not we!
 What's the matter with lumps of onion floating around the
 tea?"

(Chorus.)

St. Mary's, June 17th, 1918.

Breakfast: two and a half square inches tripe, one sickly potato, mugful of tea, and two slices dry bread. . . .

"Bullet" tells me that Private Lucrarian, a Manchester Armenian, has rented a house at five pounds a week. Bullet, the biggest fellow amongst my bobbies, is Lucrarian's errand boy when "off duty." . . .

Disinfected our hut. Would be better if authorities insisted on weekly disinfection instead of punishing the boys when their overcoat strap, hung on the shining mess-tins, does *not* form a perfect spiral.

These old men here from the 1618 Coy., which is being disbanded, are certainly the limit in "slanguage."

A number of them are sleeping in my hut. When they return at 9.30 p.m. from the Canteen, their style is especially rich. It is no good pretending. The Y.M.C.A. ladies serving behind the counter, the officers spending a few odd minutes with the men, never hear the real thing. The G.B.P. reading the artificially cheerful war-books, is spoonfed with "blank, blankety-blank! D---n, b---y," etc., or the word "unprintable."

I do not blame these boys. They never had a chance in life. Education on the grand scale never had a chance anywhere. And now—quite a number of these men have gone through the horrors of hell in France. Who will throw a stone?

Yet, I think unless the tender-hearted ladies of the G.B.P. are *told*, the problem of education will never be tackled. After two thousand years of Western civilization (*and* Christianity!) choice bits of conversation I heard to-night are still the common daily parlance.

St. Mary's, Saturday, June 22nd, 1918.

Says Carmelite House:—

“MAKE A CLEAN SWEEP OF ALL ENEMY ALIENS.

“QUESTIONS IN COMMONS.

“It is believed in influential political circles that the War Cabinet is fully determined to make a clean sweep of all enemy influences in Government offices and public services. . . .

“It is quite impossible to trust a Hun, and the only place for him while the war lasts is under lock and key. . . .

“Lord Beresford will put the following questions in the House of Lords:—

“Can a return be given of the number of aliens naturalised since the war?

“How many *naturalised aliens* are employed in Government offices?

“Can a return be given of the number of Germans who have changed their names during the last five years?

“The delay in proceeding with the Denaturalisation Bill has been commented upon in several quarters. While it is before the House of Commons there is difficulty about taking action until the Home Secretary, who is in charge of the Bill, has returned from Holland and been consulted.

“Members are of opinion that it is unfair to throw the responsibility for cancelling naturalisation certificates upon Sir George Cave, *whose sister was the first wife of Sir Max Waechter, a naturalised German. . . .*

“The following are among 52 persons who have this month by deed-poll adopted British surnames”

[It is regrettable that the patriotic masses have not taken the hint and smashed up the home of these b—— Huns (incidentally British subjects), although their *full address* was given.]

St. Mary's, June 30th, 1918.

“Spanish 'Flu.” Company is gargling permanganate of potash all day. Poor old Sommer supervises the spouting gargoyles.

Dawnhill was isolated last week, but a fatigue party of fifty of our men went there every day all the same to work at the A.S.C. stores issuing rations for the whole of the St. Mary's area. Sham and paper-barrage.

We have a case, “isolated” in a tent. My policemen take the “Spanish 'Flu” patient his meals, and afterwards they mix of course with other men.

St. Mary's, July 1st, 1918.

At 9.50 p.m. message from Q.M.S. of 1623 L. Coy. requested me to stop a piano playing in Hut 7, which belongs to the 33rd Midshires.

At 9.51 p.m. message from C.S.M. of the 33rd Midshires requested me to stop mouth organs being played in Hut 4, which belongs to the 1623 L. Coy.

"Little children love one another," said St. John.

St. Mary's, July 9th, 1918.

"The Evening News" requests the patriotic British public to revive a Court of Conscience of the kind set up in the 18th century by the Catalans during the long siege of Barcelona. The paper says:—

"It is, therefore, important that all who have evidence which can be corroborated of acts of disloyalty, of expressions of goodwill towards Germany, of belief in her ultimate success, and of rejoicing at German successes—especially at the sinking of the *Lusitania*—should carefully write it out now.

"They should obtain from others who can give evidence corroboration of their statements.

"What one heard from another is of no use; what one believes is equally useless. There must be evidence of facts which cannot be disputed, and *no man who cares for the safety of his country will hold back because of one-time personal friendship.*"

They are still unearthing boys of German descent in France. We have quite a number of men here now with three and four chevrons. Of course they give the police a lot of trouble. So would I if I had a *red* chevron or a "gold stripe"!

St. Mary's, July 12th, 1918.

"Daily News" says:—

"The aliens discussion in the House of Commons yesterday attracted a big gathering of members. . . .

"*Sir George declared that except during the first few weeks of the war, spies had not been found among people of enemy race, but among subjects of other races.* . . . If they demanded the imprisonment of a father whose son was fighting for us, he could not agree. It would be grossly unfair."

St. Mary's, Saturday, July 13th, 1918.

"A. G. G." in "The Daily News":—

"THE 'STUNT.'

"Mr. Lloyd George yielded—of course. . . . Nothing has happened except that the business of releasing the British prisoners has been shamefully interrupted. It is a typical illustration of the price we pay for government by 'stunts.'

"But the subject will come up again, when the Harmsworth cause is flagging. . . . *The first fact that we have to recognise is that there is a genuine public feeling on this question. It is this feeling that the parasites of the Press exploit. In times of anxiety such as these there is a natural tendency to suspicion and dislike. All the hostilities of primitive nature are awakened. The barbarities of war need some visible symbol for chastening: call for some satisfaction in kind. Our impulse is to find the enemy lurking in every unfamiliar shape, and to believe our neighbour is no better than he should be.*

"There is ground for the suspicion, for we are all of alien origin if we seek far enough. Apart from our common alien ancestry—Saxon, Dane, Norman, Huguenot, Flemish, Semitic, and the rest—our family ramifications are lucky if they escape some immediate alien contacts. We cannot help them. The most eminent family in the land is full of them. Lord Derby, I fancy, like most of the peerage, has foreign connections. Lord Northcliffe has his German aunts and German uncles. Mr. Pemberton Billing is married to a lady who name was Schweitzer. The editor of Lord Beaverbrook's patriotic organ, the 'Daily Express,' is a Mr. Blumenfeld, who will certainly not claim to be a true-born Englishman either in name, race or birth.

"And so on. I do not take these random examples because I question the patriotism of these people. I daresay they are as good patriots as you or I, who may have to go farther back for our alien associations. We certainly have their word for it. *I mention them simply to show what glass houses the best of us live in. If by a true-born Englishman we mean one without the taint of any foreign blood connection in the past or the present, then we mean somebody who simply doesn't exist. 'There ain't no sich person,' as Betsy Prig remarked of Mrs. Harris.*

"There is no enemy alien problem. There has been no such problem for three years. It is newspaper wind and nothing else.

"If the 'intern them all' doctrine has any meaning in the Harmsworth sense it must apply to them. And if it applies to them we enter on a task which will have very surprising results. What of an eminent family? What of the Government? What of Lord Milner, the War Secretary? He is a most indisputable case. Born in Germany, the son of a German father, educated in

Germany, with uncles and cousins in Germany—how can he dodge the inquisition? And he has other colleagues in the Government hardly less assailable. As for the Army, it is saturated with the enemy origin class. The Navy also—and every walk of life. In short, if we were to declare a jihad against the 'enemy origin' class, we should never end."

St. Mary's, July 14th, 1918.

Last night Lnc.-Corpl. Murphy of the Red Caps arrested a man of ours, Pte. Ferris, 42 years of age; often in trouble.

Accused of having in his possession about 7lbs. cheese, 10lbs. sugar, and other Government property. Whole portmanteau full.

Ferris belongs to the permanent grocery fatigue party working at the A.S.C. stores in Dawnhill Camp. This fatigue party is much beloved by all the Red Caps, who never go on leave without taking home some sugar and tea for mother. Also, various members of this fatigue party, I hear, have wormed themselves into favour with a few God-fearing and church-going citizens of St. Mary's. I understand that downhill certain traders are doing quite a brisk trade. You see, the A.S.C. stores are very large, for they supply provisions for the area comprising sometimes 50-75,000 men.

Murphy is like a "rogue elephant living apart from the herd and of a savage disposition." Somebody must have trodden on his toes; or were the supplies allotted insufficient? Anyhow, he arrested Ferris, and great consternation prevails among the Red Caps. They are all "in it."

I was stopped by five different Red Caps this morning on my way to the 2nd Reserve Battery, where Ferris has been added to the usual happy cell population. The guardians of Loranorder expressed their regret. Had they known Murphy was "on duty" they would have given the "wire" to the A.S.C. people. But that they had now sent Murphy to Coventry. "You fellows have always been so good to us," said one of the Eyes of the Law.

Here in our Camp the "wind was up" very much. In fact, a veritable hurricane was blowing. The many recipients of the sweet and pleasant gifts from the A.S.C. men were afraid of a sudden thorough kit-bag inspection.

Jack, e.g., owned up to possessing six pounds of sugar. So Oho (for a consideration—I suppose, a share) took the incriminating parcel to his wife who lives near the Vicar's house. Afterwards, Oho went to church and prayed to the Lord.

St. Mary's, July 17th, 1918.

Colonel Byle from Aldbrickham visited camp.

The case of Ferris has been "dismissed." Naturally.

During the last few days I could not go outside the camp without being stopped by every Red Cap whom I met. After all, it is a serious matter to have one of the chief sources of profit and pleasure in clink. The Red Caps told me two days ago the case would be dismissed. Too many people in it. All the members of the M.P.; several officers, Major This and Captain That. Scandal would be too great. Thus, my friends the Red Caps.

Yesterday the Camp Commandant summoned Ferris into his office, and in my presence asked the culprit: "I take it the sugar you had consisted of mere sweepings?" What could Ferris do but say: "Yes." "The cheese, I take it," was the next question the C.C. read from a slip of paper, "would have been thrown into the dust-bin if you had not picked it up?" Again poor old Ferris stated that this was true. Why, everybody's doing it!—I mean, telling the Truth.

To-day I was notified the case was dismissed and Ferris to be set free.

Some time ago a boy stole $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of meat in our cook-house. He was a silly stupid private employed in the cook-house. *He* got 48 days Devizes.

Justice? Did not the Academician call it: "The Height of Folly?" *Jus autem naturale esse nullum: omnes enim et homines et alias animantes ad utilitates suas natura ducente ferri: proinde aut nullam esse justitiam, aut si sit aliqua, summam esse stultitiam, quoniam sibi noceret alienis commodis consulens.*

St. Mary's, July 20th, 1918.

To-day I read in "Common Sense":—

"GERMAN AUNTS AND UNCLES.

"Of all the impostures of this war, the screechings of the Northcliffe Press against aliens deserve the palm. The writer of these lines has been perusing a debate in the House of Lords (July 8th). Lord Buckmaster, who has no German relations or connections or friends, made a straightforward appeal for justice and fairplay. He was attacked with rude abuse by Lord St. Davids and Lord Meath. It is difficult to find in the whole debate a relevant fact or valid argument. . . . To the credit of the Conservative party it must be added that Lord Parmoor supported Lord Buckmaster, and one is glad to see that Sir George Cave has not surrendered to the monstrously illiberal and unjust proposals of the Billingites.

"The Government will have to proceed warily unless it is prepared to exercise favouritism openly. According to the Parliamentary correspondent of the 'Daily Chronicle, *an informal group of Liberal members mean to insist that any measures which the*

Government aim at enemy aliens and persons of enemy origin shall be applied with absolute equality, irrespective of rank or condition. It is their intention that Lord Milner, Sir Alfred Mond (First Commissioner of Works), Sir Felix Cassel, M.P. (Judge Advocate-General), shall, like other Government servants of alien origin, be summoned before the new committee which the Home Secretary has decided to appoint."

Whatever measures may be adopted against "Teutonism," Mr. Lloyd-George has so chosen his colleagues that he is bound to discriminate. Persecution must take the form of Favouritism. One law for the Rich, one for the Poor. One for the Tax-eaters and one for the Taxpayers. This is democracy.

Of course, the prosperity of England has been built upon its policy of hospitality. This country has been the refuge of persons who seek freedom of religion, freedom of trade, freedom of speech, freedom of the person. The Britons were a Celtic stock. They were conquered by Rome and Romanised, then conquered by the Angles and Saxons, by the Danes and the Normans. Our language is Dutch, with a strong Scandinavian and French admixture. Our place names are mainly Celtic, Saxon and Scandinavian. . . .

The truth is that the cry is the most arrant fraud ever played on a credulous public by impudent panic-mongers for base, selfish, and vulgar reasons. Things being as they are, it is simply silly (we quote Sir Walter Raleigh) for London newspapers and politicians to go on talking about the enemy as if they were orang-outangs or less civilised than the French black troops or the trained cannibals of the Congo.

St. Mary's, July 23rd, 1918.

An A.C.I. (an Army Council Instruction) lays it down that no married man shall be refused a sleeping-out pass. Most wise, of course. Counter-balances war weariness with home-comforts, and, at the same time, provides greater facilities towards filling up the gaps in the population. A very essential thing, for if such an anti-Malthusian policy were not adopted, where would the poor Militarists be when the next war breaks out? No cannon-fodder. Dreadful. With about 20-40,000 men in the surrounding camps, St. Mary's is pretty full with soldiers' families.

Mind, only "official" wives, for I will give so much credit to the authorities. I have not heard of a single case of an obliging unofficial wife.

There is hardly any more accommodation to be had in the houses of the respectable inhabitants, and the happy hotel and innkeepers are dreaming every night of the delights of their life on retirement after the War. Poorer Tommies are, of course, "out of it." Their small allowance is totally inadequate to pay the fabulous prices the patriotic philistines ask.

The well-to-do Americans and our rich Jews and Armenians do not mind—in fact, like it. More exclusive, you know!

Floated into my office the other day a belaced and bespangled Jewess from Yorkshire. "I am Mrs. Jazzup; I want to see the captain." I regretted not to be able to oblige her ladyship, for I had orders to keep her out of camp. She, however, waylaid the C.O. outside the camp: result, she lives with her dear hubby at the first hotel of the town, The George, where they dine and wine the officers. A Million Pounds versus King's Regulations. Who wins? The lady with the golden chatelaine.

Others prefer their own houses to hotels. Men like Lucrarian, Loose and Nartin would not dream of living in cheap plebian rooms. It would not fit in with their motor-cars. And Lucrarian, a rich Armenian, likes fresh grapes at 6/6 a pound, my policemen tell me, who, bobby-fashion, are always willing to oblige a gentleman and do an errand for him. You could not possibly eat grapes at 6/6 a pound in rooms, people are so indiscreet (except the police), and the Armenians are starving.

So Bullet fetches grapes at 6/6 for Lucrarian, Jack smokes the cigarettes of Mr. Nartin—which no one can mistake, as they bear in golden letters the full name of Private Nartin and of our "regiment."

And as to Oho, he must simply be coining money. Whenever a new plutocrat arrives and wants a residence, he comes to the Police. Not to see me, but Oho. For Oho knows the Vicar and drinks tea with him every other Sunday, and Oho's wife too. The plutocrat talks to Oho, Oho talks to the Vicar, and everybody is happy.

St. Mary's, July 24th, 1918.

Never before have our boys been so musical.

Aldbrickham dispatched a new sergeant to put the fear of the lawd into them fellows at St. Mary's, as the R.S.M. felicitously instructed the new disciplinarian, Sergt. Bewbel.

At first, I confess, I did marvel much at the wondrous and weird verbiage of Mr. Bewbel, and thought him a very mighty man indeed. Then I shook my head when the boys grew sulky; for the fresh winds on our Downs have made our men better men than towny Aldbrickham soldiers. Our boys here have notions about Bullies.

Things began to look ugly. Canteen and billiard room were boycotted as a protest against the super-prussian methods of the new sergeant. I trembled for his safety. Then someone had a brilliant idea. He—sang a song.

Now from morn till night, in the cook-house, in the dining rooms, and in the batsmen's rooms, in all the huts, in the bath-house, on the pathways, in the ablution rooms, in the storerooms, whistling, humming boys are repeating the melody with the pertinacity and

monotony of a gramophone (provided with a perpetuum mobile, and one disc only). "Goodbye, my blue-bell," they sing. It is killing and will kill Bombastes Furioso. The mighty Man is becoming a "bübel!" (= a little boy.)

St. Mary's, Thursday, July 25th, 1918.

Yesterday in the Commons John Burns referred to a certain set of newspapers in the same way as he did some years ago:—

"They were papers owned by blackguards, edited by ruffians, and read by fools. (Cries of 'Oh!' and 'Order.')

St. Mary's, July 31st, 1918.

Referring to the Birmingham Munition Workers' strike, "The Bystander," on page 183, says:—

"The proper way to deal with war-workers who down tools is to tell them that from a certain and very early date *all* their ring-leaders and one out of twenty of the followers will be punished as deserters in the face of the enemy. They will know what that means."

On the next page (184) you can read that:—

"The directors of The Graphic, Daily Graphic, and Bystander are recommending to the shareholders the payment of a dividend of 12½ per cent per annum." . . .

St. Mary's, August 1st, 1918.

A few days ago we heard Lloyd George had lost a dog. Not run over, oh, no! nothing so dreadful as that! Just ran away.

Imagine our joy, our inexpressible relief when the papers announced to-day, Al's well. Said The Daily News: "The Prime Minister's pet Welsh terrier Cymro rejoined the family circle in Downing-street yesterday."

That's on page six. On page three the following losses were given (usual casualty list, you know!): 53 officers and 2,019 men.

St. Mary's, August 2nd, 1918.

The following delightful and patriotic communication appeared in to-day's "Daily Chronicle":—

"INTERN THEM ALL!

"WHY DO THE WOBLERS DILLY-DALLY?

"It is now nearly six weeks since the Big Six, inspired by the sleepless patriotism of Mr. Pemberton-Billing, supported by

Captain Spencer and Mrs. Villiers-Stuart, told the Prime Minister and the Government what they had to do with regard to aliens. The directions issued were unequivocal. They were to intern them all. . . . Will it be believed that, notwithstanding the ukase of the Big Six, not a single civil servant having German, or being about to be suspected of having German affiliations, has been dismissed? How long will a calm, logical and dispassionate public submit to this tergiversation—this dilly-dallying, wobbling policy of invertebrate half-measures? Oh, for one hour of Mr. Hughes, with his Antipodean forthrightness!

“WHAT IS THE MOTIVE?”

“It is clear that the motive for this dilly-dallying is one of fear. The Government is threatened with a spanking from the Hidden Hand. How otherwise explain its subserviency? The lines on which it must act have been formally laid down. All enemy-born subjects, whether naturalised or not, must be interned. The sons of enemy-born subjects, whether naturalised or not, must be interned. It does not take a person of more than average intelligence to see how infinitely more dangerous, because less likely to be suspected, is the son of a German born in this country than a native-born German. But most dangerous of all are those who have, or are believed to have, enemy associations, affinities, sympathies or ties, collateral, hereditary, or otherwise. It is such as these who should form the foundations of our internment camps. Yet, what step has the Government taken to round them up? Faugh! It is not a government, it is a conspiracy.

“Could a more deplorable instance of the Government’s weak-handed wobbling be cited than the notorious case of *Sir George Cave*? Why does this man abuse his great abilities in shielding the alien? Is it not palpable? *He had a sister who was the first wife of Sir Max Waechter. Yet he still holds office, and no question of his unconditional internment has been raised. And Sir Max, has he been interned, or is he still at large and free to Germanise another English woman and bring her within the wired pales of the internment camp?*

“But such instances of the Government’s want of backbone could be multiplied indefinitely. Only the other night Mr. Bonar Law threw the country into a cold sweat of fear by stating that Mr. Levertton Harris’s resignation had not been tendered, and had not been asked for. *Yet it is no secret that Mr. Levertton Harris’s wife had a sister who had a sister-in-law who married the brother-in-law of an enemy alien.* Could any association be more calculated or deliberately mischievous and more designed to throw off suspicion?

“PERTINENT QUESTIONS.

Again, we may ask, what feasible excuse can the Government offer for the continued and gratuitous enlargement of *Mr. Hugo*

Hirst, the head of the General Electric Company? Is it because it happens to be one of the most enterprising and most powerful in electric engineering in the world, with a capital of over £3,000,000 and infinite possibilities? *Of Mr. Felix Cassel?* Is it because he occupies an influential position in the Government's service? *Is the fact that Sir Ernest Cassel and Sir Edgar Speyer are Privy Councillors to save them from the barbed-wire enclosure of the Big Six?* Are we, in defiance of the sane and considered counsel of these courageous upholders of our boasted heritage of freedom and fair play, to tolerate the liberty of *such sons of Germans as Sir Sidney Low and Sir John Ellerman, who owns more shipping tonnage than the whole mercantile marine of France and Italy?* And of *Prince Louis of Battenbury*, albeit he is the Marquis of Milford Haven; of the *Duke of Teck*, albeit he is the Marquis of Cambridge? Is the Government for ever to shut its eyes to the fact that *Sir Alfred Mond's father was born in Germany, and to-day his son walks the earth a free man?*

"And so we might proceed till an ocean of ink had trickled through our pen and our brain flagged for very weariness in tracing the names of those proscribed persons whom an indolent Government allows to slip through its palsied fingers on one pretext or another. But enough has been said to show why the real Government of the country has passed from the House of Commons to the Albert Hall. What hope remains for this mock Ministry? None, unless it takes *immediate steps to intern Lord Northcliffe, who falls easily within the reasonable scope of the 'Intern Them All' policy.* For it must be known to all the world that Lord Northcliffe has two aunts who married Germans, and obviously these Germans married his lordship's aunts forseeing that in years to come their nephew would control the '*Times*' and bring the present Government into power, and so they would be safe-guarded. But to allow one's aunts to marry Germans is a perilous game to play, and unless proper and adequate measures are taken to intern Lord Northcliffe without delay, the Government will find that the fabric of Ministry so industriously created by the noble viscount will be scattered to the four winds of heaven by his aunts. The Big Six will see to that."

St. Mary's, Saturday, August 3rd, 1918.

Reports "The Daily News":

"LORD MILFORD HAVEN ATTACKED.

"The small group of peers who have carried on a raging campaign for the most extreme measures against enemy aliens came up with a shock last night against certain realities of the question which have been obvious to anyone who has not been swept away by unreasoning clamour.

"Lord Wittenham moved an amendment to provide that no naturalised alien of enemy origin should be eligible for membership of the Privy Council or of either House of Parliament after August 31st next.

"Lord Sandhurst, who is in charge of the Bill, portended the revelation of possible embarrassments by the tone in which he announced his 'emphatic opposition' to the amendment. Without mincing matters, he told the House that apart from Sir Edgar Speyer—whose case is under consideration—the only other Privy Councillors who could be affected were Sir E. Cassel and the Marquis of Milford Haven, who (as the more familiar Prince Louis of Battenberg) rendered honourable and distinguished service in the Navy. . . .

"He added spiritedly that it would be an insult to turn this distinguished admiral out of that House.

"As to Sir Ernest Cassel, while he had not enjoyed an opportunity of distinguishing himself in the public services, he had been for over thirty years one of the most benevolent subjects of the King in every walk of life. His kith and kin had served in the trenches, and all the women members of his family were engaged in war work. He likewise should not be exposed to the insult which was proposed. The amendment was *opposed to all ideas of British justice* and the traditions of that House. Finally, *Lord Sandhurst was warmly cheered when he protested vigorously against Press attacks which amounted to persecution.*"

St. Mary's, August 4th, 1918.

When in doubt about a man, dump him into the 33rd Midshires. This governmental maxim may for once lead to some trouble.

Pte. Niemezyk was born in Chicago, father a Bohemian, now naturalized American. Young Niemezyk (17 years 3 months) told me to-day that the American Army insist on a minimum weight, which standard he failed to attain. Refused by the American authorities, the boy, anxious to enlist, went to a local English recruiting station. They did not object to his deficiency in weight. With hundreds of others the boy was shipped across the Atlantic and drafted to Hounslow, and then—here. Some feather-brained fool of an official must have stumbled over the parentage, so a free American citizen who volunteered to fight for liberty and all those beautiful ideals is put into the Bingboys and declared to be "capite minutus."

"Well, I guess I'll make 'em sit up," said the undaunted youngster, and he went to wire to the governor of Illinois. The ensuing complications will be highly interesting. . . .

Pte. Loose has taken £2,000 worth of War Savings Certificates.

St. Mary's, August 20th, 1918.

Henry Meulen had a visitor last Sunday, a dear old lady from London, distinguished, of aristocratic birth but democratic leanings. Whilst he showed her the sights, she was gushing and holding forth what a grand democratic institution the Army was, how the inevitable result of the intercourse between officers and men would bring the war between the classes to an end, that books in defence of aristocracy were all wrong, etc., etc., etc.

Later on in the afternoon, when they felt hungry, Meulen and his visitor entered the "Swan" to get some tea. The olympian "Swan," however, shook its aristocratic head at the plain Tommy who dared enter the brass-hatted halls, and said they regretted he could not have any tea here. Poor plain Meulen and his thirsty guest went to another restaurant. Same performance; only this time, after the obsequious head-waiter had "regretted," they heard him stage whisper to the manageress (the aside obviously intended to be heard) "We only do serve officers here, m'm; isn't that so?"—"Yes."

All the big places in St. Mary's were the same. Nothing doin'. Lady nearly in tears. At last a little hole-and-corner shop condescended to let Private Meulen and his guest have some tea. The lady, I understand, has now begun to believe that after all there may perhaps be a particle of truth in the legend that there exists an insurpassable gulf between the Ritz-heaven of Commissioned ranks and the Lockhart-land of Tommies.

"Moreover between us and you there is a great gulf fixed, so that they which would pass from thence to us cannot."

And Meulen is the author of a book on "Industrial Justice through Banking Reform," which "The Times" praised as "an able treatise."

St. Mary's, August 21st, 1918.

"The Daily Telegraph":

"DEPUTATION TO THE PREMIER.

"Organised by the *National Party*, a demonstration, to be followed by the presentation of a petition to the Prime Minister, will take place in London on Saturday, for the purpose of urging the *internment of all enemy aliens, naturalised or unnaturalised*. The demonstrators will assemble inside the Marble Arch entrance to Hyde Park at 2.30, and speeches will be delivered by *Brigadier-General Page Croft, M.P., Captain Tupper, Mr. Leo Maxse, Mrs. Dacre Fox, Mr. J. G. Jenkins*, and others. A resolution is to be submitted, calling for the internment of all aliens of enemy blood. It has been sent all over the country in petition form, and more than 1,000,000 signatures have been obtained."

Delightful walk with Sommer and Meulen to "Punchball," a gigantic basin-like dale of amphitheatrical shape with two miniature trench systems opposing one another in the arena. Upper Edge lined with woods. Would seat comfortably 20,000 persons if arranged as a National Open Air Theatre.

At present it contains two trench systems which offer a glorious chance for financiers and statesmen, let us say 100 men on each side, to finish the present War. Stage a glorious expanse, and we could charge pretty high prices for the 20,000 tickets.

Meulen and Sommer collected a few pounds of raspberries and a few strawberries in the woods.

St. Mary's, August 24th, 1918.

Cromwell's Hill Camp really beautiful. Nothing like the view of Chilvale on a moonlit night. One can stand for hours at the gate without being bored by the monotony of one's duties at night.

Our camp is the half-way house between St. Mary's and Dawnhill Camp. Since the manageress in our Camp is an efficient and honest woman, all the R.G.A. men and many American soldiers call. I have been told that some of the Dawnhill Canteen managers make as much as 5s. a day by adding two or three gallons of water. Our manageress sells *beer*; the boys assert, the best beer in the neighbourhood.

A hundred yards away from our Camp a number of Red Caps and American Police guard the main road to Dawnhill. There is a trail from that corner to the canteen which is never without one of the Guardians of the Law.

St. Mary's, August 27th, 1918.

The cleanest in the Camp, and now inhabited by the police only, our Hut Y1 certainly is quite nice and pleasant.

Some one-thousand-pounds-a-year staff colonel on the Quarter-Master-General's Inspectorate, however, whilst "doing" our Camp, noticed a very important defect as he passed through our abode. As the result of his eagle-eyed efficiency, two men arrived from Pavingdon this morning with a "green form," which they presented at the Camp Commandant's Office. The office people sent the men to us with the message they were to do some repairs.

After the two R.E. men, who seemed to be distant cousins of the Original Plumber, had carefully made the round of our hut, they discovered the very important "Defect," and making an entry in a note-book, a remark on their green form, they left us saying: "We are going back to Pavingdon to fetch the Things." Pavingdon Camp is two miles from ours.

Several hours later the intrepid pedestrians and repairing carpenter-plumber-engineers returned weary and worn, for they had had to carry two rectangular pieces of wood of about two inches by five inches. These bits of wood had to be screwed against the wall of our hut to make up the tops of two rifle-racks which were missing. The hard-working R.E. "put in" a little over half a day to screw in the one screw needed. Now our hut looks still nicer and more pleasant, for every one of the thirty rifle-racks has its proper top. The only pity is this: there are no rifles in the Camp, never were, and probably never will be, since Cromwell's Hill Camp could not house a whole regiment.

Ere the two busy bees of R.E.s vanished, I asked them to repair two windows, the hinges of which were broken. No, they mustn't do that, would get "pegged" if they did. Our officer is to fill in form D.E.L.A.y, and send it to the R.E. office. Now I know that form has been sent already seven times. There are three panes value 5/- each in those two windows, and the first strong wind . . . !

St. Mary's, September 5th, 1918.

Oho says: "Lens has now been investigated."

In a teashop opposite the library I heard a man asking for another of those greenish abominations alleged to be cakes. "No," said the lady, "you can't have another one, that is the ration law. But," she continued with a whisper, "you are allowed to buy one over the counter." So the soldier rose and covered the distance of two hundred inches and obtained a cake at the same counter from which the waitress had fetched his first. Who said the Law is an ass?

St. Mary's, September 6th, 1918.

"Daily News":

"Cleon is the 'awful warning' among 'democratic' statesmen. He is the eternal example of the ruin that a demagogue can bring to a democracy. His history should be known to every school-child and Cabinet Minister. 'Eupolis, Jr.' has just compiled it for English readers in a little volume called 'Cleon: a Demagogue of 2,000 years ago.' The history is obviously intended as a comment on contemporary politics."

St. Mary's, September 9th, 1918.

They have sent us a new captain.

For a change. Our last C.O., a young man, had all the freshness and fine characteristics which one occasionally encounters amongst

officers who fought in the trenches. He was beloved by all except the office clerks—whom he did not help much.

The new man's name is Furmer. Lives in a hotel down in St. Mary's. About 11 a.m. he turns up—if he is not in London. As a Camp Commandant he is without doubt an efficient administrator. Within an hour all business has been transacted—and the office clerks say it is really well done. Off he goes again in the pursuit of that Vixen, fooling us all—Happiness.

Our boys are grouching very much. They allege, surely most unjustly, that the new C.S.M. Dum-dum, a D.S.M. man from East Africa, and the famous Sergeant Bewbel (vulgo Bluebell) are Super-Prussians. I rather sympathise with Dum-dum. After years of faithful war service out in the wilderness, they transfer him suddenly to the Midshires, when the Chief Clerk Nosey in the P.J.D. one day stumbled across the record of Dum-dum. And the poor thing, like myself, arrived in England thinking he was going to get a commission!

A boy arrived from Aldbrickham tells us the following story. Absolutely true, as everything told in the Army.

Colonel Byle inspects an empty-house-billet, and notices a few cobwebs in a corner. The Lion mutters ominously. "Oh!" says the brilliant house-orderly, "those cobwebs, sir, I keep them there on purpose; they are so useful when a man cuts his fingers."

Ten minutes later next door a particularly painstaking orderly is thunderstruck when the colonel finished a fruitless inspection of a very clean house by growling: "Where are your cobwebs? Why haven't you got any?"

St. Mary's, Thursday, September 10th, 1918.

Every little helps to—win the War! Two elderly men whom I just met in the "ablutions" were convinced of it; they had been detailed to scrape the handles of the long-service bass-broom and of the dry-scrubber belonging to their hut. Surely the poor old bass-broom with only eleven bristles left will feel quite shy in his virgin whiteness—fortunately it will only last twenty-four hours. I feel quite sorry for the venerable patriarch that survived the Crimean and Boer Wars; it must be awful for an old bass-broom who objects to theatrical virtues just as much as a cynical diplomatist that smiles at "Ideals" camouflaging Material Interests.

There was another man scrubbing. He did his belt. "The belts are too dark in this Company!" declared the newly-arrived C.O. yesterday. It does not matter that they were issued like this; they are to be rubbed, drubbed and scrubbed until they are blanched.

Next year, however, I take it the light belts will have to be darkened. For 1925 chequered belts will no doubt be introduced.

St. Mary's, September 11th, 1918.

Our new Camp Commandant combines the hustle of a Chicago stockbroker, the efficiency of a German chemist, with the amiability of a Don Juan and the calm of a Phileas Fogg. Attending in the office never much longer than an hour per day, the new Camp Commandant, though absent at times for several days running, makes "things hum." Yet, despite his speeding-up-methods, the clerks in the Orderly Room admire him, so they tell me. "We know where we are," they say; no more of the painful hesitation and procrastination which were the characteristics of his predecessors, etc.

The day before yesterday the captain went to London.

Accompanied by the Apparition and a civilian driver, he arrived this morning at the gate, left his car with its contents, and disposed of all the office work in 20 minutes. Then he went on a Tour of Inspection through the Camp. In a swill-tub he found one whole potato (the careless cook should have squashed it, then it would have been all right!). "His Nibs," as the boys call the new Camp Commandant, lectured the Messing-Officer. "Economy, Sir! ECONOMY, SIR!" Poor old Lt. Whine, the Messing-Officer, was flustered. He blew up the cooks, he blew up the orderly sergeant, and finally arrived in the police-hut, asking me to detail a policeman every morning for ensuring that the swill-tubs *are* emptied and clear for action *ere* the C.C. arrives.

Whilst we were still discussing the dreadful crime of the one whole potato (it was but a medium-sized one) the motor outside hooted and a few minutes afterwards the policeman on duty came and dutifully reported that the Car, the Captain, his batman, the Apparition, and the civilian driver had gone to London. "I heard him say 'London' to his batman. What a bally lot of petrol they must be using! I thought there was a shortage!" But Jack the policeman is a grouser, always has been.

Reino, who like myself volunteered for the Army, wrote in a letter I had from him to-day: "On the purely historical side, it may be neither irrelevant to the whole trend of your magnum opus nor without interest to the readers of such "'orrible revelations" to know that:

(i) The Recruiting Office Clerk (Scotland Yard, Whitehall), who took down all ababt me after my medical exam., told me that as "a voluntary overseas enlistee" I had the right to choose my unit.

(ii) That (having been "put wise" by my brother) I answered that so long as I wasn't put into the 33rd Midshires I had no preference.

(iii) That the clerk appeared to agree with, and to my objection to that unit, and himself suggested "Army Pay Corps" in view of my Grade III.-ness.

(iv) That before the Maidstone Posting Board of Officers, the spokesman thereof told me they were sending me to Aldbrickham "to be re-posted"—whereas in truth they merely "consigned" me to the 33rd Midshires—from which there was no escape, as I learned subsequently when applying vainly for transfer, on the grounds of an A.C.I. and S.C.O. *re* the shortage of clerical staff in the A.P.C., enjoining O.C.'s to report men of their units possessing (as I did) the necessary technical and medical grade qualifications. The answer I received (finally) being: "This Order does not apply to men of the 33rd Midshires, transfer out of which can be obtained only by special W.O. sanction"!

St. Mary's, Friday, September 12th, 1918.

One of our units at Cromwell's Hill Camp, the 1379 L.C., had a sergeant attached to Dawnhill. He is an oldish man of about 56. On Monday he received orders to proceed to Bulford on Salisbury Plain: "You will report there at 2 p.m. on Tuesday to receive further instructions and your ultimate destination," he was told.

The old chap dragged himself and his heavy kit-bag to the Railway Station, and proceeded to—Bulford. Solemnly they informed the poor thing on his arrival that he was to be attached to H.Q. Southgate Street, St. Mary's, to act as Superintendent of Fire Appliances for the District.

So the Sergeant took again his kit-bag and himself back to St. Mary's, whence he had come. Since it was too late for him to report at H.Q., he came to our Hut Y1, the hospitable Cromwell's Hill police hut. We put him up with a good supper and a comfortable bed, and he told us his story.

Next morning he "proceeded" to Southgate Street. It is 20 minutes from Dawnhill to Southgate Street, *if* you go the direct way, i.e., *not* via Bulford.

A rumour of the present coal shortage and the ensuing travel-restrictions is, I hear, about to reach the hall-porter at the Practical Joke Department that sent our sergeant on his roundabout journey.

St. Mary's, September 12th, 1918.

Was pleased to see another review of "Cleon."

"The New Age" says:—

"Ingenuity has always discovered means of evading a censorship, however severe; and one of the common devices is the historic parallel. A well-known German professor employed this method before the war for an attack on the Kaiser under the disguise of an

historic monograph upon—was it Caligula?—and when prosecuted for *lèse-majesté*, turned the tables upon his accusers by enquiring whom *they* thought he had in mind. In 'Cleon: A Compilation,' just published by Mr. Daniel at a shilling net, the contemporary aimed at is not far to seek."

Saturday, September 14th, 1918.

"Common Sense"—

"CLEON: A PARABOLIC CRITICISM. . . .

"The reviewer must confess at the outset to a suspicion, which approached to certainty as he read on, that this little book is not merely a lively and learned biography of the Athenian demagogue, but is also a reflected satire. . . . Moreover, though Eupolis junior is a scholar, he would seem to be of a conservative tendency, for he obviously shares Aristophanes' detestation of the upstart Democrat who turned Jingo and ruined his country by refusing an advantageous offer of peace.

"The Peloponnesian War between military Sparta with her Allies and naval Athens with hers ended in the ruin of Greece and its ultimate subjection to Macedon. During six years of this war (428 B.C. to 422 B.C.) Cleon was the leading politician at Athens. Originally a pacifist, he adopted the policy of "The last drachma and the last man," and treated all Sparta's overtures as peace offensives intended to trap Athens. His eloquence captured the mob, and his corrupt expenditure procured him a majority of lawyers and profiteers in the Assembly. He taxed his enemies (the Conservative landlords and property owners) into poverty by means of an unfair and highly graduated capital tax. Among other measures for keeping himself in power he raised the salaries, and so gained the support of six thousand dicasts—old men who were quite ready to "get on with the war." He also created hordes of placemen, and even spent money intended for shipbuilding on salaries and doles. His enemies, especially the Athenian Knights, accused him of meanness, rapacity and corruption. "Cleon's underlings," we are told, "were worthy of their master." The tribunals he had set up to deal with exemptions from military service are described by Aristophanes as "corrupt to the core," and the Athenian farmers complained of the unfair combing-out methods which the Cleonites adopted. The cost of living rose fearfully, and the Food Commissioners were accused of profiteering. The war bread became so bad that even the stomachs of the dicasts turned against it. Cleon maltreated prisoners of war, and prosecuted his political opponents as traitors. He established a Censorship, and tried to deprive Aristophanes, the greatest of all comic poets, of his civic rights on the ground that he was a naturalised person of Æginetan origin."

St. Mary's, September 17th, 1918.

Sergt. Bewbel said: "I wish they would allow us to wear breeches; we should look a damn sight smarter than in these b—— bloomers!" There is no doubt that the nation would have saved material and money. Assuming about eight million slacks (long trousers, i.e., bloomers) had been manufactured, and if half a yard at least per man had been saved by issuing breeches instead, how much less would the War-profiteers have been paid? The Americans did not wear these monstrous "bloomers" which we ourselves have to crumple up and hide beneath our puttees. . . .

S. M. Kennedy said: "Men who pinch in military life wouldn't dream of such a thing in civil life. Because they are convinced the Army swindled them and swindles them, they pinch."

I think Kennedy is right.

St. Mary's, September 18th, 1918.

As a valuable proof for the gentleness of the contemporary woman, I think the following extract from a friend's letter takes some beating. Pathologically the matter is particularly interesting as a clear instance of that sort of social hypnotism which is applied to the general population by the governing castes in all the belligerent countries. The lady in question is employed in a Church of England school, and no doubt believes herself to be a good Christian, quite oblivious to the "influence of the social mind as a unit acting on the individual, and crushing out her variable personality by the sheer weight of a dominant public opinion." The patient is 41 years of age; unmarried. I read in the letter to which I referred:

"Last week my colleague, the Head Mistress of our Infants' Department, informed me that she hopes the war will continue, no matter what we suffer nor what we lose, until every German, man, woman and child is killed, for the whole race ought to be exterminated! To which of course I made no reply, which brought a most violent attack upon me for not thinking the same. After listening for a few moments, I then quietly said that I had better say 'Good afternoon,' as our conversation was becoming absolutely futile, not to say bloodthirsty. Since which day even 'Good morning' has not been vouchsafed to me."

St. Mary's, September 21st, 1918.

Was greatly interested to-day reading in "The Nation":

"CLEON'S CONVERSION.

"(A phantasy after reading 'Cleon: A Demagogue of 2,000 years ago.' Compiled by Eupolis Jr.)

"A Scene in Hades. The shades of Aristophanes and Thucydides are discovered seated side by side. To them enters the shade of Cleon.

"CLEON: Who's this infernal Eupolis they say
Drags me again into the light of day?
Two thousand years and more since I was born,
But still the finger of superior scorn
Points at me as the upstart politician,
Half-wily, witching, flattering magician,
Half-bawling, shrieking, blustering demagogue,
Howling the moon like some brass-throated dog.
What if I did make leather boots, before
I rose from cobbler to solicitor
And thence to statesman? Boots are useful things.
Solicitors are met in social rings,
Statesmen command as many bribes as kings.
I wasn't a bad fellow in my time,
But charged with every folly, every crime,
I'm always dug out from the shades of hell
When some poor scribbler wants a parallel
For each new climber.

"ARISTOPH: Here's the man who ruined all,
Killed the olive and the vine,
Hushed the lonely shepherd's call,
Spilt the honey, spoilt the wine;
Where the sweet Ilyssus flowed,
Turned the water into blood;
Where the merry charcoal glowed,
Quenched it with a deathly flood;
But for him we should have seen
Many a maid and lovely boy
Dancing on the festal green,
When the sky was full of joy,
And through all a sunshine day
The wind walked across the land,
Blowing to Phaleron Bay
From Ægina's purple strand;
But for him we should have bred
Younglings worthy of the race,
Six foot high from heel to head,
Pliant fennel-rods for grace;
Not with bulging lumps of muscle
As the Spartan conscripts grow;
To distinguish them's a puzzle,
All like broomsticks in a row;
Where has now the beauty fled?
Who of all that joy bereft us?

Some were maimed, and some lay dead,
 Only bones and crutches left us;
 Some were scattered o'er the earth,
 Ask the deserts and the sky;
 But the best came not to birth,
 Ask the widowed virgins why;
 And if you would learn the story
 How we lost our violet crown,
 And the universe its glory,
 When our city crumbled down,
 Ask the man who to the peace
 Screamed his never-ending No;
 Ask this bloody broom of Greece,
 Hero of the knock-out blow!

- "CLEON: You poet chaps always go on like this:
 It's you who prompted that young Eupolis;
 Domestic comfort is your only cry
 —Garlic, and drink, and wantonness; but I
 Was not the man to let our Empire fail
 Because a poet whined for cakes and ale;
 Besides, I subsidized the poor with rations,
 And let the profiteers pursue their passions.
- "THUCYD: There was a city once was planted high
 On granite crags between dark sea and sky,
 Loved of the gods, whose gleaming temples stood
 Columned in whiteness, thick as sacred wood,
 And loved of all her people, as a man
 May love a mistress; from her heart began
 A stream of beauty, quickening all the earth,
 Incomparable, exultant; and the birth
 Of wisdom made her mother of the wise
 In every age. With unaffrighted eyes
 She watched the barbaric host crawl through her land,
 Burning those ancient homes; then raised her hand,
 Struck twice and shattered; in adventurous strength
 She ruled the sea, from Asia all the length
 To the ocean's limit; glad was then mankind
 To dwell beside her, for she knew their mind,
 And gave them freedom, as she freely gave
 To all her citizens freedom, so to brave
 Laws and opinions, if they chanced to hold
 Some better way of living than the old.
 Thus she became upon a generous plan
 The school of Hellas and the school of man;
 And from her body issued forth a race
 Alert, high-hearted, all in every place
 Sufficient to themselves and versatile.

There was a statesman guided her the while
 With a light hand, as a good horseman rides,
 Gladdening the noble creature whom he guides.
 He passed; and close behind this brawler came,
 From throat of thunder breathing threats of flame,
 Bringing the curse of bloodlust on the State,
 Dooming the guiltless to a common fate
 With all the guilty in the atrocious strife,
 Refusing thought of peace, refusing life
 To thousands of our sons, when peace was there
 Just for the taking; sniffing out a snare
 In every step to honourable peace
 Which might have joined the whole sweet world of
 Greece

Into one lasting League to save the world
 From barbarous ruin.

But what form is hurled
 Hither among the shades from Heaven's far height,
 As falls the thunderbolt through depths of night?

"HERMES: Lo! I am Hermes, messenger of God;
 (arriving With winged feet I tread the familiar road,
 hurriedly) Conducting souls down to their last abode.
 But now on other errand am I here,
 For I would call on someone to appear,
 Willing to take that upward path again,
 And visit light and haunts of living men;
 And there is need of haste, for savage war
 Threatens to desolate mankind once more
 Through countless ages, spreading from the lands
 Of furthest Europe down to Afric's sands,
 And where old Asia breeds her varied horde,
 And out to Hesperid regions unexplored.
 Therefore I call some soul who once has known
 War's bitter curse, and in himself has shown
 Wisdom that guides into the way of peace
 To rise again and give the world release,
 Lest all mankind should vanish, and the sun
 Stare on an empty world and all things done.

"ARISTOPH: Where's the man who now will venture? Where's the
 champion of the race?
 Pry and search in every corner! Let him show
 himself apace!
 Who's the man has heart to venture up into the world
 again,
 See the priests deceiving women, see the women
 fooling men,

See the prophets profiteering, and informers growing stout,
 See god-servers kept in prison, and the sycophants let out,
 Hear the mob deriding wisdom, hear it crack the speaker's bones
 At the word of peace or freedom, storm the stage with sticks and stones,
 Hear the hypocrites orating, hear the politicians roar,
 Hear the claptrap and the fustian, when the Cleons yell for war!
 Who will volunteer? Who venture? He shall have for his reward
 Half a wine-jar mixed with honey, and ten figs upon a cord
 —Liquid wine and dripping honey—and some real brown olives too,
 Wheaten bread, with oil upon it, and a pig in onion stew,
 And besides, to crown his courage, when the lights of evening glow,
 He shall see a real live woman, just for half an hour or so.
 Who will risk it? Who will venture? Who's the peacemaker to go?

"THUCYD: Cleon, I well remember in old days
 You sometimes dared to tread the perilous ways
 Where others stumbled, and that once you claimed
 A victory which the man whom you defamed
 Had won already when you took his place,
 With envious heart hid in a traitor's face.
 If you have courage, here's another chance
 Of stepping to the breach. It would enhance
 Your popularity should you but cause to cease
 Man's suicidal madness, and to peace
 Gave such a victory as you gave to war.
 You'd have to change the note we heard of yore,
 But change to you comes easy. Up, then, go!
 When you return, if you succeed or no,
 You still can cry as once, "I told you so!"

"ARISTOPH: O Cleon! hear the suppliant cry,
 Great Cleon, cure the woes of man,
 Be gentle, be forgiving!
 Oh, save creation, you who can,
 And for the time that you're away
 I'll swear it's not so bad to die,

For, without you throughout the day,
Life is in Hades, one might say,
Almost as good as living.

"CLEON: Well, I consent, then; for I can't endure
These taunts and paltry parallels. I'm sure
I'll somewhere catch a man maligned like me,
Called just as faithless, thought as prone to be
As vain, as flighty, as imperious too,
Surrounded by the same obsequious crew
Of small officials, whom he has to pay
An extra obol now and then per day.
If such there be, in his reluctant ear
I'll shout the heavenly message, make him hear
Something of peace—an unaccustomed word
To me who clamoured still for fire and sword.
Now, Hermes, what's the proper thing to do?
To find that person all depends on you.

"HERMES: Hush! Quick! Be silent! Just give me your hand!
I'll whisk you off to a far-distant land.
The very person's there. Come! Let us go!
I'll just insert your soul in him, and so
No one will tell the difference. Then he'll wake,
And you'll begin, and each occasion take
To talk of peace and peace and peace for ever—
Peace chat, peace prattle, peace offensive—never
Must you relax till all his friends agree
To shut him in a madhouse, or to see
That, after all, peace has her blessings, too,
Though far less advantageous to the few.

"ARISTOPH: Good-bye, Cleon dear! So long!
Now he's off, we'll tread a measure,
Mingled with alternate song,
Great historian, for pleasure
That the world may still be fair,
Though the demagogue is there.
Change of heart is change of will;
Hark! The bells of peace are ringing!
Peace and home are lovely still;
Hark! The sweet birds how they're singing!
Youth and hope in every land
Follow singing hand-in-hand.

"THUCYD: Where is wisdom, peace shall reign;
Where is freedom, never chain
Binds the thought and word divine,
Frustrating the god's design;

Slow has been the upward way
 Man has trod, but here to-day
 Firm he stands upon the track,
 Steadfast, and shall not go back.

“ARISTOPH: Then come let us sing, let us sing the glad story
 Of Cleon's conversion from shame into glory
 For changing his parallel back from a Tory,
 Creating a dove from an eagle so gory,
 And re-filling with youth a quick spirit turned hoary!
 He's filling the world with a joy fresh as dew,
 And planting a life in the old and the new;
 So when he returns to the realm of the dead,
 We'll give him three cheers—one cheer for each head
 Of the three-headed Dog, and we'll think no more evil
 Of Cleon or statesmen or Spartans or devil.

“HENRY W. NEVINSON.”

St. Mary's, September 24th, 1918.

Food is getting very poor. Tea yesterday and breakfast to-day no bread, only two hard biscuits and margarine.

At medical Inspection doctor put me down B 2, for rheumatism, dilated heart, spasmodic asthma. Tant va la cruche à l'eau qu'à la fin elle se brise. But you know broken pots last longest. . . .

The shop-keepers in St. Mary's are coining money. Owing to the hosts of American soldiers who get three times the money Tommy gets, all the prices are very high, and the grumpy fat old tobacconist near the Library grows more uncivil every day. Still it's a lovely War for the shop-keepers! The cheapest pears are 1/6 a pound.

St. Mary's, September 25th, 1918.

I have read a delightful book, “The Yellow English,” by Dorota Flatau. The “yellow English” means the “naturalised Huns.” The selection of the colour yellow is, I presume, a compliment to our dear democratic Allies, the Japanese.

This novel was bound to come. “Have you realized the growing danger from naturalized German men and women in our midst?” says the legend on the book-cover.—All about the b—— Hun in England. Once a Hun, always a Hun! The Home Secretary who issued Naturalization Certificates in the name of the King and the Nation, and is usually supposed to be a loyal and most painstaking official, will like this brilliant performance of Dorota Flatau.

Otto Friedrich Schultz arrived in England 1891 with hardly five pounds in his pocket.

On the day of his arrival he pinches, or, as the author says, "purloins" three inches of a tallow candle and a small square of yellow soap from a kind lady who assists him in finding lodgings. O.F.S. soon gets on, through thieving and spying. Within thirteen lines of the novel he manages to become a rich banker, and four lines further down he marries the daughter of an impecunious English Duke.

From Berkeley Square Sir Frederick Schultz stirs up labour troubles; there he teaches his hopeful baby son applied Machiavelism and German world politics. *One of England's leading bankers*, he remains an "alien" to the Duke's daughter, despite the fact that he was the father of her boy.

Sir Frederick supplies Belgium with sign-posts that bear invisible maps hidden by a thin covering; he obtains the innermost secrets of English naval manoeuvres through a courtesan who gets them from—a British admiral! Already (on page 48) Royalty is numbered among Sir Frederick's guests.

There are more than 200 pages left.

O.F.S. becomes Lord Wellrock.

War breaks out. Every German-born man and woman becomes anathema in the hearts of civilized peoples.

Both Lord Wellrock and his grown-up son help the Germans. Finally, however, virtue triumphs. The women of Corton, near Lowestoft, dispose of Wellrock junior by hurling him down the cliffs, and Wellrock father, found out, has to appear before the Admiralty judges and expiate his crimes.

The authoress then proceeds to call these beastly fellow-citizens of Lord Milner and Mr. Cassel, a "lecherous crew," "creatures," "treacherous ones," and a "canker—that has helped to guide the snarling guns" (I like bold metaphors like "cankers that guide guns!"), and she invokes us to silence the blare of their (the b— Huns') brazen horn, and to strike now! fast! hard! quickly!

What a pity that our bold modern Maid of Orleans says, opposite the title-page:—

"The Author wishes it to be distinctly understood that all the characters in this novel are *purely imaginary and do not refer to living persons.*"

Purely imaginary . . . do not refer. . . . Well, as I said, it is a pity!

St. Mary's, September 30th, 1918.

We live on frozen fish, Quarry-Nook horse-meat, and alleged bread. . . .

The news of Bulgaria's unconditional surrender and the

imminent fall of Cambrai reached us this afternoon. The boys are very excited. . . .

Herded together in a curtained cubicle, about thirty of us had to undress and wait in that black hole of about twelve square yards until our name was called out to appear before the Travelling Medical Board.

Probably due to the rotten brands of wines they now serve with dinner at the Grand Palace in Piccadilly, our T.M.B. Colonels and Majors who were expected from London at eleven turned up an hour and a half later. If they could have heard the slangue of love used by the boys waiting!

Whilst I remained at B 2, one of my policemen, "Bullet," who had been put at B 2 by the local doctors, has been raised to B 1. He is very disappointed. A clever wood-worker, he is wanted by a Birmingham firm to make artificial limbs. The firm cannot cope with the orders placed, but they can claim him only if he is a B 2 man, or below. Though "Bullet's" skin is in a most unhealthy state, an advanced stage of chronic and incurable psoriasis, the T.M.B. made him B 1.

He swears; talks of a "b—— Political Concentration Camp," "Spy-Cage," "Observation-Unit." Naturally, I am sorry for the boy; he was born in "Brummagem," and loves his country, and it is true in any other unit "Bullet" would have had his ticket long ago.

"Life," an American paper which cannot possibly be accused of Germanophilism, praises the American citizens of German birth and descent for having so loyally responded to the call, etc., etc. Who has ever praised *us*?

St. Mary's, September 30th, 1918.

"The Star":

"ENEMY ALIEN WORKERS.

"ANOTHER OF THE PARROT CRIES DISCREDITED.

"An important statement relating to the employment of enemy aliens in Government establishments was made by Mr. Justice Sankey at a meeting of the Aliens' Advisory Committee at Westminster Hall to-day.

"The Committee, he said, had considered the report of his Honour Judge Tobin, K.C., who had proceeded to certain towns in the North of England in order to investigate some special phases of the enemy alien question. He had visited nine towns in Lancashire, six in Yorkshire, and seven in the North-Eastern area, and in the course of his work he went to nearly a hundred factories and investigated the employment of aliens in controlled establishments.

"WILD RUMOURS.

"*'The number of alien enemies,' continues Mr. Justice Sankey, 'employed in such establishments has been very greatly exaggerated by rumour. . . .*

"No objection was brought to the attention of the learned judge, although he personally visited factories, by either the employers, shop stewards, foremen, or the fellow-workmen of the aliens in question.

"The committee feel that these facts so ascertained should be brought to the notice of the public.'"

St. Mary's, October 1st, 1918.

"With our Faces in the Light" (John Murray, 1917) is a book by the American Frederick Palmer which I read to-day, and from which I culled the following interesting passages:—

"The European method would have been a threat based on the suspicion that if German or Hungarian blood flowed in anyone's veins, he must perforce be an enemy, which is a sure prescription for keeping race hatred alive."

In an American town with a large foreign population whom we should have labelled enemy aliens, Palmer records that the Chief of the Police declined offer of volunteer police. "He smilingly apologized to the eager volunteers for not having had a chance to do their bit. No bridges blown up, no rioting. The Chief thought it an insult to the residents to provide extra patrols." They trusted and were rewarded.

Says the American writer: "I told the English statesmen that if our democracy ever decided for war, the Germans at home would give us less trouble than the Irish in Ireland have given them."

St. Mary's, October 7th, 1918.

The cat may tease the dog, but she mustn't scratch his nose.

Lnc.-Corpl. Grünfeldt had been in collision with my policemen several times. Being a friend of all the rich men in the Regiment, he thought, as Plutus usually does, he was above the Law. Bullet, however, my Brummagem Bobby, hauled Grünfeldt before the Cadi to-day, and accused the great Corporal of the Lance of having entered the Cookhouse against orders by a forbidden door, and of jeering at him, Bullet, the mighty Eye of the Law.

The Camp Commander, who had reprimanded Grünfeldt before, stripped the proud Corporal of the Lance and reduced him to the Ranks. Great consternation in Park Lane Hut amongst the friends and hangers-on of Plutus, who admire him when he deigns to leave his private billets in St. Mary's and pay us a visit. I am

afraid Bullet will be engineered out of the Police at the first opportunity by his newly-won enemies.

Pte. Loose, who gave £2,000 to the Regimental War Savings Association, and who taxi-ed up more frequently than he climbed Cromwell's Hill, is now in Aldbrickham awaiting his discharge. They boast that our regiment heads all others with its total of War Savings Certificates. This is not due to the average Bing Boy, who is as poor as the average Tommy in an average regiment.

St. Mary's, October 10th, 1918.

Sergeant Bewbel has stimulated the "poets" in the Camp on several occasions, and now the Satirists have a "go" at him. I found the following decalogue in circulation and much admired by the boys:

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.

RECENTLY REVISED AT CROMWELL'S HILL CAMP, ST. MARY'S.

And the Sergeant spake unto the Corporals saying: Call ye the Privates together, and turn ye the head of every man stiffly towards me, for that I may make my Commandments unto them, and thus did he command unto the Private, yelling in a voice of thunder that reached even unto the ear of the Captain of the host.

1. Thou shalt worship thy Sergeant. Thou shalt not bow thyself down to the Sergeant-Major, but only unto me, for I am THE GREAT I AM.

2. Six days shalt thou labour, and do all thy work, then on the seventh thou shalt scrub thy bed-boards and also labour, for it is the Sabbath.

3. Thy Mess Tin shalt thou shine daily even as unto a mirror. What is it to thee that thou shalt never eat from it, it is my command.

4. Thou shalt use no other polish than B(1)ue-Bell, for I am a jealous Sergeant.

5. Thou shalt not appear before me with gargling utensils, nor in overalls—they are unclean, and I—I am clean.

6. Thou shalt not employ thy neighbour as batman or in any other manner make thyself as great as thy Sergeant.

7. Thou shalt have no graven image above thy bed, neither thy father nor thy mother nor thy beloved: but, if it be an image of thy sergeant, then shalt thou find favour in mine eyes.

8. Thou shalt honour thy Sergeant, that thy days may be long without the "CLINK."

9. When thy Lord the Sergeant shalt appear before thee with his staff and with his mighty voice, then shalt thou tremble and stand to attention, even if it be with thy knees.

10. Every day shalt thou shave thy face, and lo, if I, even I, find a still small hair upon thy face, then shalt thou be scourged with C.B. even unto the Seventh Day.

Therefore, shall ye do not as I do but as I COMMAND ye in these, my Commandments.

SELAH.

St. Mary's, October 14th, 1918.

Yesterday with Summers to Meg Downs, near St. Mary's. It was a glorious afternoon. Life on the down on such a day with the news of Germany's acceptance seemed to be almost too good to be true.

Under a sky of gorgeous blue the golf links lured the eye away across the valleys, over the hills opposite ours, away to the lands of the dreamers where the truly good live on the Isles of the Blest.

Only one discord. Above us was humming and droning wearily a battle-plane.

After the War I propose there should be set apart certain districts, perhaps whole counties, which no aviator would be allowed to enter, an aviation-proof realm, where only the sounds of Nature may be heard. As the Americans have their National Park. . . .

The black bunches of wild privet berries are particularly abundant and beautiful this year. We found also blackberries, twenty on one sprig, red hawthorn berries, red wild-rose berries, and two belated raspberries.

Close by a few straggling elder-berry bushes stood bare and stripped of almost everything, with a few smallish berries, black as privet berries yet tinier. The whole cluster created an uncanny ghost impression like that of forlorn spectres of the night who missed the signal ending the Midnight Revels, and who now stand in the glaring sunshine as War Liars will in the truth of 1940. . .

Well, to-day it's raining, and we view the political situation again more pessimistically.

"Oho," like most men, is a wonderful mixture of meanness and nobility. It is very difficult to imagine that this young barber-bobby, who is "always on the make," should have risked his great social conquest.

Did he not enrol in the Church choir over six months ago? Did he not attend two practice nights during every week and two services on Sundays until the Great Man in the Pulpit at last noticed the eager-looking chorister-Tommy and tentatively invited him for tea?

And now "Oho" is a pillar of Society. Every other Sunday he and his wife are at the vicarage. There is no end of whist-drives and dances conceived, arranged and managed by the inde-

fatigable great "Oho." There should be at least a dozen marriages with which the Recording Angel will credit our "Oho," the liaison-officer between all the fair maidens of the neighbouring parish and all the younger Tommies of Cromwell's Hill Camp. "Oho" has galvanised into life a sleepy parish, and he is the Power behind the Pulpit.

All that, his social prestige, his position, won by the "conquest of service," he risked yesterday.

The vicar's wife said at tea-time: "We do not want peace yet." Then "Oho" held forth and "fairly went" for her, as he said. "Why do you pray for 'peace in our time?'" he asked her. "Does not the Lord say, 'Love your enemies?'" Good old "Oho!" I like you for that. A barber-bobby has to censure a vicar's wife. Well done, "Oho!" . . .

The vicar's wife would, however, find a sympathiser in our hut Y 1. There lives with us at present a certain Q.M.S. Kennedy, in private life a taxi-driver, who is in charge of the "Eliminator." Altogether, with a warrant officer's allowances, and with eliminator extras, he draws over four pounds in cash a week. Considering that everything else is found for him (board, lodging and clothing), the sum of four pounds is quite an acceptable sum, especially when one has a cushy job with about four hours "attendance" per day.

As a result, Kennedy has had the time of his life. He simply bubbled over with the joy of life, and whilst he has been in our hut his tongue has never been known to rest more than is needed to take in breath. He . . . talks! He would talk down the record talkers in that Talking Shop Morris wants to be converted into the National Dung Repository.

The last few days Kennedy appears to be depressed. Distant clouds seem to throw shadows occasionally across the sunlit plain of his cushy job paradise. Is this lovely war going to come to an end? What a dreadful thing! And then suddenly Kennedy will break out: "We do not want peace! It would be a calamity. We have to give them a sloshing first! Look at them atrocities!"

Failing the realization of my pet idea that everybody during a War should draw only 1s. a day, from the Prime Minister and the Primate down to the humble munition-millionaire, I think the next best plan would be to have it laid down in the Statute book that everybody should wear a board on his back (like sandwichmen used to carry) with the inscription: "I am making x£ ys. zd. per day out of this lovely War."

St. Mary's, October 14th, 1918.

In an evening paper to-night occur some very subtle and refined lines: "The Allies reply, Foch the Kaiser!"

Of course they mean "hoch" (salve!) and not —! Some

silly boys in the Camp, however, said the paper meant the latter. I pointed out to them that a highly respectable paper would not dare to do such a thing. Our pure-minded G.B.P. would smash its premises. The joke consists in exchanging "f" and "h." That's good enough, isn't it?

St. Mary's, October 17th, 1918.

A certain newspaper to-day demands a war indemnity of £10,000,000,000. It goes on: "Do not, however, listen to the nonsense about Germany's being unable to pay it. What about those *Pomeranian* Coalfields, which are worth the whole of the capitalised value of the British Isles? Are they to remain in the hands of Germany?"

Though "The Statemen's Yearbook," an authority some benighted people still consult, only mentions Westphalia, Rhenish Prussia and Silesia under the heading of mines, there cannot be any doubt whatsoever that Pomerania *has* coal. How otherwise could they export those smoked breasts of Pomeranian geese without coal?

And it is 2000 years ago since Tacitus heard from a military commander, who got it from an officer, who had it from a pedlar, that the Nuitones own rivers and forests. Rivers and forests make coal. Let us have that coal! The b—— Huns have hidden it! I am sure it's underneath the bed of the Oder.

St. Mary's, October 20th, 1918.

In the October number of the "Hibbert Journal," Mrs. A. Y. Campbell writes on "German Poetry: A Re-valuation." She puts Marlowe's "Faustus" above "Goethe's."

Though I agree very often we worship too slavishly the names of a few men made sacrosanct in our literary "lessons," I can but smile when I read that Goethe's was a mighty but bleak intellect.

Her new plural, "Sprücher," I take it, is merely the playfulness of the printer's devil?

St. Mary's, October 30th, 1918.

'Flu!

Poor Sommer stands in the ablution room and ticks off names on a long list.

No man is to go through the day without reporting twice daily to Sommer and gargling some vile stuff. The Brigadier has the wind up and is afraid that the "'flu" may become more serious in his district, for a number of deaths have already occurred.

The doctors say it's the "flu," but a number of the men are convinced it is the plague, an epidemic caused through the under-feeding of Europe. . . .

St. Mary's, October 31st, 1918.

The news of Turkey's surrender excites the boys very much. There should be an armistice within a fortnight now. . . .

The local authorities have worried me into putting my name down as an Instructor and Lecturer under the Army Education Scheme. Whatever little good I may do by teaching French and lecturing on Sociology, anyhow I shall be able to take a few days' leave to run up to London to fetch books. To a B 2 category man, who like all men below B 1 is to have leave only every nine months, a windfall of four days is not unwelcome. Moreover I am going to do my best for the boys to teach them the diplomat's language and impart some of the sociological lore unknown to at least half the diplomatists. . . .

Amongst various other duties of mine, that of Chief Electrician for the Camp is quite entertaining. Our camp was plunged into darkness three times within one week owing to the fusing of the wires. Last night, when I put the new wire into the box near the entrance gate, Moakes, a young whipper-snapper of an officer, came out of the officers' quarter, haw-hawed, and asked what I was about, and Why? and Why Not?

I smiled upon him most sweetly, and said softly that I should be very grateful to him if he would oblige me by most kindly inspecting the rather intricate mechanism of the defective fuse-box, that I had no doubt whatever his keen critical eye, aided by the theoretical and thorough knowledge of a trained Officer, would detect the flaw in the machinery responsible for the repeated fusings much more quickly than my limited and superficial knowledge merely picked up through experience would enable me to do, that . . . but I could not finish my sentence. The O.C. 1619 L.C. had fled. And it was a good thing, for I *was* out of breath.

St. Mary's, November 1st, 1918.

Problem: Should officer's coat hanging to dry outside his quarters be saluted?

The men are always told they do not salute the man inside the pretty rags, but the King's uniform.

Kant lays down that all objects of sense are intensive magnitudes, and all objects of perception are intensive as well as extensive magnitudes. . . . Brr, I give it up! If I salute the man I pay homage to a civilian hallporter or shopwalker; if I salute the uniform I act like a Central African nigger. . . .

Pte. Hügelmann this morning measured milk immediately on delivery and found it was four pints short out of 25. Discovered this has been going on for months. Man's reply: "Oh, I have to cut down each unit some days to make the milk go round." "But you don't cut down the bill!" retorted Hügelmann. "I make up for it next day," was the honest trader's argument, and I am sure he does it. All army contractors are honourable men. Lt. Whine, our Messing Officer, declined therefore quite rightly to prosecute the gentleman who made daily 3/- out of milk which had—no magnitude.

St. Mary's, November 8th, 1918.

A friend writes me that Professor Gilbert Murray yesterday gave the Creighton Lecture at the London School of Economics. The subject he had chosen was "Aristophanes and Cleon, or The Contemporary Criticism of the Peloponnesian War."

Though my little monograph on Cleon has now been on the Market for more than two months, my correspondent does not state that Professor Gilbert Murray made the slightest mention of my opusculum.

I presume, my correspondent's oversight.

London, November 11th, 1918.

On leave. Was walking in Melbury Road, W. this morning when at eleven o'clock I heard the firing of maroons; first a couple of them only, but quickly followed by a string of them.

The street was very quiet, and a dull November light wrapped everything in a cloak of grey autumn dreariness. Following Comte's method of *hygiène cérébrale*, I had abstained deliberately from reading newspapers for the last few days, but early in the morning I had seen chalked up on a stationer's notice-board that the German Emperor had fled to Holland. When I heard the maroons I felt, I knew it was the End.

ARMISTICE.

There were but two elderly gentlemen visible at the moment of firing, on the opposite pavement. One of them waved his hat. The other uttered a subdued "Hurray!" Both smiled.

I looked at my watch—it was two minutes past eleven.

Meanwhile the volume of noise was gathering.

Windows were thrown open and a few white-capped servant girls cheered and clapped their hands. I passed into Addison Road and the three or four passers-by smiled at me so friendly, as though the first day of Morris's Nowhere had dawned. Some minutes later a number of flags and streamers appeared in many windows.

I passed a policeman who smiled and said, in reply to my remark: "Well, I hope you'll get a half holiday," "They signed at five this morning, sir."

A road-sweeper I met said: "I suppose that's the beginning of the end." I answered: "It's all over!" and he remarked: "'N a good thing, too!"

I confess to a temptation to sob or cry or do something, and for a few moments I felt certainly quite light-headed. But then I thought of the fiends who started the Nightmare because they desired more Power, more Gold, or because they were so bored with existence that Man-Hunting seemed to be the only Big Game to prevent extinction through ennui. And I thought of the fools who let them do it. How many Millions of mothers, wives and sweethearts will weep to-day? All for the fun of the few.

St. Mary's, Thursday, November 21st, 1918.

"The Manchester Guardian" says:—

"I shall be asked whether England is to be held responsible for the fancies of a few thoughtless idiots. I reply simply, Yes. . . . And now that we are no longer under the spell of pressing and deadly peril, the vogue of panic-stricken fools is over. It has been one of the worst tyrannies the war has brought on us; and the reaction from it will put the fools in their places pretty roughly."

St. Mary's, November 25th, 1918.

Read J. A. Farrer, "The Monarchy in Politics" (Fisher Unwin 1917). He says: "A democracy under modern conditions, sensitive to every gush of rumour, and to every whiff of passion that is fanned by the Press, is subject to no restraint from a war like that which may operate on a pacific monarch." (p. 334).

"On the point of War the rival claims of the rival systems of government must remain open questions. *Centuries more of experiments in Government must be added to the world's experience before a decisive judgment can be formed.*" (p. 335.)

Farrer thinks that as early as 1858 "the Press prepared the ground for the war which was to break out in 1914; it sowed the dragon's teeth." (pp. 244-6). . . .

I remember Froude in his "Scientific Method Applied to History" said: "Take him at his best, man is a great fool!"

St. Mary's, November 26th, 1918.

Sommer is in hospital. "'Flu." . . .

Last Saturday we had our Victory Celebration here. Smoking

concert, free drinks. Arranged by Sergt. Bewbel. He was a great success as a low comedian on the stage, and he certainly managed the entertainment very well. The boys enjoyed themselves immensely. The tone and the language, however, were, despite the officers present, terrible. The "contes gras" even these gentlemen told were hardly beaten by the licentious tales of our smoking-room wits.—Monkeys!

St. Mary's, November 29th, 1918.

To-day I arranged a scrubbing match.

At breakfast—I have been asked to join the Warrant Officers' Mess in Hut YI—we discussed individualism, forced labour, voluntary effort and kindred subjects. I proposed the scrubbing competition as a practical demonstration to show the superiority of voluntary effort over forced labour. . . .

The "'Flu" is still raging. Of course everybody knows it is *not* the flue (influenza), but some war-epidemic due to the under-feeding of the European population. Anyhow, there's lots in a name, and the wise administrator always poses as an optimist. So they call it "the 'Flu."

Last week I disinfected the hut with a rather strong creosote solution from a tiny gardener's can, and the result was a spotted floor. Very spotted indeed. In fact, so badly spotted that I stopped sprinkling disinfectants but took to gassing the hut. Put a metal wash-basin with almost undiluted creosote on the open top of the hut stove to choke the bacilli out of the hut.

Sergeant Bewbel said after breakfast he would set a fatigue party to scrubbing the middle section of the hut, which contains the Warrant Officers' Mess. A few days ago Oho had told me, should he escape the draft and be marked unfit, he would scrub our section of the hut, the abode of the Camp Police. Kind of thank-offering. The two sections are of equal size, separated by sacking. I turned to Bewbel and informed him I would back Oho's unaided efforts against any fatigue-party he liked to summon, and so *prove* the infinite superiority of voluntary labour over forced labour. Miss Kelly, the canteen manageress, her assistant Miss Clerk, and the Midshire C.S.M. Dum-dum to be empannelled as judges.

Oho started shortly after 9 a.m. Bewbel brought up five men who started at 9.30 a.m.

Shortly afterwards we found out that the wily Bewbel had substituted caustic soda for Oho's plain soda. The fatigue-party had long-handled mops, which my solitary worker despised. He used scrubbing brushes and went down on his knees. With commendable courage he tackled the Caustic Soda, too, regardless of his hands. For three hours Oho slogged and fought the spots. No

fiercer could have been the effort of the cleaner of the Augean stables. One hundred and fifty square feet had to be de-spotted by each party.

After an hour Bewbel's slaves went off for a "break," i.e., the usual camp interval of half an hour, to drink cocoa in the Canteen. At 12 o'clock Oho had won hands down. His section was finished. The slaves had hardly done one half. As to general whiteness, absence of patches and streaks, cleanliness in corners and rifle rack-bottoms, they were "nowhere," compared with exponent of voluntary work. Oho got the half crown promised to the winner, and I asked him to hand it to his little son and heir, accompanying the gift with a sermon on Sheer Will-Power.

His hands were burnt, two red blotches showed on his knees. We vaselined him and packed the perspiring Mr. Dauntless into bed. He will go far. The Egyptian slaves, however, bullied and driven, finished their job later in the afternoon.

The conditions on both sides of the sacking had been the same, unlimited supply of hot water and tools, equal surface; nor had Oho any greater experience in scouring and scrubbing. Yet Voluntary Labour had won. Five to one! . . .

What grand chances would there be if one could pit one against another: the system of National Guilds with proud and voluntary workers against our present one of International Financiers and Rogues driving the slaves of hunger and fear!

St. Mary's, November 30th, 1918.

All the boys from Quarry Nook whose names are down for the draft to France (VIIIth L.C.M.R.) arrived here this morning. Several gold-stripers. One of them, Furtwangler, has four *and* the Mons ribbon. Despite this—musical name, Furtwangler was born in Scotland, and when he begins to burr about the damned politician who put him into this mob after all his noble service in France, it is just as well that Whitehall is far and cannot hear. The boy was wounded four times, but recalled from France and stigmatized by being put into this "Unit," the Jordan Highlanders or the Bing-Boys. I do *not* think Furtwangler will go out again if he can help it.

One youngster arrived here at 9.30 a.m. At 10.30 a.m. he had been dragged before the O.C. and sentenced 14 days' C.B. Sergt. Bewbel had told the boy to have a No. 1 hair-cut (quite short, kind of convict style). The boy had answered he would have his hair quite short, but *not* No. 1 hair-cut. Bewbel took the Defier of Discipline before the O.C., with result as stated. 14 days C.B.

St. Mary's, Friday, December 6th, 1918.

When the Quarry Nook boys arrived we did not really believe it. But it is true. Despite the Armistice, another draft from our regiment is to be sent out to France, and this time the St. Mary's Detachment was threatened with extinction. We all were medically examined. Of course I was thrown on the rubbish heap at once. "Not fit, V.D.H.," was the doctor's verdict. (V.D.H., means "valvular defect of the heart"). Jack has been taken with "light duty for France." Oho, as usual, the lucky devil! though strong like a lion and energetic like an engine piston, was rejected.

Oho has a most wonderful gift. Two days before any medical inspection he develops a cold. By order he coughs. "Weak chest, not fit," says the doctor.

Hügelmann, however, the messing clerk, an A 1 man, by special arrangement, was not even sent to doctor. Must stay behind; else the Messing Officer, who leaves everything to Hügelmann, could not play tennis. Whattagame! Hügelmann has been here since the Beginning of Things. Drafts have gone and drafts have threatened, but the Messing Officer's hilly redoubt is impregnable.

Still, Hügelmann has a very good insight into human nature. When "Jewelston" was up for having sent £20 to Barker and "got" five months, Hügelmann remarked pertinently: "Glorious opportunity for eyewash and whitewash! After all, it was only twenty pounds. How could the fool expect anything for twenty pounds!"

St. Mary's, December 7th, 1918.

Since we are the most Christian nation on this wicked planet it is only right that we should not be hampered by such an idiotic maxim as "Love your enemies."

These founders of religions are hopeless dreamers. Moreover, the Man who said: "But if ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Father forgive your trespasses," did not know the Germans. Never mind about the omniscience of His Father. HE DID NOT KNOW THE HUNS.

It is therefore refreshing to see how we improve upon the advocated Utopian policy advocated by these foolish New Testament people. Mrs. Dacre Fox and Miss Janet McEwan prefer the sturdy advice of Isaiah: "Forgive them not."

According to "The Daily Sketch," the former lady holds: "The Kaiser should be handed over to France. I am confident they would decide that hanging is too good for him." Precisely. Without doubt there are much more pleasant methods. Our gentle ladies themselves might first skin his back, salt the raw flesh, pour molten lead on . . . but any old text book of the XVth Century will acquaint them with the more efficient methods of the torture chamber,

The second lady, like most unmarried folk, is still more charitable and humane towards an enemy who is down: "The Kaiser deserves hanging, but I would suggest prolonging his life in conditions of extreme mental and physical discomfort."

St. Mary's, Saturday, December 8th, 1918.

A.G.G. writes in "The Daily News" (yesterday):—

"A new world of some sort is going to be made out of the wreckage of war. Whether it is a better world than the old depends on ourselves. It depends on the frame of mind in which we approach the task, whether we take our inspiration from the 'Second Inaugural,' or—forgive me for mentioning him even in contrast with the great name of Lincoln—from Sir F. E. Smith.

"I choose him because yesterday, in a paper which, even in these days of Press manipulation, is winning a bad eminence in the art of suppressing the other side, I read this passage from a speech he had delivered at Liverpool:

"I tell you that when the history of the last 20 years comes to be written it will be found that out of every 20 Germans who settled in this country 18 were spies. Clear them all out. That is the policy of the Coalition Government." (Cheers.)

"At this moment there are waiting in Holland about 20,000 aliens—Poles, Russians, and persons of mixed blood and German fusion, with their tickets ready taken to come back to this country on the day peace is declared. Here is a great question of national policy. Do we want them? ('No!') What is the good, after winning this great war, if we cannot keep England for the English? (Cheers.) What do we want with the waiters who were spying and with the professors who were teaching classes and spying all the time?"

"Now, if I call this speech infamous I know I shall invite an avalanche of anonymous letters and postcards denouncing me as a Pro-German. But I propose to call it infamous. If I were base enough to appeal to the ignorance and passion of the mob I could do it as well as Sir F. E. Smith. I could make myself prosperous by it. I could start a League of Hate like Mr. Bottomley and cry: 'Intern them all' as loudly as Lord Northcliffe. If I do not do these things it is not because I hate the thing called Prussianism less than these people do. It is because I happen to hate it more. It is because I hate it so much that I want to see it rooted out of the world—not destroyed there and planted here, but rooted out of the whole world for ever. Does Sir F. E. Smith want that? Does he want the gospel of Lincoln to prevail? No, he wants a seat in Parliament and a great office—and he knows how to get them. And for twenty years 'of every 20 Germans who settled in this country, 18 were spies,' and all the miserable waiters were

spies. Has he got this information from Lord Milner, his colleague in the Government? Let him ask him. *I have never attacked Lord Milner for his German birth and blood. When I have attacked him I have attacked him for his policy. I have believed that he has been honourably loyal to his adopted land. But why should he sit by and listen to statements that he knows to be untrue?* There were spies in this country, and they were caught and executed. But the plain truth, as this man knows, is that the cases were astonishingly few. *Can you recall a single achievement in all the years of war by these thousands and tens of thousands of spies—one railway train attacked, one bridge damaged, one factory blown up? I cannot. You know, as Sir F. E. Smith knows, that the profession of the spy is the most dangerous and exclusive of callings—that no nation entrusts it to any but daring and clever men, that to hand it over to pitiful waiters and grocers and commercial travellers would be the insanest way of securing prompt exposure.*

"Sir F. E. Smith is a symptom. If he were only himself he would not be worth powder and shot. I should not insult my readers by offering him even as a spectacle. But he is the crude and vulgar expression of a policy. We are on the brink of an election, snatched in circumstances as indefensible and sinister as any in history."

St. Mary's, December 10th, 1918.

Wadurian is a rich Armenian whose father, I hear, made piles of money during the War. The wily old merchant shipped and sold disused army-clothing to the Central African Niggers.

His son was a success the moment he arrived at Aldbrickham. A charmingly-mannered youngster with a most beautiful motor-car is bound to be a general favourite. Private Wadurian took a big private house, and—never left Aldbrickham for any of those nasty outlandish detachments. Nor had he to work at Shedcot or at the Main-Supply with the poor, the plebs, the under-dogs—in the Mid-shires as everywhere else, the history-less, leisure-less Majority, the hoi polloi.

Of course it is merely the spiteful way of the cook-house folk to assert they have had frequent cables from Aldbrickham commenting on the excellent cooking done in Wadurian's house, and that Captain Copper and other officers appreciated the sumptuous dinners given very much indeed. Such a thing is preposterous; an officer and a gentleman would never feast at Tommy's table. Now, would he?

Wadurian, however, has left Aldbrickham at last. He is demobilised, and Rumour has it that occasionally he Rolls-Royces into Aldbrickham to see his dear cronies. He was amongst the

very first to be demobilised. Entirely due to the merits of his case, naturally, and not to Mammon and a grovelling camarilla.

"The wife of one of our superior N.C.O.'s has bought a fur worth fifty pounds, and her husband invests heavily in War Loan." That lying jade, Rumour, again!

So Wadurian got his ticket. I wonder how long it will take Lucrarian to get his. He too is needed for Reconstruction like all very rich men are.

He should really have gone on the draft for France now about due to leave, but the poor fellow was knocked down, as he says, by a motor in the dark, and he is now in hospital. Some slight abrasions on the shin. But Lucrarian will be better in a few days' time, though I am afraid only—*after* the draft is gone. Won't he be *frightfully* disappointed!

St. Mary's, December 11th, 1918.

The boys of this regiment who served throughout the 1914 and 1915 campaigns, some of whom were wounded themselves, who saw "bing-boy" comrades die for Mrs. Dacre Fox, were very angry when they read what this Christian lady proposed to do with the fathers of those heroes.

Yesterday some of my boys here proposed to proceed straightway to London and . . . talk to the . . . lady.

We had great difficulty in preventing half a dozen boys with gold-stripes from going.

The trouble arose from "The Weekly Dispatch" (8th XII., 1918), which reported:—

"We must clean our public life of German influence absolutely," said Mrs. Dacre Fox, the woman candidate for Richmond, to a "Weekly Dispatch" representative yesterday.

"By eradicating German influence I mean getting rid of German blood. As a nation we are quite efficient enough to manage our own affairs without the aid of any enemy alien. . . .

"On the subject of clearing every Boche out of this country the women are very earnest—much more, it seems to me, than some of the men.

"When they say *every* Hun they mean *every* single one of them. Not alone the military prisoners and the civilian prisoners interned in this country, but the naturalised Hun who has been buying much British War Loan and subscribing with great ostentation to our charities. We don't want them or their gold.

"*I do not except either those Huns whose sons' names have appeared in our casualty lists. For one thing, they never ought to have been allowed to join our Army.*"

St. Mary's, December 11th, 1918.

That jade Rumour is very busy at present. Alleges that Captain Copper in Aldbrickham has taken an empty house and that H.Q. staff presented him with the—furniture. Of course *must* be a nasty lie. . . .

My two classes (French and Sociology) I am running under the Army Education Scheme are flourishing. The students are very eager and pretty regular in their attendance. Reinheimer of our Unit is great on land-reform and with the zeal of an apostle makes converts of all he meets. The sociology students give very good summaries of the books which I ask them to read. Knight surprised me to-day with an excellent précis of G. S. Veitch, "Empire and Democracy."

St. Mary's, December 13th, 1918.

Oho came to me this morning with the cheerful suggestion: "I think I am going to blacklead our stove. It needs it." "What's the game?" was my question in reply, for well I knew the wiliness of Oho. "Quarter-Master Manbeck is going to issue new tunics," he said. "And don't you think mine wants renewing? A policeman has to look smart, you know, and this old rag requires just one or two touches before he will condemn it."

So Oho blacklead. He did blacklead—the tunic and the stove. The latter shone like the Devil's hoofs, cherry-blossomed for the usual Sunday morning visit, to report, "All correct, sir." And Oho has been promised a new tunic.

Once again a rumour has floated into Cromwell's Hill Camp that Colonel Byle has left with the rank of a Brigadier General. "Absolutely certain, this time," says the Cookhouse-Cable-Company.

If it is true, I can only say that that man has missed a wonderful chance.

Even assuming the higher authorities at Marsbury did not like the B.B.'s, the Colonel should have assembled the men in 1916 at the time of the formation of the Unit, and again periodically later on, for the benefit of the newcomers, and he should have said:

"Look here, boys! Owing to journalistic cut-throats and blood-thirsty civilian fools you are—politically speaking—under a cloud. Now I am giving you a bit of advice. Throw your heart and soul into your work as soldiers. Work until your output creates a record for all the I.W. Regts. at home. Heap fiery coals on your enemies' heads. You are British-born boys—most of you, anyhow; others are naturalized Britishers—and you know as well as I do that the G.B.P. in the long run *is* fair and will make an amende honourable for having allowed itself to be 'stunted.'

"You will always find a friend in me, boys. Now trust me and —work."

Alas! like most Thucydidean speeches this one was never delivered. And the Colonel stood by whilst the boys grew sulky under the insults of political ruffians and military bullies. He took no effective action when they suffered through vile innuendoes of a perfectly unscrupulous press, the most abominable dictatorship a country ever had.

The result was inevitable. Outside H.Q. circles Colonel Byle was universally disliked, and many boys hated him with the fervour of Hamilcar. . . .

Yet even then the record of output created by these Bing Boys, these "political outcasts" was extraordinarily good. You could not withdraw the slightest detachment of them anywhere without the local military authority "kicking up an awful shindy." After the withdrawal of the B.B. double the number of men would be needed, and then the work was done indifferently. These are facts for which I can vouch.

And I have heard in France the B.B., once away from the disgraceful stigma of the 33rd Midshires' label, have been doing most excellent work.

St. Mary's, December 15th, 1918.

Cohen showed me a communication from "Practician" marked secret. Urgent telegram via B.H.Q. St. Mary's to all O.C.'s to note that

- (a) alien enemy subjects,
- (b) British-born subjects of enemy origin,
- (c) naturalized British subjects of enemy origin,
- (d) coloured subjects,

are not to be admitted for re-enlistment in the New Army.

Am wondering what Consax, Furtwangler, Dieland senior, and others of our crowd who were Regulars before the War will think about it? The three men I mention all come under (b), and Furtwangler has been wounded four times during this war. Now he is classed along with the "niggers."

St. Mary's, Tuesday, December 17th, 1918.

One of those prisoners who escaped the other day from High-bridge prison at Aldbrickham, after he had knocked poor old Meyder senseless, has dispatched a telegram to the Colonel asking for—48 hours extension of leave.

At least, that is the cook-house version of this variation of adding insult to injury.

St. Mary's, December 20th, 1918.

In that old print-shop near the Market-Cross I saw a fine picture of President Wilson last night. It was dreadfully expensive, but I bought it in spite of compulsory small self-denials that such extravagance entails. I am going to hang it up at home next to Grotius. . . .

All the apples have disappeared in our fruiterers' shops overnight. Government fixed a maximum price, and to-day there is not one apple to be seen in any window. The mice have nibbled them up.

St. Mary's, December 26th, 1918.

I have finished reading the "Keeling Letters." (Unwin.)

Two sentences of his are worth noting down: (a) "I believe firmly that Russia has provoked this war and that without Russia's intrigue it might never have taken place." (p. 181.)

(b) "I took up a—rifle to fight for human liberty, not for one set of—hucksters against another." (p.324.)

1919

St. Mary's, January 10th, 1919.

Henry Meulen writes:

" Mon ami,

" I am missing your pessimistic remarks in these days: they would afford a sweet minor harmony to my own frame of mind. Your slate-grey predictions relative to the establishment of a League of Nations after the War seem to be approaching realisation. It really seems as though nothing short of a miracle could now save us from the maintenance of the 'Balance of Power' theory. The one hopeful sign is that Roosevelt has gone to hell. I feel a rush of transparent virtue in wishing that C. and G. would follow him thither.

" Of course, there is hope. The Coalitionists have secured only a bare majority of the votes of the country, and it only requires a little application of reactionary principles to swell the opposition to business-like dimensions.

" How are you going in these days. Serenely, I hope. . . .

" Aldbrickham smiles on me comparatively sweetly. I see Weisz fairly frequently, and get doses of his narquois wit. He's a dear chap, and he asks to be remembered to you. He was on the last French draft; but was taken off with a few other choice ones at the last moment. Hilf still manipulates the ivories magnificently as of old. He is on the Main Supply (Salvage) in these days! A sight for the gods to see him 'patoging' about in the mud.

" I find myself singularly disinclined for reformerish things in these days. Fact is, I don't like my fellow man as much as I did. His combination of vicious spite and stupidity has got on my nerves. I am more than ever determined to get out of the Government service if I can, and make money in some form of commerce. It seems to me more important to protect myself from my fellow-man than to seek to help him in these days. Perhaps the feeling is only temporary, but the fact that I record it to you, and expose myself to a possible future gibe from you should I change, shows it to be pretty firm at present."

St. Mary's, January 16th, 1919.

Fortunately man's memory is short. Otherwise, Captain Copper would be "in for" a lively time, "*après la guerre*" when he meets—them.

Our "goldstripers" are vowing terrible vengeance. "If we get hold of that b—— in 'civvy,' Gawd help him!"

According to C.Q.M.S. Manbeck, who is a rich stockbroker, with many channels of information, the story is quite true. Manbeck himself told me that Captain Copper in Aldbrickham has been "swanking" to the flappers there, telling them that he had been specially selected for the job in the 33rd Midshires on the strength of his experience at Scotland Yard! Which experience (I suppose *that* is the ideah!) resulted in qualifying him as a first-class Hunhound.

Still, I do not believe this yarn. Simply one of those silly Rumours that are always floating about. Every British Officer is a gentleman. A gentleman would not tell such a lie. Therefore Captain Copper cannot possibly have said what he is alleged to have said. Q.E.D.

Our old sodgers, of course, who went out to France in 1914, who fought and suffered for England, the country of their birth, do not like the Scotland Yard story. . . .

The boys are altogether very unsettled and restless. They are clamouring to be demobilised and are holding a good many meetings. Our Camp Commandant, I understand, is very sympathetic and inclined to receive a deputation.

St. Mary's, January 18th, 1919.

"The Nation" is recommending a policy similar to that propounded in my book, "The Parliament of Man." In an article entitled "A World Parliament" the journal says:—

"We avowedly desire a Parliament for the reason which will cause all the older statesmen to reject it. It will mean the grouping of opinions across national lines. It will mean the building up of a real international opinion, not artificially unanimous, with its varying shades, its groups, its majority and its minority. We realise the immense difficulties of language, distance, racial antipathies, diverse standards of conduct and expression. The details are still for us an open question. . . . Its creation can alone set up what none of the standard or official schemes even attempt to realise, a true society of peoples as the basis of a league of Governments."

Another article in "The Nation" has made me think of "The Acts xxii. 25." These are some extracts:

"OUT WITH THE HUNS.

"If a prize had been offered during the Election for the most perfect specimen of political nonsense, there cannot be much doubt as to who would have carried it off. It would have gone to the new Lord Chancellor in recognition of his assertion that eighteen out of every twenty Germans who have settled in Great Britain during the past two decades have been spies. For sheer intemperance it would be hard to match. One of the great Law Officers of the Crown, with access to the stores of official information, has gone on record with the assertion that nine-tenths of the German-born residents in these islands are spies. It is useless to point out that his colleague, the *Home Secretary*, specifically declared in July that *except in the first few weeks of the War, no spies had been discovered in Great Britain among the subjects of enemy States*. Was not the Lord Chancellor aware of that fact? He knew that Germany's agents at work among us during the past four years have been not Germans, but neutrals and renegade Britons, just as our own agents in Germany have been of almost any nationality *but* British. But it served his turn to heap fuel on the bitter memories of War, and to pump up an excuse of sorts for the policy of wholesale repatriation. He found a state of public mind as 'sore and excitable' as that which Titus Oates inflamed against the Papists. . . .

"Many of these emigrants left the Fatherland to escape the Prussian system. They found in Great Britain freedom and opportunities denied to them at home. They liked our life and ways, settled here, married Englishwomen, became naturalised British subjects. They never formed a group apart. They merged themselves completely in their new environment. Not a few of them rose to high positions in diplomacy, commerce, the public services and Parliament. When war broke out between the land of their birth and the land of their adoption, they sided overwhelmingly with the country where all their personal interests and associations lay, where they had made their home, where their children had been born. . . .

"*Throughout the war the naturalised British subjects of German birth have been absolutely loyal to Great Britain and the Allied cause*, the exceptions to the contrary being so few as to be wholly negligible. *Their sons by hundreds and thousands have fought and died as volunteers in the British Army.* . . .

"It cannot be said that as a nation we have done much to smoothen the difficult path of our fellow subjects of enemy birth. They have been made to feel themselves objects of suspicion and distrust. We have not availed ourselves of even a tenth of the services they stood ready to render. The popular attitude towards them has been too much governed by newspaper sensationalism. No British statesman has known how to address them as President Wilson addressed

'the millions of men and women of German birth who live amongst us and share our life, and most of whom are as true and loyal Americans as if they had never known any other fealty or allegiance.' There has been a campaign of innuendo and proscription against them in the clubs, on the Stock Exchange, in Lombard Street. Is it really the sober judgment of the country that the covenant of naturalization should be treated as a scrap of paper, to be altered or torn up as the Home Secretary of the day may think best?

"If so, we are nearing a turning-point in British history. No European nation has owed so much in the past as we have to a succession of alien immigrations. It has been hitherto no small part of the commercial supremacy. The day on which we in Great Britain narrow our vision of such problems to the standpoint of a niggardly nationalism, will mark for posterity the beginning of our decline."

St. Mary's, January 19th, 1919.

Yesterday, a Lieut.-Colonel visited this camp. He was a demobilization inspector, and a very decent chap. When he heard our men were dissatisfied, the great man carried away Lieut. Bampton to General Ching-Ching, the G.O.C. this district. Later on we heard that the General had rung up Aldbrickham, and also stated he would visit the camp. About five, we received a wire from Aldbrickham, that Colonel Byle would visit this station on Monday.

As we had already planned and organised a "demonstration" for the middle of this week, a meeting could be quickly arranged for this afternoon. Whilst the overworked policemen were resting their weary bodies, the boys had a big meeting duly convened and well stage-managed. They elected a deputation, and then indulged in a mild "demonstration," i.e., the Camp Commandant i/ch., Lieut. Bampton—who knew all about it beforehand and hugely enjoyed the performance—was informed that the men were in the "long hut," and that a deputation wanted to see him. He interviewed the deputation, and received the following document, a copy of which had been handed to him early in the day by the thoughtful stage-managers. This document—the result of three hours' work last night, done by C.S. Major Dum-dum, Sergt. Bewbel and myself—was solemnly read out and then forwarded through the "E" formation to G.H.Q.

Copy of Address on Demobilisation delivered by deputation of N.C.O.'s and men of N Coy., 33rd I.W. Bn. Midshire Regt.:—

To:—

Officer Commanding,
N Coy., 33rd I.W. Bn. Midshire Regt.,
St. Mary's.

Sir,

The question of Demobilisation as affecting this Battalion has been causing a great deal of dissatisfaction amongst the N.C.O.'s and men of this Company. The result of this has been a meeting of all N.C.O.'s and men to place before you their grievances, and this deputation was elected to see you and place before you the following facts:—

(1) There is a policy of differentiation in demobilising this Battalion as compared with other Units.

(a) Not a single man of any one of the following groups ordered by the War Office to be sent for dispersal has yet been demobilised in this unit, e.g.:—

Pivotal Men,
Students and Teachers,
Men over 41 years of age.
Hospital cases (28 days, and discharged since
11.11.18).
“Contract Men,”
Compassionate cases.

(b) Even men in the above groups, for whom dispersal orders have been received, some weeks ago, have not yet been dispersed.

(c) Compassionate cases, though some are of the most deserving character, have not yet been “sympathetically considered” by the C.O. of this Battalion, and their applications have been refused with the statement that they must wait their turn until Demobilisation is ordered.

(d) Teachers and Students are being held back, despite the strong desire of the Education Authorities to have them released.

(2) The answer received by all men due for release (as under 1a) who enquired from the C.O. of this Battalion why they were not being released, was, that they must wait their turn until Demobilisation is ordered.

(3) Should the policy of differentiation be due to the composition of the personnel of this Unit, we respectfully beg to point out that this Unit comprises:—

(a) Regular and Territorial soldiers of pre-war days,
(b) Voluntary enlisted men (prior to conscription),
(c) Men under 49 who, owing to the incident of foreign parentage, were, when called to the colours, denied the privilege granted to other British soldiers, of choosing their own Units.

Many of the men in classes (a) and (b) have seen active service, and have been awarded military decorations, and some have been wounded. They have subsequently been transferred compulsorily to this Battalion, under War Office instructions.

(4) Should the policy of differentiation be due to the nature of the employment of the personnel of this unit, we respectfully beg to point out that exactly the same duties are performed by Home Service Employment Companies, and other Labour Units, which are being dispersed.

(5) It has come to our knowledge that men of the Labour Companies, formed by the 33rd and 34th Battns. Midshire Regt., serving in France, are being demobilised in accordance with present Demobilisation Instructions.

The N.C.O.'s and men of this Unit fully realise that they cannot all be demobilised at once. They consider, however, that they are entitled to the same opportunities for release as other Units of the British Army.

We desire that one copy of this address be sent to the Officer Commanding this Battalion, and one to the G.O.C. British Troops, St. Mary's, requesting the latter to be good enough to forward it to the War Office for consideration.

Cromwell's Hill Camp,
St. Mary's.

St. Mary's, Wednesday, January 22nd, 1919.

As expected, on Monday morning Colonel Byle appeared in St. Mary's.

It goes without saying he first of all visited H.Q. here and saw the General. They all "got the wind up"; I mean the authorities.

Ere the Colonel arrived, Hügelmann told me early in the morning that he knew through a correspondent in Aldbrickham that late on Saturday afternoon the H.Q. there had been busy picking out 25 men for immediate release. *After* that telegram from here, of course.

The Colonel received the deputation, and talked very nicely unto them . . . yea the great man actually allowed the spokesman to argue with him! . . . The deputation as well as the committee here are to be congratulated; there could be no better leader no cooler speaker of the π θ α ν σ ρ γ ι ζ σ type than L/Cpl. Holmes, an exceedingly able and most courteous young man from Early Birds Discharge Centre.

The deputation were told by the Colonel that a policy of differentiation *had* existed, but that henceforth no further discrimination would be made, and produced eight names (our share of the above 25 men to be released forthwith). Henceforth, he

said, there would be regular instalments, and all men coming under the demobilisation regulations were to be released in batches.

Without further delay the eight lucky ones were despatched to Aldbrickham, where R.S.M. Barker in his loving-kindness put them at once on the worst and hardest fatigue there—the Main-supply. It is the noble spirit of that man. “Are you biting your thumb at me, sir?” “No! but I am biting my thumb!” I understand, however, they are really and truly being demobilised to-day. Mr. Fox of the great furniture firm of Fox and Dumbledutch is one of the lucky ones.

The men are cheerful and expectant. Everybody’s asking, “When is the next batch of names coming through?”

St. Mary’s, January 24th, 1919.

The Aldbrickham papers are full of praise of the Bing Boys’ Concert Party. “The Chronicle” calls its latest entertainment a capital performance, and says:—“*The sombre aspect of Aldbrickham during the war would have been greatly accentuated but for the presence in the town of the 33rd Midshires, and the townspeople owe a very great debt to the versatile members of the battalion’s concert party.* Now that the war is over, the happy association of the 33rd Midshires with Aldbrickham must inevitably come to an end, and if that severance is to come soon, the gay performances could not have reached a more fitting climax than in the splendid entertainment which is being provided the whole of this week at the Town Hall, Aldbrickham, in the shape of the Oriental play ‘Ala-ed-deen.’”

And the “Standard” says: “The 33rd Midshire Concert Party have added yet another to their long list of successes during the past week, when ‘Ala-ed-deen,’ described as an Oriental play with music, has been presented at the Town Hall, the worthy object being *to swell the funds of the Royal Parkshire Hospital.* As the week has advanced the audiences have increased, and the pantomime has met with greater success each evening.”

The most striking features of the production were the appropriate and tuneful music, both lyric and incidental, and the thoroughly artistic Oriental setting, both of which, from the effective little prologue to the last act, went far to contribute to the success of “Ala-ed-deen.” Miss Irene Bennett made a charming principal boy in the name part, and Miss Mabel Gillender a stately and bewitching Princess. Miss Bennett and Miss Gillender had several chances with a number of captivating, and one or two quite powerful, vocal numbers of which they made the fullest use. Comedy was represented by Albert Clague, the rascally merchant’s assistant, full of demobilisation quips; George Helm, the romantic chief of

police, who made two of the hits of the evening with "Mum's the word," and a screaming burlesque-sentimental duet with Meesoodah (Miss Minnie Gillender) and Percy Manton, who besides producing and writing the libretto and part of the lyrics, made a very droll secret service agent. A delightful little dancer, Miss Webber, earned vociferous applause, while Miss Lydia Eighteen, in a dual rôle, and Ernie Dean, who was responsible for the greater part of the organisation of the production and who has been running the Concert Party since he first came to Aldbrickham two-and-a-half years ago, as Abanazar, also scored repeatedly. No one played a greater part in helping to achieve success than the musical director Mr. C. Meyder, under whose able control the admirable 33rd Midshire orchestra gave of their best. Praise is due to Charles Leftwich and Will Wise, lyric-writers, and Anthony Lowry and Robert Hilf, who imparted a typically eastern atmosphere to the production with their haunting compositions. An army of slaves and fruit sellers did yeoman service, reflecting the greatest credit on Mr. Manton, who has undoubtedly given us the cleverest production, the 33rd Midshire Concert Party has yet attempted in Aldbrickham.

St. Mary's, January 26th, 1919.

Had a most delightful walk with Sommer and Reino to the Punchball.

Reino used to be manager of some big works in France. Enlisted, came to England, and was duly "bingboyed." Is a well-read man of sound common-sense and charming manners. Has leanings towards guild socialism and land-reform.

Q.M.S. Manbeck told me to-day that whenever old Colonel Byle comes round to inspect our Storehut, all the things which he is not to see are carefully locked away in the storehut of a neighbouring unit.

Having convinced himself that every pair of boots exhibited has the exact number of rivets, the great man leaves the garnished stores with their mathematically arranged piles of bed boards and tins, serene, satisfied and contented. But ten yards away, if he could but guess it, all the while those surplus things, those odds and ends are happily chuckling as higgledy-piggledy piles of things will do when they escape the Potsdam precision of Military Order and enjoy their old home-chaos.

St. Mary's, January 27th, 1919.

Since those eight lucky devils have returned to "civvy" life, hope and disappointment played their parts well. At first everybody with a "case" here wrote to Aldbrickham. Everybody thought,

"I am sure to be in the next batch." But no further instalment of names arrived; answers from H.Q. became more and more evasive and non-committal. At last information trickled through that the demobilisation of our "Regiment" had been stopped, just like that of the N.C.C.'s.

Ronshy wrote me a private letter to the effect that we were held up because the W.O. obstructed. Behind the W.O., at least that is my opinion, stand the mean traders.

To-night, the old deputation sat again for several hours and this "sodgers' soviet" decided on arranging another "mild demonstration" to-morrow; a new deputation, another document to the General etc., etc. I pointed out the helplessness of a mere Brigadier-General when faced by the Olympians in our W.O. (who of course strictly speaking in a "Democracy" should be really our servants).

The boys accepted my advice to write to the King's uncle, the Duke of Connaught, whose father was a German by birth. The Duke is therefore theoretically in exactly the same position as our "bing-boys."

An offer from someone on the Committee connected with the "Manchester Guardian" was accepted, and it was arranged that should the Duke fail us we were to publish the letter at once.

St. Mary's, January 30th, 1919.

My proposal to write to the Duke of Connaught having been approved by the boys' Demobilisation Committee, I drafted the following letter, which has been despatched to-day. It was signed by two British-born members of the Committee who had served abroad as volunteers. We all hope the letter will have the desired effect:—

[Copy.]

To

His Royal Highness,

Arthur William Patrick Albert, K.G., etc., etc.

1st Duke of Connaught.

Sir,

The undersigned, whose legal position, owing to the incident of German parentage, resembles that of your Royal Highness, beg most respectfully to approach your Royal Highness with the humble request most kindly to intervene on their behalf, since they have failed to obtain redress through the usual channels open to them.

Born in England, the petitioners were loyal British citizens throughout their lives, and on the outbreak of war *volunteered* for the Army. They, and many others of a similar status, served abroad with distinction, and a number of those who joined were killed in the Field.

Contrary to the spirit of British fairness, they were, however, penalized and taken from their original units, compulsorily and against their will transferred to this Battalion, where they were, and are being treated like "aliens." Whilst the War was in progress, their loyalty to King and Country constrained them to submit to the indignity of being labelled "aliens."

Now that hostilities have come to an end, and since there is no longer any danger of assisting the enemy through a censure of the British Government, the petitioners consider it their duty to expose the small clique in the War Office responsible for the outrageous policy pursued. Your Royal Highness will, no doubt, remember the words of Cicero on the occasion of the impeachment of Verres:—

"In this single fact of their citizenship they feel they shall be safe . . . ; take away this confidence, destroy this safeguard, you are shutting up against us all the world!"

and Your Royal Highness will certainly recall Palmerston's brilliant and famous "civis Romanus oration" (Pacífico's case, 1850 A.D.), the greatest speech he ever made.

Being British citizens, the petitioners claim to be on the same footing as the men of any other Unit and are convinced that Your Royal Highness will most graciously take the necessary steps to stop the unconstitutional practice of the War Office. This practice of treating us as "aliens" and deliberately delaying our demobilisation, is calculated to prejudice England's proud position in the League of Nations, since a Government that discriminates in this fashion within its own people, and thus sows the seed of international misunderstanding can hardly be considered to be genuine in its profession to be the Champion of Law and Justice.

The petitioners would be highly honoured if they were allowed to wait upon Your Royal Highness personally to supply any particular details or general evidence desired.

We are,

Your Royal Highness's Most Obedient Servants,

SERGT. HEASER. CORPL. WEST.

St. Mary's, February 3rd, 1919.

In a letter to the Editor of the "Manchester Guardian," G. B. Shaw deals with those sham patriots. Says the irrepressible Shaw about these blood-thirsty civilians—"At Versailles the great ceremony of burying the hatchet is drawing the attention of the entire world. But there are two ways of burying the hatchet. One is to bury it in the skull of the prostrate enemy alien. The other is

to establish that peace for which nine hundred thousand of our young men went to their graves like beds.

"Now turn to the shockingly over-crowded house of sorrow, the Alexandra Palace, where our 'enemy aliens' have found their *Ruhleben*. *There, too, the prisoners know the horrible irony of the telegram from the War Office regretting to inform them that their sons have fallen gloriously fighting for their (the sons') country against their (the parents') country.* I may be wrong as to the wording. It may be that the War Office is logical enough to wire: 'You will be glad to hear that your son has been slain by the defenders of your official country of origin.' But being human rather than logical, they probably put it the other way. Then there are the soldiers who are not killed. They come home on leave, some of them with Victoria Crosses and the like, and are permitted to visit the Alexandra Palace and see for themselves how the country for which they have fought is treating their innocent parents. If this was monstrous when we were at war, what is it now when all the troops of Armageddon are demobilising, such demobilisation being the reality, and the only reality, of peace?

"Take the comparatively straight cases where the victims are all adult immigrants, born in some territory that was before the war subject to the Central Empires. Many of them had rather less sympathy with Potsdam than a Kerry Sinn Feiner has with Dublin Castle; they had actually come to England as the Kerry man of ten goes to America, to escape from a Government they detested.

"Finally—to end on a note of hard fact, let us not forget that the League of Nations has now to settle the very thorny question of general human rights of entry, of travel, of sojourn, and of way for all men in all lands. The war raised these questions in an acute form, first in Belgium and then in Greece. They were already burning questions in California, Australia and South Africa. We are ourselves both as exporters of capital and born travellers, explorers and adventurers, the chief penetrators (both peaceful and warlike) of the world. If the old formula 'He's a stranger; heave half a brick at him' be adopted as international law by the League of Nations, more British heads will be broken than German ones."

Shaw is right.

The most cruel fate was that of the boys who had volunteered to fight for England, the land of their birth, and—had their fathers interned! I have met these boys; their mental sufferings were dreadful. There are no words adequate to . . . to express one's opinion.

St. Mary's, February 6th, 1919.

"Punch" has a fine skit on Army Education.

For several months now a number of our men have attended my classes in French and Sociology.

The future Spencers can occasionally be seen hidden in a corner digesting their text-books. I chose James Quayle Dealey's "Sociology," on account of its lucidity and optimism. The linguists, amongst whom I number my Sergt. Major, are cramming Heath's Practical French Grammar, which I like because it combines the good points of the old and modern methods.

The majority of the men are, however, much too unsettled to study seriously. Though I am fond of the work, I am not sure whether this Army Educational Scheme will be a success. That's why I am not going to stay on another year despite the lure of lucre and the liking I have for my chief. It's a hopeless cause.

Said Punch yesterday:—

"Civil Education for Soldiers. When the Armistice was signed and the close season for Germans set in it occurred to the Authorities that it would be a waste of labour to continue to train some few million good men for a shooting season that might never re-open. Then some brain more brilliant than the rest conceived the idea of giving a good sound education in the arts of peace to this promiscuous and waiting multitude . . . the Platoon Commanders had produced their returns (in triplicate) . . . Tom said he would take French, having spent three months in Northern France before they sent him to Salonika; Dick's father has an allotment and D. himself occasionally hunts, so he chose agriculture. Wilfred once went to a gas course for ten days so of course his subject was Science.

"The Authorities looked at it in this way. French is a foreign language; Spanish is also a foreign language, Tom offers to teach a foreign language, therefore Tom shall teach Spanish. Wilfred gets crystallography. . . ."

St. Mary's, February 12th, 1919.

A week ago we received the reply from the Duke of Connaught.

The "ban" was lifted at once, and to the great joy of all concerned, the demobilisation of this Unit is now in full swing. Treated like any other unit of the British Army, our Regiment comes under the demobilisation orders issued, all the 1914 and 1915 men and those above 37 years of age are going.

Sydney Brooks has an excellent article in the February number of "The Fortnightly," dealing with the case of the Δημοποίητος, and of the Μητρόξενος, entitled "Titus Oates in War Time."

Truly did Cicero say—"It was not Gavius, it was not a single victim, unknown to fame, a mere individual Roman citizen; it was the common cause of liberty, the common rights of citizenship which you there outraged."

London, February 25th, 1919.

By way of Aldbrickham and Crystal Palace a week ago I returned to London, and shed the Khaki uniform for good. Being over thirty-seven years of age, I was demobilised with a number of other men in the same category.

I am a civilian again, and feel as bewildered as a moth fluttering round the flame. Not that London is dazzling. After five paintless years of general neglect, it is about the ugliest, dirtiest thing in creation. The very pillar boxes are an abomination with their blistered coats of crimson filth. And I have constantly to remind myself that those grand glittering personages standing at the doors of cinemas and first class pubs are "chuckers out" and not "brass hats."

My hair is getting grey.

Before I left I saw Captain Worthey the Education Officer in charge of our Area. I was very sorry to have to part from him, since a more affable and genial Officer than Mr. Worthey, I could not imagine. He wanted me to stay another twelve months, but finally agreed that at my age, it was but natural to wish for peace and quiet. I had been very happy to collaborate with and work under such a gentlemanly soldier as our Education Officer and the last few months were as perfect as Army life can be. I had a set of keen and devoted students, the air of Cromwell's Hill and an excellent chief.

I have never loved a town as I have loved St. Mary's. I miss the sight of the Danes' Hill and of the "Ingens delubrum centum sublime fenestris."

And the air! Shelley was right; it's worth sixpence a pint on the Downs.—Vale!

London, April 16th, 1919.

The Education Officer British Troops Headquarters S. Mary's has written to me a most charming letter enclosing an official testimonial to the effect that I "served on the Education Staff of the area" as "Instructor in French and Sociology under the Army Educational Training Scheme."

He states that my "classes were most successful" and that "the men attending them thoroughly appreciated their expert teacher," and that "in this particularly difficult work," I "achieved signal success."—The first kind words the Army ever has deigned to bestow on me!

Kew in Lilac Time, May 21st, 1919.

This *League of Nations* is dead! Long live the *League of Nations*!

Homo simulator!—The shivering bipeds that live on the Northern Hemisphere cannot stand up bravely and defiantly as the more honest cannibals of the South do and say, "Behold me as I am. I am the Tiger, the Snake, that rules a world of plunder and prey!" The poor European savage needs woollen clothes for his body and moral furs for his mind.

Kew, May 28th, 1919.

I have hung black crêpe over Wilson's picture in my room. He is dead. Not the man—but the Spirit, the Guardian of the "conscience of justice." The callous cynics in Paris have killed him. He should never have gone there.

Or was the real Wilson all the time a commercial traveller for Capitalism and the last hope of the International Financiers? The verbiage he used merely dope for Democracy?

Will this "League of Nations," survive him? Who knows? Few think it will.

Already one can read (*L'Idée Nationale*: April 25th, quoted in "The Camb. Mag." May 10th):

"The clumsy ideological and universalistic camouflage of the great war has finally been cast aside. In the hour which should be that of peace, the great war shows what it was from its birth, what it has been in its growth, and what it can only be in its conclusion: a gigantic conflict for hegemony between empires aiming at the domination of the world"

And *ibid* Apr. 28th.

"The League of Nations is an expedient, devised by the mercantile and puritanical spirit of the Anglo-Saxons to exploit for the benefit of America and England, the common victory of the Entente. No one knows better than the Anglo-Saxon how to make universalist ideologies serve their own interest." . . .

No! Wilson should have stayed in Washington, or, if that was absolutely out of the question, he should have chosen the Hague or Geneva. As it is—the luncheons and the lies at Paris have killed our finest Hope.

London, June 9th, 1919.

The critic should not be too severe on his fellow-men. After all, the hostility and callous indifference of the Scheme of Things is to be blamed most. Our neighbours are the scapegoats for our righteous human indignation at the—amoral Mechanism.

The non-human realms of Nature are enemy territory, only partly conquered, and the invading armies of Man share the fate of the common soldier. He can't help "grousing"; the only safety-valve he's got.

Only a few bolder spirits enjoy the contest all the time, and here and there an exceptional mind ventures to formulate a policy for, or a guess at possible ultimate issues. The Masses are either overawed by the ever-present demons of insecurity and fear or clamour for the dope of ephemeral pleasures.

Yes, we must not be too hard, even if we are quite sure to be—occasionally—above the level of the Happy Hypocrite. H. G. Wells put it very clearly in his "Joan and Peter": To reform the world "he had to say what he wanted to say in a large manner. He had to keep his temper while he said it."

London, June 19th, 1919.

Under the red-wood trees at Kew in one sitting, undeterred by "avanturine depths," "theriodants" and "mososaurs," I have read it, this wild, wonderful onslaught on the Scheme of Things, entitled "The Undying Fire." Of course it isn't a novel in the old sense of the word. It is a talk with Mr. Wells at his best.

The honesty of his purpose, the fire of his attack, the dignity and grandeur of his style, they make this work of H. G. Wells live as a river of lava lives. It should help to destroy and bury the mad system that at present prevails, and the book will do so, if the people to whom the author has dedicated it, determine to fight for education.

Teachers should occupy, socially and financially, the position of Plato's guardians. All Public Schools and University Colleges should give their instruction free. Education should be whole-time and compulsory till the age of sixteen is reached. *No class should have more than twenty pupils.* Not only in secondary schools, but in elementary schools as well. Neither teachers nor children have at present the ghost of a chance in our over-crowded and ill-staffed East End schools. They are a disgrace to—Democracy.

These are not propositions to be found in Mr. Wells' fine book. Quite old ideas of mine, since I read Comenius, but they were revived and reformulated through "The Undying Fire," the best book of the author for the last few years. There are, however, three statements in the latter, which I value highly.

- a. The schools have failed the world.
- b. What is the game? That is what every youngster wants to know. Answering him is education.
- c. On the courage in your heart all things depend.

Such words like these, together with those in his "Joan and Peter," "there isn't a thing in the whole of this concern that Man can't control, if only he chooses to control it," stamp H. G. Wells as one of those few pioneers and fighters whose very existence is a proof of the justification of Hope. May they go on fighting the Mad Scheme of Things!"

I remember that Gissing said, "Education is a . . . thing of which only the few are capable; teach as you will, only a small percentage will profit by your most zealous energy." But that judgment of his, I am sure, is a product of our social system. "Even if all education were free," said a friend of mine, "the poorer parents could not support the children long enough to take advantage of it. Their children *must* actually earn money when they are fourteen." Well, our social system with its land monopolies and its hopeless outlook for the proletariat will have to go. Must go. It's a nightmare!

London, June 29th, 1919.

The German peace-treaty does not matter. As Norman Angell said in Thursday's "Labour-Leader":—

"Our dervishes have been shouting at the top of their voices for years that no document signed by a Hun could have the slightest moral or material value. It would be merely one scrap of paper the more. Then why do we make all this fuss about the signing of the Treaty?"

"We got our bombing machines ready wherewith to blow the German civilian populations to pieces. We talked of the re-imposition of the blockade for the purpose of starving German women and children and invalids. The Times warned the Germans that they had no conception how much more severe we could make the 'domestic results'—delightful phrase of the massacre of children by starvation—of the blockade if we really set our minds to it.

"Why were we prepared to riot in the massacre of a defenceless people for the purpose of obtaining a signature which in the same breath we declared to be absolutely worthless? . . ."

Yesterday, at 3.12 p.m. the Germans signed. Of course they did. As Angell said, if the Treaty had ordered them to make Ludendorff swallow Cologne Cathedral, they would have signed. "Every civilized code of law in the world holds a signature obtained under duress to be void, legally and morally valueless."

Anyhow! they have dragged poor old Peace out of the Well. But I think she is suffering from a broken neck. That's because the Well wasn't a well—it was a steel mine, and the International Financiers had chucked some big lumps of lies on top of her.

Mr. George Herron, President Wilson's confidant, said, "the intrigues of certain international financiers, diplomatically

favoured, are the true cause of all the moral and political failures of the Peace Conference; upon them must fall the responsibility for the ruin threatening the world." (Speech by M. Gaudin de Villaine delivered in the French Senate on May 13th, 1919; cf. "The Sunday Times," June 29th, 1919.)

There will be no real peace until we get rid of the international Concessionaire, the cruel tiger living in the jungle of our commercial "civilization."

Let us kill this beastly tiger first, and then—clear the jungle!

London, June 30th, 1919.

To-night's "Globe" has the following paragraph:—

"LEAGUE OF TANKS.

"General Sir Ivor Maxse, G.O.C. Northern Command, speaking at Leeds to-day, said that a League of Tanks was preferable to a League of Nations."

Teignmouth, August 2nd, 1919.

To-day I dispatched an "Open Letter," sending one copy to The Secretary of The League of Nations, 38b, Curzon Street, London, W.1; and one copy each to H. L. Fisher, Esq., President of The Board of Education, the editors of "The Times" and "Le Mercure de France."

Teignmouth, August 5th, 1919.

In reply to the copy of my Open Letter I sent to the Educational Supplement of "The Times," I have to-day received the usual printed form of refusal:

"The Editor of 'The Times' presents his compliments and regrets that he is unable to avail himself of the communication kindly offered him."

Teignmouth, August 18th, 1919.

An article in "The Nation" reminds me of that friend of mine whom the patriotic governors of Leaslum Grammar School called upon to resign in 1915 on account of his German descent. That the unfortunate pedagogue was of British Nationality, that he had served them loyally and efficiently more than seven years did not count with the brave defenders of our Home front. Mr. Toyfl, the Secretary, was ordered by the Reverend J. Blatant, the Chairman of the Governors, to get rid of the b—— Hun.

The article in "The Nation" indicates a change of public opinion. Says the Journal:—

"That the governing bodies of colleges and other places of higher learning should on grounds of political opinion exclude from their teaching staff persons whom they had selected for these posts for their fitness, in order to replace them by presumably less fit teachers in subjects unrelated either to religion or politics, is perhaps the most decisive of all evidences of the havoc of the war-mind. It is less the malignity than the irrelevancy of such a mind that obtrudes. Here are persons administering a public trust who think it their duty to deprive the beneficiaries of that trust of certain of its benefits so as to vent the spirit of intolerance which they have dressed up in the garb of patriotism.

"When one regards the perpetrators of such intolerant acts from the standpoint of personal responsibility, their conduct seems to merit a degree of moral reprehension, which, however, is greatly modified when it is recognised that their personality has been submerged so that they know not what they do. Humorous pity then replaces indignation. These men are no longer the 'grave and reverend seigneurs' they still appear to themselves, employing their trained judgments in the responsible performance of their duties. They are the instruments of a common passion which has levelled their minds to the plane of the unlettered mob to whose conduct they conform their own."

Teignmouth, August 27th, 1919.

Alexander Pavlovitch Isvolsky is dead.

If it is permissible to single out any individual man as one more responsible for the Great European War than most of the others who were running this show in 1914, and as one certainly more guilty than all the omissions and commissions of the inert proletariat—now admonished by Louis Raemaker in the "Daily Telegraph" with his cartoon "Work or Starve!"—it is simply a question of summing up the evidence to arrive at the sure conclusion. Isvolsky was the arch-criminal. Robert Dell in "The Nation" has rendered a great service to the world in supplying this evidence. And "l'Humanité" said that the fact that Count Isvolsky had died in his bed instead of at the end of a rope was another proof of the non-existence of God.

Here is a beautiful specimen of word-selection I came across in the "Daily Herald" two days ago. "The French seem to be catching our trick of self righteousness when looting. 'Neither during nor after the war,' according to the 'Temps,' 'has France ever had the intention of extending her domination over any Oriental populations. In our eyes the Treaty of 1916 simply fixed the limits within which these populations, withdrawn from all British or Russian influence, would freely evolve towards a higher form of organisation and culture with the disinterested collaboration of the French Government.'"

That reminds me of a wonderful paraphrase, "Of course I do not for a moment suggest that you are wilfully or deliberately attempting to mislead me, but I feel quite sure that you have merely drawn conclusions from untenable premises by sheer inadvertence."—Which thirty-six words the Army contracts into two: "B—— Liar!"

The Vicomte d'Avenel is quite right when he says in "Les Français de mon temps," "La France *semble* démocratique, mais. . . ."

London, September 27th, 1919.

In reply to the copy of my Open Letter I sent to the *Mercure De France*, I have to-day received the following lines:—

"Monsieur,

"Nous regrettons de ne pouvoir insérer votre *lettre ouverte* dans le *Mercure de France*. Vos doctrines sont excellentes, mais elles devraient être prêchées d'abord en Allemagne. Quand une partie de l'humanité prépare la paix, une autre prépare la guerre et tombe sur la première quand elle se croit la plus forte. C'est toujours ainsi. Ce qu'il faut, c'est *une gendarmerie*. Il est dommage que M.M. Lloyd George et Wilson, les peuples anglais et américain ne l'aient pas compris. Recevez, monsieur, l'assurance de ma considération distinguée.

"L.D.

"Secrétaire de la direction."

London, December 24th, 1919.

I have just finished reading G. B. Stern's very able novel, *Children of No Man's Land*. It is a fine book, and should cheer up the poor Bing-Boys—the children of No Man's Land.

Corporal Plunkett, M.M., summed it all up beautifully, "Lord, sir—that don't matter. You're one of us all right!"

1920

London, January 10th, 1920.

The Witches' Sabbath has come to an end.

To-day the peace-treaty has been ratified and officially we are at peace at last. But Peace there is none. Europe is shattered. Anarchy is rampant. Man does not seem to be ripe yet for Peace.

All the extreme notions of Nationality, Self-determination and—Liberty have to go first. . . . "Patriotism is not enough." There are one hundred and forty-seven "nationalities" in Europe, and the vanity of their poets and the greed of their traders is unfathomable.

Law is not enough. The Roman Empire fell because the super-structure of Law ever collapses when it is founded on Force only. We need a finer foundation, a Κοινωνισμός. We must build up a World-Community based on the sentiment of common humanity.

Unless Man accepts the international doctrine of the Nazarene and makes the love-thy-neighbour maxim the real basis of politics, there is no hope at all for Man. If the present generations fail in the construction of a World Community, the women and children of 1950 will curse those madmen of our times responsible for the World War of Revenge. . . .

The British Empire is to some extent already the prototype of such a Κοινωνισμός. Within it, under the Sway of Law, the idea of nationality is not at a discount, but it has been put into its proper place. The English language is already well on its way towards becoming the World Language. Already one-fourth of the population on this planet are within our Empire. Well might it become the strong nucleus of a World-Federation, if—our Government which represents the "most Christian of all Nations" would apply the principles of Neighbourly Love, of Mercy and Charity to our foreign policy.

The Melians may have been wrong. Christianity has up to the present certainly been a failure.

Yet England, proud and mighty England, now at the very pinnacle of her glory, is the only earthly Power that can avert

the coming calamity of a War of Revenge. What the present Governments in Russia, France and Germany say, matters little. If *we* would act at once; conciliate the Russian masses; create the necessary confidence and a sense of reasonable security in the French people; make the Germans and Austrians honestly believe in us by showing them that the ancient antithesis of Expediency and Justice has yielded to Love—European civilization may yet be saved. That dreadful calamity of the next war may yet be averted in which—as a cynical Japanese said two years ago—the white race will commit Hara-kiri.

I know the experiment is difficult and dangerous. Though the Melian point of view may again prove to be—futile, we are bound to try it as long as we pretend to be Christians. After all, the Christian Brotherhood ideal has never had a Chance. The mythology of Christianity may be unacceptable to many; the ethics of the Religion of Love embody the noblest concept Man possesses.

The experiment of a *Κοινωνισμός* appears to me a most commendable essay to avoid the monotonous fate of empires. It is one, I think, which even Carneades would have considered, as a Probability of Success.

APPENDIX I

OPEN LETTER TO THE SECRETARY OF THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS.

*Authors' Club, Whitehall Court, S.W.
Londres.*

le 2 août 1919.

A MONSIEUR LE SECRÉTAIRE DE LA LIGUE DES NATIONS, PARIS.

Monsieur,

J'ai l'honneur de vous présenter ci-après les observations que me suggère la Ligue des Nations, en ce qui concerne moins sa constitution que les conditions et les méthodes d'éducation essentielles pour assurer son efficacité.

§1: La Ligue des Nations disparaîtra, si l'éducation des générations futures ne la garantit pas.

Comme la vingtaine de ligue semblables que projetèrent l'idéalisme et le repentir de nos ancêtres dans le passé, la nôtre aussi se trouvera bientôt parmi les décombres qui bordent la voie tragique de l'histoire; la nôtre sera bientôt une charpente sans vie, un squelette, à moins que notre système d'éducation ne fasse naître la charité fraternelle et la foi internationale.

Après cette guerre, et son legs de haine, "la bête humaine" ne fera pas de progrès vers l'idéal, en tout cas chez la plupart des adultes. Il faudra que presque tous ceux, âgés de plus de vingt ans, soient morts avant que l'espoir d'un monde nouveau puisse être réalisé.

En attendant, que le petit nombre d'entre nous qui n'ont pas perdu l'amour fraternel et la foi internationale, insistent pour que l'éducation de nos enfants les prépare aux devoirs difficiles de l'avenir. Que l'éducation mondiale vise à former les garants d'une Ligue des Nations vivante et durable.

§2: Déjà Lord Parker a dit dans le House of Lords le mardi 19 mars 1918:

"Chaque membre de la Ligue des Nations devrait consentir à inculquer dans toutes les écoles, le mérite d'apaiser les disputes internationales par les principes de droit et de justice, et le

démérite de les décider par la force des armes. Les instituteurs devraient expliquer la nature et la constitution de la Ligue, les circonstances de sa fondation et ses buts. Toute la littérature qui tend à exciter l'hostilité ou le soupçon envers une autre nation doit être prohibée dans les écoles." (Parliamentary Debates, Official Report, Vol. 29, No. 13, pp. 508-509.)

Souvenez-vous de ce qu'a dit Kidd dans son livre "The Science of Power" et H. G. Wells dans son "Undying Fire."

L'éducation aura un rôle énorme à jouer dans toute politique tendant à la réalisation de la Ligue des Nations.

Dans la Sphère de la Fédération du Monde comme cela est arrivé, pour chaque Etat individuel, l'autorité commencera à fonctionner sous forme d'opinion publique, de jugement, avant d'exister comme une force coercitive et matérielle. C'est le devoir de l'écrivain, du journaliste, du professeur et de l'instituteur, de créer une telle opinion. Si les trois millions et demi de maîtres d'école du monde pouvaient être inspirés par le véritable esprit de la fraternité humaine, s'ils étaient les champions de toutes ces nobles aspirations et de toutes ces bonnes actions qui favorisent les intérêts de toute l'humanité, la Ligue des Nations pourrait d'ici quelques années, être établie sur des bases solides.

§3: Une Académie de la Paix devrait être établie à la Haye. Cette institution serait le centre scientifique d'étude, des moyens propres à amener la réalisation d'une Fédération du Monde. Hommes d'état, diplomates, écrivains et journalistes de tous les pays devraient assister aux séances de cette Académie pendant un certain temps. Là, les plus éminents pacifistes, spécialistes en droit international, en science économique, en statistique, en histoire et en philosophie, feraient des recherches et des conférences sur les nombreux problèmes qui se rattachent à la proposition principale: L'abolition de la Guerre!

Chaque étudiant en revenant dans son pays deviendrait un centre de propagande énergique. De plus, comme les étudiants de l'École de la Paix fondée en 1905, il devrait s'efforcer de faire de la propagande, en menant une vie exemplaire de droiture et de pacifisme.

Si des fonds suffisants étaient disponibles, des conférenciers-voyageurs d'arbitrage pourraient être envoyés faire un travail aussi utile que celui du baron d'Estournelles en 1911, pendant sa longue tournée de conférences aux Etats Unis. Les hommes les mieux doués devraient être envoyés en mission permanente, comme celle que s'était imposée Monsieur William E. Stead, pour influencer les chefs d'Etat.

Ces conférenciers-voyageurs feraient appel aux masses en leur disant que pour le prix d'un seul Dreadnought, 176,000 enfants indigents pourraient être habillés, nourris et logés pendant un an. Ils devraient enseigner aux peuples qu'il n'y a pas deux morales,

l'une pour les individus et l'autre pour les États et les têtes couronnées; qu'un crime est un crime, qu'il soit commis par un seul individu ou par 10,000,000 de "soldats." En disant la vérité aux peuples, ces conférenciers devraient lutter contre la presse vendue.

Ils devraient essayer d'atteindre le corps enseignant, car aussitôt l'adhésion de cette grande profession acquise, la bataille serait à moitié gagnée.

Cette Académie de la Paix nécessiterait bien entendu des fonds considérables qui seraient assurés par une subvention importante de tous les États civilisés. Un *Budget de la Paix* serait établi chaque année par les autorités financières de chaque État, pour payer des subsides spéciaux: à l'Académie de la Paix, à un journal international, et surtout pour faire des dons spéciaux aux écoles en vue d'une propagande pacifiste.

Si les trente États civilisés voulaient annuellement souscrire dans ce but, dix centimes par tête de leur population, on obtiendrait d'eux seuls 100,000,000 de francs (£4,000,000). La somme ainsi réalisée pour ce de Budget de la Paix suffirait largement pour alimenter toutes les organisations indiquées, et serait de beaucoup inférieure à ce qu'ont dépensé les nations en quelques heures pendant la guerre européenne.

§4: "Qu'on nous laisse l'enfant jusqu'à l'âge de sept ans et peu nous importe qui l'aura par la suite" est une formule attribuée aux Jésuites. *Les écoles peuvent faire plus pour la cause de la paix que toute autre organisation travaillant dans le même but.* Que telle ait été la conviction d'un grand nombre de personnes et qu'elle le soit encore, est surabondamment prouvé par le fait que plusieurs sociétés de la paix existent déjà, travaillant spécialement pour et par l'intermédiaire des écoles. Les ligues pour la paix en Amérique, en France, en Italie et en Angleterre ont beaucoup fait dans cette voie, mais il reste encore beaucoup à faire.

Chaque année un "jour de la paix" est maintenant observé dans des centaines d'écoles américaines, le 18 mai, en commémoration de la première conférence de la Haye. C'est là un digne exemple. Aucun enfant ne devrait quitter l'école sans avoir été complètement mis au courant du travail fait à travers le monde par les diverses sociétés pour la paix.

Le chauvinisme de la plupart des hymnes nationaux devrait être éliminé. Tels qu'ils sont, ils déclament que chaque nation possède la supériorité sur toutes les autres, et, en temps de guerre, chaque peuple est convaincu que c'est l'autre qui est l'agresseur. Avant cette guerre le peuple anglais en bons chrétiens omettait généralement la seconde strophe du "God Save the King."

Le *sentiment de la fraternité humaine* devrait être éveillé en faisant ressortir qu'il y a d'autres peuples sur la planète qui nous valent. Tout enfant devrait apprendre la leçon, insuffisamment

donnée à présent, "Mets-toi à la place d'autrui!" On devrait rappeler à l'enfant que le patriotisme peut et doit signifier autre chose que des actes de bravoure sur le champ de bataille, et qu'il y a de meilleurs moyens de servir sa patrie que ceux-là.

Les images de la guerre—et du crime—dans les cinémas et ailleurs devraient être censurées et prohibées. Les magnifiques associations poétiques qui vont avec le mot "Charge!" et qui toujours prévalent avec la plupart de nos poètes, devraient être exposées sans merci comme de pieux mensonges. L'un de ces poètes s'enfuit du champ de bataille, mais tous, nous citons ses lignes fameuses: Dulce et decorum est . . . !

§5: *En géographie* le professeur a une occasion magnifique de réduire à néant les préjugés de race. Il ne devrait jamais laisser oublier par les enfants la puissante influence politique exercée par les conditions géographiques d'un pays, c'est à dire que ses relations internationales sont en grande partie déterminées par ses conditions géographiques. *Il devrait attirer l'attention des enfants sur toutes les choses qu'ont en commun les nations civilisées; leur dire que ce sont là les choses qui importent et que toutes les questions et les différences qui divisent les nations civilisées ne sont que des bagatelles en comparaison des ennemis communs de toute l'espèce humaine—savoir: Les conditions climatiques et certaines espèces animales et végétales.*

L'enfant devrait apprendre que la coopération est indispensable pour lutter contre ces ennemis.

Il devrait être initié aux résultats des progrès énormes de toutes les sciences, lesquels ont annihilé la distance, enchevêtré les intérêts et mélangé les races. On devrait lui parler des diverses conventions internationales établies pour le bien-être général, et il devrait y avoir des discussions et des conférences sur le sujet.

Le professeur devrait montrer la co-existence des antagonismes et de la solidarité dans tous les groupes humains, même à l'intérieur de l'école et démontrer comment la loi peut créer l'ordre, en dépit de ces deux tendances opposées. Il pourrait illustrer à l'aide d'exemples pris dans la classe même, que l'émulation bien comprise est profitable à l'individu et à la communauté; que par conséquent le pacifiste ne vise pas à l'élimination complète de la concurrence mais seulement à la suppression de la concurrence illégale, suranné et cruelle.

Il devrait initier les enfants aux éléments de la statistique. La connaissance de la population, de la configuration d'un pays, les chiffres de ses exportations et de ses importations, l'importance relative des diverses espèces de marchandises exportées et importées, ne sont pas choses à dédaigner, autant que voudraient le faire croire certaines personnes; un maître habile peut faire vivre ces abstractions.

§6: L'enseignement de *l'histoire* dans presque toutes les écoles

est grotesque, défectueux et vicieux. Il n'y a pas de bons manuels d'histoire scolaire, et l'on trouve rarement un livre quelconque d'histoire dans lequel les conceptions historiques ne sont pas enjolivées, falsifiées et bouleversées de la manière la plus extraordinaire.

En histoire on ne devrait pas donner tant d'importance au panache de la guerre; on ne devrait pas cacher aux enfants les souffrances, les dépenses, le gaspillage et la dégénération morale qu'entraîne la guerre.

Les conditions économiques diverses qui représentent les neuf-dixièmes de l'histoire proprement dite, sont presque toujours ignorées.

On devrait prêter moins d'attention aux rois et aux généraux, à leurs vies, à leurs vertus et à leurs actions valeureuses. La vie du peuple et les conditions sociales et économiques devraient d'autre part être décrites et ce qu'on a appelé l'instruction civique, devrait toujours et en toutes circonstances l'emporter sur la "haute politique." La disproportion entre ces deux enseignements dans les livres scolaires d'histoire de quelques nations est tout simplement stupéfiante, et l'attitude servile et sottement poseuse de certaines personnes est en grande partie due à l'enseignement tendancieux de ces livres.

L'histoire politique de la Civilisation Occidentale pourrait être divisée en quatre périodes:—

1. La Tyrannie: x-843 Apr. J.C. Empires d'un État se succédant; Alexandre, Auguste, Charlemagne.

2. La Dépendance: 843-1648. Plusieurs États individuels et contemporains—mais le Pape et l'Empereur s'attribuent l'autorité suprême, spirituelle et temporelle.

3. l'Indépendance: 1648-1919. Nombreux États individuels et contemporains—la Souveraineté revendiquée par chaque État. Égalité et indépendance factices des "Petites Puissances."

4. l'Interdépendance: 1919-?. États Fédérés—les intérêts communs, économiques et politiques, nécessitent la co-opération étroite des États avec pouvoirs réduits et limités des gouvernements nationaux sous la souveraineté de la Société des États.

§7: *On devrait enseigner à chaque enfant au moins une langue étrangère.* Pas au point de vue commercial et utilitaire mais au point de vue humanitaire.

L'esprit de sympathie qui à présent n'entraîne que ceux qui parlent la même langue, ne pourra étendre son influence que lorsque les nations auront appris à se connaître. Mais cela ne sera possible que si les peuples peuvent se parler directement, et étudier réciproquement leur littérature.

Que le professeur encourage ses élèves à collectionner des livres,

des monnaies, des timbres-poste étrangers, et des œuvres d'art des nations voisines! Que le musée et la bibliothèque—de chaque école—rassemble et expose ces trésors! Mais, avant tout, il faut que chaque enfant dans un pays civilisé puisse parler au moins une langue étrangère.

Pendant les vacances les élèves devraient visiter des pays étrangers. Le système déjà existant de "Holiday Exchanges"—échange entre parents des enfants pendant les vacances—doit être encouragé et subventionné par les gouvernements. Enfin, chaque élève passera un an dans un pays voisin avant de terminer son éducation.

Il faut que les maîtres d'école engagent leurs élèves à entrer en correspondance régulière avec des enfants à l'étranger.

§8: Le "Morning Post"—14 Novembre 1916—parla "du danger de la souillure et de la contagion dont menace les esprits de nos enfants la lèpre de l'antinationalisme." Faut-il dire cela? Faut-il rappeler les lignes de Pascal: "Plaisante justice, qu'une rivière ou une montagne borne! Vérité en deçà des Pyrénées, erreur au delà."

La conception d'étranger et d'ennemi disparaîtra avec l'expansion progressive des sympathies humaines. Un étranger? L'est-il par une différence de langue? En ce cas un Breton ne serait pas Français. Il n'y a pas un seul grand État en Europe ou Amérique où l'on ne parle plusieurs langues. Il y a plus de parenté entre l'Espagnol et le Russe qu'entre l'Espagnol et le Basque.

Est-ce que des marins naufragés, secoués sur un radeau se conduiraient durement avec un autre marin, à cause de la différence entre "Dieu" et "God"?

Ce n'est que par *l'Esprit de la Loi* que la vie politique internationale pourra devenir ordonnée et que l'anarchie actuelle pourra être remplacée par le règne de la justice; ce n'est que par *l'Esprit d'Équité* et une économie politique rationnelle qu'on pourra la sauver du chaos; enfin ce n'est que par *l'Esprit de Sympathie* que les nations seront libérées de l'étroitesse d'esprit et de la bigoterie provinciales.

Je suggère que la Ligue des Nations nomme un délégué pour faire des recherches sur les problèmes de l'éducation internationale et qu'il ait qualité d'officier de liaison, pour conseiller les

MAXIMILIAN A. MÜGGE.

gouvernements nationaux dans leur tâche difficile.

En attendant le plaisir de vous lire, veuillez agréer, Monsieur le Secrétaire, l'assurance de ma très haute considération.

Auteur de

"The Parliament of Man", etc., etc.

APPENDIX II

A DICTIONARY OF WAR WORDS

- A1.**—Fit for General Service Abroad. (A "medical category" like B1; B2.)
AFTERS.—The dessert.
ALLEZ.—(Allez! or allez-vous-en!)—Go away.
ANZACS.—Colonial Soldiers (Australians, New Zealanders), from the initials of Australian (and) New Zealand Army Corps.
ARCHIES.—Anti-aircraft shells or guns.
AT THE TOUTE.—Quickly—derived from "toute de suite"?
BALLY. Dynamic adverb meaning "very" e.g. "bally well."
BARRAGE.—A curtain of projectiles in front of advancing or behind retreating troops.
BASE WALLAH.—One who has a job at the Base.
BEAN.—Fellow, chap; e.g. in "Old bean!" my dear friend.
BEANS.—To give him beans= to inflict pain on him, chastise, punish him.
BERTHA.—A German long-range gun.
BIFF—verb.—To hit, "a bullet biffs me shoulder."
BING-BOYS.—Soldiers serving in 33rd and 34th Midshires.
BINGE.—Carousal.
BIRD.—Girl, e.g., "my bird," my sweetheart.
BISCUITS.—Square, mattresses about three or four to one bed. They are as hard as army-biscuits.
BIT.—To "do one's bit"=to help in winning the war.
BIVVY.—Bivouac.
BLACK MARIAS.—Big German shells.
BLIGHTER.—Slightly depreciatory epithet, very often half humorous: "that blighter"=cf. "iste," you b.=you "rotter"=you "silly fool."
BLIGHTY.—(a) name for home, England. (b) name for wound, serious enough to necessitate order to go home; e.g., "He wasn't lucky enough to get a Blighty"—Hindu word for England "the land across the black water" my country, my home=bilati; Vilayati.
BLIMP.—A small airship used for scouting; especially against submarines.
BLIMY.—God Blimy!=God help me!

- BLINKING.**—Confounded! damned! (also used attributively before nouns.)
- BLOOMERS.**—Trousers ("I wish they would allow us to wear breeches, we should look a damn sight smarter than in these b— bloomers" (Sergt. Bewbel).)
- BODY-SNATCHERS.**—R.A.M.C.
- BOMBAJEE.**—Cook.
- BOMB-PROOF.**—A "bomb-proof job"—having a job behind the lines.
- BON.**—NO BON.—No good.
- BOOZER.**—A public house (not, as in civic slang, a tippler).
- BRASS-HAT.**—A staff-officer.
- BREWER.**— "He caught the brewer last night"—he got drunk.
- BUCKSHEE.**—Extra, free, cheap (buckshee loaf); a catch; a windfall.
- BULLY.** Corned beef.
- BUMBLE AND BUCK.**—Another name for the game of dice called Crown and Anchor. (Cf. Stephen Graham, "A Private in the Guards" pages 185—190.)
- BUMMIN.**—Without bummin—without boasting.
- BUMMING HIS CHAT.**—He boasts and brags.
- BUNDOCK.**—Rifle.
- BUNG.**—Verb, to throw, hurl, "chuck."
- BURGO.**—Porridge.
- BUS.**—A large aeroplane.
- CAMOUFLAGE.**—Disguise.
- CANNED, or OILED.**—Drunk.
- CANTEEN.**—A Soldier's mess tin.
- CANTEEN-MEDALS.**—Beer stains on tunic.
- CANTEEN-WALLAHS.**—Men addicted to drinking beer. (cf. "pub-crawlers" in Londonese.)
- CARRY ON.**—Proceed.
- C.B.**—Confined to Barracks; see "Jankers."
- CHAH.**—Tea.
- CHATS.**—Fleas.
- CHEERIO.**—Also cheeroh! = never give up! Don't be downhearted!
- CHIT.**—A slip of paper.
- CHUCK.**—Throw, hurl, hand (chuck us some dough = pass me some pudding, please!)
- CHUM.**—Standard term of address amongst more genteel Tommies e.g., pass the bread, chum.
- CIVVY.**—A civilian (pl. civvies, also = civilian clothes opp. to khaki).
- CLICK (to).**—To be successful.
- CLIMBING THE VINEGAR BOTTLE.**—Swanking.
- CLINK** (noun).—Guard-room; prison; gaol.
- CLOBBER.**—Clothes, i.e., equipment.
- C.O.**—Abbreviation for "Conscientious Objector" and "Commanding Officer."
- COALBOX.**—A German shell exploding in a cloud of black smoke.
- COBBER.**—Mate.
- COLD FEET.**—In "he's got c.f." = he is afraid.
- COMB OUT.**—A general and intensive conscription of men.
- COMING THE ACID.**—Swanking.
- COMING THE OLD SOLDIER.**—Used when a new soldier tried those tactics employed by old soldiers; to escape duties or to impress other men.

- COMPRAY. — Understand ; they don't understand (cf. *comprendre*).
- CONCHY.—A conscientious objector to the Military Service Act of 1916.
- COOTIES.—Lice (see "Couty")
- CONTEMPTIBLES. — In "the old c." = the original British Expeditionary Force of 1914.
- COP (ro).—To catch someone ; e.g., an N.C.O. or officer surprising a private breaking one of the 1372403½ regulations and orders he is supposed to reverence, honour and obey ; (cf. *copper* = a policeman).
- CORPS COMMANDER.—That species of lice with the corps H.Q. colours, red and white.
- COT.—Place occupied by soldier's bed, 2 low trestles and 3 boards.
- COUTY.—Lousy ; (see *cooties*).
- CRIKY.—By *criky* !—by *Jove* ! Heavens !
- CRIME (noun).—Official military term for any breach of orders or regulations.
- CRIME (verb). — To indict a soldier, e.g., for one button missing on his tunic, or for having killed a fellow-soldier.
- CROCK UP (verb).—To break down, to collapse.
- CROCKY (adj.).—Weak.
- CROWN AND ANCHOR. — A game of dice.
- CRUCIFIXION. — Field punishment No. 1, the Criminal is tied to the wheels of a limber.
- CRUMP.—Sound of high explosives when detonating.
- CRUST.—Exclamation of astonishment, pain, despair.
- CURTAIN-FIRE. — An artillery barrage (see *barrage*).
- CUSHY (adj.).—Easy (a *cushy* time, a *cushy* job).
- CUTHBERT.—Government official avoiding military service on the plea of "indispensability."
- DAISIES. — To push up the daisies = to be dead and buried.
- DEADOMER.—A casualty.
- DEKKO.—Look !
- DERBY MAN.—A man enlisted under the Derby Scheme (1915).
- DICKY.—To feel *dicky*—to feel seedy, not quite well.
- DIDO.—Rum.
- DIGGER.—An Australian.
- DIXY.—A pail-shaped iron saucepan in which food is cooked and carried.
- DO.—To "do in" = to kill.
- DOCK.—Hospital.
- DODGING THE COLUMN. — Evading one's task.
- DOINGS, GADGETS, UJAHCAPIVVIES.—Vague expressions equivalent to "whatsernames" = *nomen nescio*.
- DOOKS.—Hands.
- DORA.—*Defence Of the Realm Act of 1914*.
- DOUGH.—Money.
- DOUGHBOY.—A private in the U.S. Army.
- DOWN (to get down to it).—To go to bed. To have a down on = to have a grudge against ; to take a down on = to take a dislike to.
- DUD.—A shell that does not explode ; anything ineffective.
- DUDEEN.—Tobacco—pipe.
- DUG-OUT.—A cave, a shelter ; a retired officer recalled to active service.
- DUSTY.—in "not so, dusty" = not so bad, quite "decent," quite good.

- FAG.—A cigarette.
- FATIGUE.—Work; a fatigue party = a working party; to do fatigues = to work.
- FED-UP.—Tired, "sick of" a thing or person. "I am fed up with the Army!"
- FILBERT.—Head; e.g., use your own filbert = put on your thinking cap.
- FINGER & THUMB.—The rum ration.
- FLAG-WAGGER.—A signaller.
- FLEA-BAG.—Sleeping-bag.
- FLIP.—A pleasure trip in an aeroplane.
- FLOGGING.—Selling; e.g., "flogging the rations."
- FLY.—In "he's fly" and "he's got no flies on him" = he is clever, smart.
- FOOTSLOGGER.—An infantryman.
- FRITZ.—A German soldier.
- FROGMARCH.—To frogmarch a man, i.e., four men carry an obstreperous prisoner between them, each holding tightly a wrist or ankle. The face of the prisoner looks downwards, his back is horizontal and slightly hollowed. The procedure is very cruel, and should be forbidden as keel-hauling was.
- FUNK - HOLE. — Dug-out; a Government job sheltering a shirker, i.e., a man who does not want to become a soldier.
- GADGETS.—See "doings."
- GASPER.—A cigarette.
- GEEZIR.—In the phrase "that old geezir" = that old fellow.
- GEORGE.—A common mode of address, when a soldier wishes to speak to another of whose name he is ignorant.
- GINGER.—Epithet for men with sandy hair.
- GIPPOO.—Gravy or grease.
- GLIM.—Light (noun).
- GOBBY.—Gruesome, fearful.
- GRUB.—Food, meal.
- GUB.—Mouth.
- GUM.—By gum (by Jove); imprecatory formula or simply expression of astonishment.
- GUN-FIRE.—Early tea before breakfast (a source of income to the cookhouse people who levy a weekly tip, for the "favour").
- GUY.—Fellow, toff, individual.
- HAVING A CHAT.—Searching for lice.
- HEAVIES.—Heavy guns.
- HICKBOO.—An air-raid.
- HOT-STUFF.—A pushing, hustling, energetic individual.
- HOUSIE-HOUSIE.—A kind of lotto.
- HUN.—A German.
- IKY.—Proud.
- IMSHI.—Clear out!
- IRON RATIONS.—Emergency rations for one day; also shells (of "Jerry").
- JACK JOHNSONS.—Large German shells.
- JAGGED.—He is jagged = he is under arrest.
- JANKERS.—Also Jenkers = confinement to barracks (see C.B. above).
- JERRY.—The enemy (German). "Jerry serving out iron rations" = bombarding our lines.
- JERRY.—Germans (cf. Fritz, Hun). From "Jeremiah"?
- JIFFER.—Gravy.
- JIMMY.—To do a jimmy = to urinate.

- JIPPER.—Stew.
 JIPPO.—Fat.
 JOCK.—A Scottish soldier.
 JOLLY.—Dynamic adverb meaning well; e.g., jolly well; very well.
 JOY-STICK.—Aeroplane control.
 KIP.—To sleep.
 KIP-SHOP.—Lustra, lupanar.
 KNOCKING IT BACK.—Drinking beer.
 KNOCKING ABOUT SPARE.—Having nothing to do.
 LAGGED.—“He is l.”=he is under arrest.
 LANCE - JACK. — Lance - Corporal.
 LEAD.—To swing the . . . lead=to shirk one’s duties, malingering, to try to get out of the Army.
 LEADSWINGER (noun). — A man who shirks his duties, dodges his work, pretends to be sick, etc.
 LEAF.—Leave; (everybody pronounces this word for fullough: li: f.).
 MACONOCHIE.—Tinned meat and vegetables.
 MAP.—Face, head, skull (cf. “dial” in civilian slang).
 M. & D.—Medicine and duty. (The M.O. thinks the patient is—swinging the lead.)
 MERCI BOKO.—*Merci beaucoup*=thanks very much. (Also “Mersee bokoo.”)
 M.O.—Medical Officer.
 MOOCH.—To mooch about=to wander aimlessly about.
 MOP-UP.—The second wave going over the top; it “mops up,” “cleans up” the enemy’s dug-outs.
 MOVE.—In “to get a move on” =to bestir oneself, to hurry up.
 MUD CRUSHER. — Infantry man.
 MUG.—Face, head.
 MUSH.—Guard-room.
 NAPPER.—Head.
 NARPOO (also “NAPPOO”).—Nothing doing; that’s all; no more (from the French n’y a plus).
 N.C.O.’S. — Non-commissioned officers.
 N.C.C.—Abbreviation for “non-combatant corps” (consisting of conscientious objectors).
 NIPPER.—Child.
 NOB.—Head.
 NO MAN’S LAND.—The ground between hostile trenches.
 NUMBER NINE.—A pill given as a laxative.
 OLD-MAN.—Colonel.
 ONION.—Head; e.g., “Enough to drive you off yer b—onion.”
 O. PIP.—Observation post.
 PACKET.—To catch a packet—to be killed by a bullet, splinter or shell.
 PEGGED.—To have one’s name put down for punishment; to be “crimed” (cf. “run”).
 PENGUINS.—Women in the Royal Air Force.
 PHIZ.—Face, physiognomy.
 PHYSICAL JERKS.—Physical drill.

PIG'S EAR.—Beer.

PILL-BOX.—German blockhouse made of concrete for machine guns, etc.

PIPS.—Ornamental stars indicating officers' ranks; epaulets. One, 2nd Lieut.; two, 1st Lieut.; three, Captain, etc.

PIP EMMA.—p.m. ACK EMMA.—a.m.

P—OFF.—Go away, run away.

PNEUMATIC CAVALRY.—Cyclist battalions.

POSH.—To look posh—to look smart.

POSHING UP.—Cleaning, smartening up.

POULTICE WALLAH.—Medical orderly.

POULTICE WALLOPER.—A member of the R.A.M.C.

POZZY.—Jam.

PUSH.—An attack, an offensive.

PUSHING UP THE DAISIES.—To be killed, to be buried.

QUARTER BLOKE.—Quarter-master sergeant (Q.M.S.).

RED-CAP.—A military policeman. (From the colour of the cap worn.)

RISE AND SHINE.—Exhortation at Reveille.

ROOKIE.—Recruit.

ROOTY.—Bread.

R.S.M.—Regimental Sergeant-Major.

RUN.—“I'll run ye!” An N.C.O. announcing his intention of “criming” a soldier. To run a man—to “crime,” to “peg” him, to put him “on the peg.”

SAVEZ.—In “no savez (savvy) that”=that has no sense.

SCROUNGE.—To pilfer, to cadge, to “find,” pinch. “What y'er doin' here, yer scrounging old rascal?”—Term applied to the act of searching for and confiscating something that does not belong to one.

SKINNED.—“Broke”; no money.

SKIPPER.—O.C. of a company.

SKIVVY.—A servant-girl.

SKY PILOT.—Padre.

SLACKS.—Trousers.

SLIPPY.—To look “slippy,” to “brisk up”=to hurry up, to hasten.

SLOSHING.—A “hiding,” a beating.

S.M.—Sergeant-major.

SNIP.—A “cert”; a certainty.

SNITCH.—Nose.

SOCKS.—To give him socks—to inflict pain on him, chastise, punish him.

SOD.—Dirty, mean, ugly fellow.

SODS.—Damnosi (execratory epithet); e.g., “those b—sods.”

SPARE.—To look spare—to have nothing to do.

SPLICED.—To “get spliced”—to get married.

SPRADO.—Butter.

SPRUCE.—Clean, smart of appearance.

SPUD.—Potato (also nickname for men with the patronymic “Murphy”).

SPUD-HOLE.—Guard-room.

SQUARE-PUSHING.—To go courting.

STAGG.—Sentry.

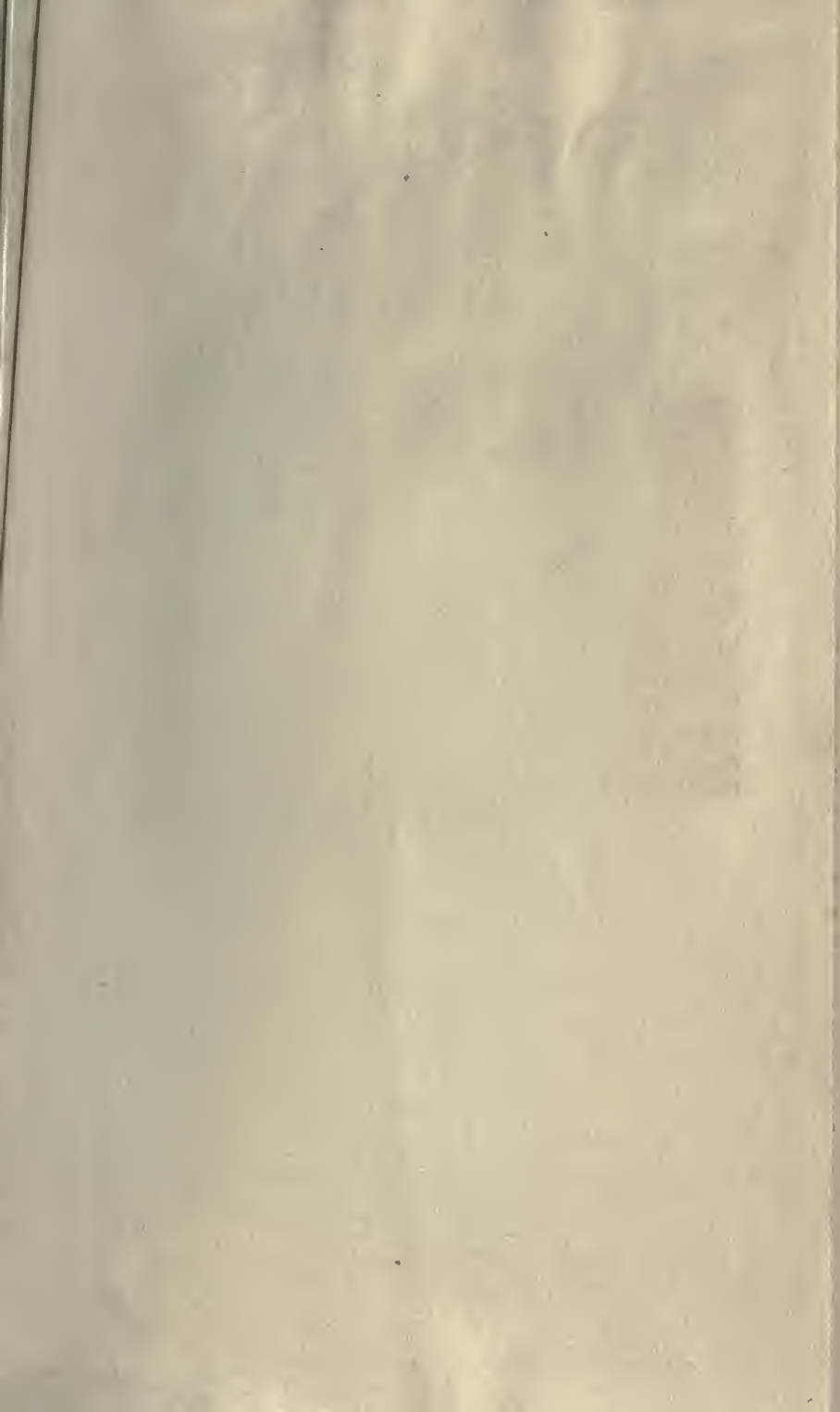
STAND TO.—An emergency parade.

STIR.—Stew.

- STRAFE** (To).—Punish, admonish (strafing Fritz=a bombardment, a successful trench raid). Brass-hats strafe a Colonel; a Lnc.-Corpl. strafes a private by telling him "things."
- STRIPE**.—Chevrons; marks indicating rank on coat-sleeves of N.C.O.'s.
- STUNT**.—A raiding affair or an attack; a newspaper "sensation."
- SWADDY**.—Soldier.
- SWEATING**.—Anticipatory.
"I'm sweating on leave"="I am looking forward to."
- SWIPE**.—A blow. "It him a swipe on the jaw."
- TART**.—A girl, a sweetheart.
- TICKET**.—Discharge papers.
"I'll get my ticket"="I shall be discharged from the Army."
- TICKLERS**.—Jam.
- TIN BREAD**.—Biscuit.
- TIN HAT**.—A flat steel helmet; to put on the tin hat (on everything), to complete (mental) depression or embarrassment="that's the last straw!" "to put the lid on."
- TINNED**.—Shunted or superseded.
- TOFFEE APPLES & TOC EMMAS**.—Trench Mortars.
- TOP**.—To go over the top, to attack the enemy. [Top=parapet of a trench.]
- TO PUT A JERK IN IT**.—To buck up.
- TO PUT A SOCK IN IT**.—To shut up.
- TOUCH**.—To "touch lucky"=to be lucky, fortunate.
- UJAHCAPIVVIES**.—See "doings."
- UMPTEN**.—Any number of men, things; very many; a large number of.
- UP FOR THE HIGH JUMP**.—Having to appear before the O.C. for one's misdeeds. It originated in the Cavalry, where taking the "high jump" was the task for recruits.
- W.A.A.C.**—A woman soldier belonging to the Women's Army Auxiliary Corps.
- WANGLE**.—To manipulate, to arrange in a cunning, unscrupulous way.
- WASH OUT** (noun and verb).—Dismissal of charge of military "crime"; also a "failure," a muddle.
- WEST, GONE**.—"He is gone west"=killed in battle or died from wounds.
- WHIZZ-BANG**.—A small high-velocity shell.
- WIND UP**.—"He is getting the 'wind up'"=he is frightened, scared, nervous. (To raise the wind=to excite the men by a report of the C.O. or the enemy being near; also to raise money.)
- WINNING**.—Confiscating something that does not belong to one. "I won it," said with the tongue in the cheek (cf. scrounge, buckshee, etc.).
- WIRE**.—To give someone a wire =to give a warning, e.g., to send a message to a neighbouring camp that the G.O.C. is on the prowl.

WORKING ONE'S TICKET.—WRENS.—*Women in the Royal Endeavouring to get one's Naval Service. ticket.*

WORMS.—Spent bullets in the ZERO.—*The moment of an butts of a rifle range. attack.*



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